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THE NAVY AND THE NATION

WAR-TIME ADDRESSES

BY

JOSEPHUS DANIELS
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN WILBER JENKINS

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INTRODUCTION

"Full speed ahead!" has been the signal of the Navy from the moment we entered the war. When the call came, it was ready. The plans had all been prepared in advance, and it required only an order to mobilize the Fleet. Far from breaking down under the war strain, the departmental machinery actually speeded up. No change whatever was required in the organization, which easily expanded to meet the immensely increased demands. From admirals to seamen, from Bureau chiefs to clerks, the entire establishment worked together with the spirit of the corps. This "spirit of the Navy" is a very real thing, as all who are brought in contact with the Service know. Everybody "gets into the game" with a dash and eagerness that are infectious, and new elements are quickly assimilated.

The apparent ease with which the vast expansion of the Navy was accomplished has caused many to lose sight of the tremendousness of the task and its difficulty. Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, on his visit to this country last October said: "The dauntless determination which the United States has displayed in creating a huge trained body of seamen

out of landsmen is one of the most striking accomplishments of the war. Had it not been effectively done, one would have thought it impossible." This was only one—and that by no means the most difficult—of many problems that had to be, and were, solved successfully. When the armistice was signed there were more men in the United States Navy than there were in all the world's navies before the European war. There were more than six times as many ships in service as when the war began, and hundreds more were under construction. Our vessels were operating from the Murman Coast to the Adriatic, through all the Atlantic from the North Sea to the Azores, in the Pacific from Panama to Vladivostock. Some idea of the increase in the Service can be gained from the statement that the appropriations during the past two years have exceeded the total expenditures of the Navy from its creation in 1794 down to 1917.

During this momentous period Secretary Daniels has been fortunate in having loyal and capable counselors. The Bureau chiefs were men of his own selection, they worked together with the close and intimate coöperation of men inspired by the same ideals and animated by a common purpose, and not one has failed to measure up to the responsibilities imposed upon him. Mr. Daniels trusts them, he has every confidence in them; but, at the same time, he has his own ideas and sees that they are carried out. And he

also insists on knowing all that is being done. This involves a vast amount of detail, it requires him to be "on the job" early and late—no cabinet officer ever worked harder—but it enables him to know everything that is going on in the Department and the Service. He laughingly admits that he "didn't know a thing about the Navy" when he left his editorial sanctum to take office as Secretary, but he set about to learn every detail of it; and no Government official was ever more thoroughly familiar with his Department.

These speeches, delivered in the stir and stress of wartime, probably reflect more faithfully his spirit and ideals than would the studied phrases of formal and carefully considered addresses. They voice his passion for democracy, which he defines as "the theory that every man, high or low, rich or poor, shall have a chance to make the most of himself." They reveal his firm belief in the God of Our Fathers, in a religion that means clean living and right thinking, a practical, working morality applied to public as well as private affairs. Through them all shines forth his thorough Americanism, his belief in our country and its ideals; his faith in the people; his never failing confidence in the triumph of the Right. If he seems at times to dwell somewhat too much upon "service" and "sacrifice," it is because he feels that these words best express the unselfishness of America in this war for humanity. His admiration of the courage and daring of youth, his sor-

rowful pride in the young men who have given their lives for the Cause is intensified, I sometimes think, by his own feeling of kinship with them, for he retains in a marked degree that youthfulness of spirit, the buoyant optimism and freshness of view that most men lose as they grow older. Perhaps that, and his devotion to his own sons, also accounts largely for his personal interest in the boys of the Navy—for the Navy is largely a boy institution. It is not in his nature to look upon the men in the service as merely so many parts in a big machine. They are "his boys," and he considers it his duty and privilege to give them every opportunity for development and education, every possible chance to fit themselves for any position in life they are capable of filling. "The Door of Opportunity has been opened wide to the enlisted man," he exclaimed in a speech to 13,000 recruits at Great Lakes Training Station. And proof of this is the fact that more than ten thousand enlisted men and warrant officers have been promoted to commissioned or warrant rank. Early in the war he instituted the rule that, in both the Navy and Marine Corps, commissions were to be issued only to men from the ranks who had won them by fair competition, open to all. "The Navy does not *give* any man a commission," he said. "He must win it himself by his own ability and energy." And this merit system was no small factor in stimulating ambition and improving morale.

Though never minimizing the moral issue, it was not any desire to make a "goody goody" institution of the Navy or to reform cities which inspired his order banishing the wine-mess from warships; his insistence upon laws to prevent the serving of drink to men in uniform; his orders creating zones around training camps and stations in which saloons, gambling dens and houses of ill fame were prohibited. It was primarily his desire to protect the young men committed to his care, to prevent them from falling victims to vice and disease, to assure mothers and fathers that they could safely entrust their sons to the Navy in the confidence that they would develop into manly, wholesome men, strengthened in character as well as physique. "The old saying, 'Drunk as a sailor,' is clear out of date," the Secretary remarked, not without a touch of pride; "people say now, 'He's sober as a sailor.'" And events have justified the policies for which Mr. Daniels was so severely criticized when they were instituted. There is hardly an officer in the Navy who would to-day recommend the reëstablishment of the wine-mess aboard ship. Its abolition has been justified on the ground of efficiency alone. Protective measures have resulted in reducing drinking ashore to a minimum and in greatly decreasing diseases that are the bane of navies and armies alike.

His close scrutiny of contracts, his insistence on getting things at the lowest possible cost, in

some cases throwing out all bids and commandeering ships or fixing prices under the special authority given by law in war time, caused Mr. Daniels to be rather severely criticized. One eminent steel magnate said to him: "Daniels, I don't see why they call you a Southerner; when it comes to a trade, you are the closest Yankee I ever went up against." But this policy resulted in saving millions of dollars to the Government, and the Secretary thinks that is worth all the denunciation that was poured upon him. At times in the rush of war work he put upon men in charge of big undertakings tasks they said were "plainly impossible" to accomplish in the time set. "Yes, I know that," he remarked aside; "but we will get that work done a lot sooner if everybody goes staving at it with the idea that it must be done by that time." And some seeming impossibilities *were* accomplished. A saying in the Navy, "It can't be done—BUT, here it is!" grew into a motto that was repeated with pride when a big job was "put over" in record time. The whole establishment set out to break records in every line. The idea that "the only way to keep up with the game is to keep ahead of it," prevailed, and ships and stations, bureaus and yards engaged in eager rivalry. And the Secretary was the midst of it all, commending the leaders, stirring up the laggards, and keeping all moving like the coach at a football game.

It was strenuous striving, this whirl of war, with never a let-up, day or night, enough to have broken down any man. But Mr. Daniels enjoyed it and thrived under the strain. After a grilling day, with half a dozen conferences and a constant stream of callers, he would close his desk with a smile, toss an armful of mail and documents to his colored messenger to take to his residence, and say with a laugh, "Now we'll go home and work awhile."

His enjoyment of his work, his unfailing good humor, his superb health, his eagerness to serve his country to the best of his ability and the limit of his strength have enabled him to carry the burdens of war without being crushed by them.

Regarding war as one of the most terrible evils that afflict mankind and hoping it might be averted, Mr. Daniels saw plainly that America might be drawn into the conflict, and believed it should be prepared for any eventuality that might arise. In his annual report for 1915 he urged a large increase in the Navy, and continuous construction. This plan was adopted by Congress in the epoch-making Act of August 29, 1916, which authorized the "three-year program," including 157 war vessels; provided for a considerable increase in personnel and the creation of an ample Naval Reserve Force. This Act, which carried appropriations of $312,000,000—the largest amount which, up to that time, had

ever been appropriated at one time for naval purposes—laid the basis of preparedness and provided the machinery for the expansion of the Navy.

From the moment hostilities appeared inevitable, Mr. Daniels threw all his energies into preparation. Long before, through the Naval Consulting Board and other agencies, he had surveyed the industries of the country and the availability of the plants for war work. Soon after the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany all the merchant ships, yachts, tugs and other craft in our ports were surveyed with a view to their use as auxiliaries. In March contracts were let for the building of 355 submarine chasers. Most of the vessels authorized in the three-year program had already been contracted for. Preparations had been made to arm merchant ships for defense against attack by submarines, and when the President issued his order, March 12, 1917, this work was begun that very day. Vessels carrying naval gun's-crews were sailing through the war zone before war was declared. The first man lost in service against the enemy was a member of the Armed Guard, John I. Eopolucci, who went down with the Aztec on April 1, the day before President Wilson delivered his war message to Congress. Naval vessels had been put in readiness, munitions stored, supply ships were ready to sail. When a state of war with Germany was pro-

claimed on April 6, the Fleet was mobilized without an hour's delay.

Admiral Sims had already been sent abroad to get in touch with Allied admiralties, and a working agreement with them was put into effect immediately. Ruthless submarine warfare was at its height. More than 700,000 tons of shipping was sunk in that month. The possibility of Germany sending her U-boats against our own coast was thoroughly realized, as was also the fact that we did not have enough destroyers to patrol home waters and at the same time furnish an effective force for foreign service. But there was no hesitation. A vigorous aggressive policy was adopted. The American Navy decided not to wait for the submarines, but to "go after" them. Orders were immediately issued to equip a flotilla of destroyers for foreign service. Sailing on April 24, they arrived at Queenstown May 4, and reported for duty with the British Navy twenty-eight days after war was declared. This force in European waters was constantly increased, every type of boat that could be effectively utilized being sent over. A division of American battleships was sent to operate with the British Grand Fleet; submarines were dispatched, sub-chasers were sent over in a steady stream. Naval aviators were sent abroad, the first arriving in France June 8. Bases were established all along the French coast, in the Mediterranean and the Azores. When hostilities

ended there were more than 300 vessels and a force of over 75,000 men and officers operating in European waters under Admiral Sims' command.

The Germans' long-distance gun that bombarded Paris was answered by the huge American 14-inch naval guns. On mobile railway mounts, these long cannon threw their 1,400-pound projectiles far in rear of the enemy lines, destroying bases, tearing up railroad stations, cutting lines of communication. These immense mounts, locomotives and trains were designed and built in a few months, shipped to France, set up there and, manned by Navy gunners, under command of Rear Admiral Plunkett, moved along the firing line from Laon to Montmedy, playing an effective part in the final rout of the Germans.

The North Sea Mine Barrage, which, stretching from the Orkneys to the coast of Norway, did much to bar the egress of German vessels and accounted for not a few U-boats, was an American idea, and eighty-five per cent of the 230 miles of mines were made in this country and planted by American mine-layers. From the beginning our naval authorities had held to the idea that the best way to curb the submarines was to pen them up in their bases. Our ordnance officers soon after we entered the war urged the laying of mine-fields clear across the North Sea, but the immensity of the project deterred, for a time, the adoption of the plan. A special type of mine was

devised and manufactured by thousands, a mine fleet was created, active mine-laying began last June and the immense undertaking was completed in October.

Tankers were scarce. The British Grand Fleet and American battleships were stationed on the east coast. Fuel ships, after reaching the western ports, had to make the long trip, braving the submarines, around the North of Scotland, to the Firth of Forth. With the aid of American naval units, a pipe-line was laid clear across Scotland, enabling the tankers to unload at a western port, the oil being piped across to the British bases on the eastern coast. This is only one example of the way in which we made every possible contribution to Allied naval effectiveness.

When it was decided, in May, 1917, to send over at once as large a force as possible of United States troops, the task of transporting them was entrusted to the Navy. Transports were hastily gathered and equipped, and the first convoy, under command of Admiral Gleaves, sailed on June 14. The first contingent arrived at St. Nazaire on June 26, the last of the convoy being landed by July 3. Though twice attacked by submarines, all arrived safely. This was the beginning of what grew into "the biggest transportation job in history"—the carrying of 2,000,000 men 3,000 miles overseas. When the men of the National Army poured into the camps by thousands that autumn, the question was anxiously

asked, "How will you ever transport them?" With only a handful of transports, it did seem impossible. But Daniels answered: "When the men are ready to go, the ships will be ready. I don't know now how we shall get them, but we'll get them somehow." The huge German vessels, whose machinery had been wrecked, were repaired and utilized as troop-ships and supply vessels. Merchantmen and liners were acquired and converted, Dutch ships were put into service and a large Cruiser and Transport Force created. When the "March drive" of 1918 threatened the Allied lines, British shipping in quantity was made available, and by July the British and American vessels, with some French and Italian assistance, were carrying overseas 300,000 men a month. To furnish food, munitions and the thousand things needed by this big army, a vast supply system had to be established, and the Navy was soon manning and operating hundreds of supply vessels. The Naval Overseas Transportation Service was created, and in a single year grew to a fleet of 321 vessels, with a deadweight tonnage of 2,800,000.

This unprecedented undertaking of transporting men, munitions and supplies was, in spite of the constant menace of submarine attack, accomplished with so small a loss of life and cargoes that, as compared with the general result, the losses were almost negligible. But it never ceased to be a hazardous task. Every safeguard was

adopted; but there is no means known to man that will give vessels absolute protection from undersea attack, there was never an hour when there was not the possibility that some troop-ship might be sunk, with its precious cargo of human freight; and only those closely associated with them can know the strain and anxiety of the chiefs of Navy and Army when large convoys of troops were sailing through the dangers of the war zone. Yet the stream never halted.

When, the first Sunday in June, 1918, German submarines appeared off our own coasts and sank half a dozen schooners, a tanker and a coastwise passenger liner in a single day, the whole country was excited. It was a trying time. The safety of our own sailors and fishermen, our schooners and home craft was the first thought. Telegrams by the hundred poured into the Navy Department. There was a strong demand that all available naval craft be turned to the protection of coastwise and incoming traffic, that troopships and ocean-going merchantmen be held until the danger was over. Had that been done, the Germans would have succeeded in their object.

"Will the transports be held in port?" "Aren't you going to convoy all coastwise traffic?" "Won't you have to use all the patrol vessels to protect the steamers and schooners off our shores?" were some of the questions with which the Secretary was confronted when he faced the members of the Press the next morning. He did

not attempt to minimize the seriousness of the situation. But he clenched his fist as he said: "We are doing, and will do, all we can to protect coastwise shipping. But our first duty is to keep open the Road to France. Nothing will be allowed to halt the ships carrying men, munitions and supplies."

In spite of the submarines at our very doors, the transports sailed as scheduled, well convoyed; and the Germans, while they sank more than a score of schooners and a number of steamers, did not delay the troop-ships a single day.

That was characteristic of Mr. Daniels' policy in prosecuting the war. He never wavered for an instant in the main objects. Adopting the President's policy of "Force, force to the utmost," he protested against fixing any definite number of men we should send to France. "Don't let us talk of two million or three million," he said; "we will send over all the millions that are required, for America is pledged, to her last dollar and her last man, to win this war." And in October, after the German overtures, when a well-known magazine writer asked him to discuss arrangements for peace, he refused, saying, "It is not my business to talk peace or think of peace, until the Central Powers are defeated and have laid down their arms. It is my business and the business of the Navy to devote every thought and energy to winning the war."

Yet he continually looked forward to that glad

day when hostilities should end in victory for democracy, when we would look upon "a new heaven and a new earth" in which liberty, prosperity and the happiness of freedom would bless the whole earth. There was no man in that notable assembly in the House of Representatives November 11, who more deeply rejoiced when the President, in that historic speech setting forth the terms of the German surrender, pronounced the momentous words: "The war thus comes to an end."

Delivered on various occasions when he could spare a few hours from his desk in Washington, these addresses are the spontaneous expression of Mr. Daniels' ideas and ideals, many of which he has been privileged to translate into reality and in the realization of others has seen his dreams come true.

JOHN WILBER JENKINS.

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THE NAVY AND THE NATION

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I

"GET YOU A NAVAL HERO"

We live in tense times. Great issues stir the depths of men. Small questions are shriveled. Life, death, liberty, valor, justice, immortality are the themes that alone grip us in this hour. Questions big with the fate not alone of nations, but the world, may be decided by you. I summon you to your high calling, confident that with solemn responsibility there will come heroic achievement.

Address to Graduating Class of 1917, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., March 29, 1917.

YOU are to receive your commission in a day when nearly all the world is in the vortex of war and no people can feel that they may not be drawn into it. Your own country faces a crisis. In this emergency the President, who has declared his belief that "the American Navy ought to be incomparably the most adequate Navy in the world" in the exercise of a discretion vested in him, will commission you three months ahead of the usual period. That fact alone emphasizes the significance of your early graduation. Whatever, in

addition to steps already taken by placing armed naval guards on merchant ships, this country may be called upon to do, its chief and first reliance will be upon the Navy. Fortunately, the country has officers and men not surpassed in any naval service. To their number we are adding to-day 183 officers from the Naval Academy, and we are drawing to its enlisted strength an additional 25,000 from the alert and resolute youth of the country, which, added to the present personnel, gives us the finest body of enlisted men any officers were ever privileged to instruct and lead. You come into a service with a glorious record, resplendent with noble traditions. You enter at a time when grave responsibilities fall without days of waiting upon your young shoulders. To-day, as not before in a generation, the eyes of your countrymen are turned in pride as well as in confidence toward the newly commissioned ensigns. You go out of this institution with its imprimatur. You go into the hard and honorable service before you with valor. You leave this institution which has nurtured you, with the resolve to be worthy successors of the brave men who in every decade have made the achievements of the Navy the crowning glory of America.

Your training fits you for duties not dreamed of by naval officers of the last generation. In men "the best is yet to be." Your country sees in you leaders in naval improvements such as did not enter into the minds of men of Admiral

Dewey's day. This faith in youth was never better expressed than by Admiral Dewey to Chief Justice White shortly before the Admiral's death. "Tell me about these young officers of the Navy," said the Chief Justice to the Admiral. "Will they equal the splendid officers of our day?" With enthusiasm the Admiral told of their training, their mastery of many branches, their versatility, and said, "These youngsters know three hundred times as much as young officers knew in my day."

My advice to every young man of ambition and stuff who enters Annapolis is, "Get you a naval hero." You will reveal your character and your purpose by the type of man you select as your example. No books are so stimulating to young men as autobiography. The story told in his own words by a man who has wrought well has a charm and a fascination found in no other books. We are so constituted that the highest virtues can be emulated only if we find them incarnate. Truth, bravery, self-control are cold and abstract unless they shine forth in the lives of men of flesh and blood. Indeed our holy religion was interpreted through the Man of Galilee. I would not dare hope to impress upon young men the duty of self-sacrifice, self-restraint and self-elevation if these graces had not blossomed in the lives of men of our own time and you had not been privileged to see their perfect fruition in honorable lives.

The answer of youth to the challenge, "Live upon the heights!" is, "Show me a man of my temperament who has climbed the Alps, whose life was so wholesome and valiant as to win for him a place with the immortals. Let me see if he had temptations like those which assail me. Tell me how he overcame them. Then and then only will I believe it possible for me to be master of appetite, to put aside selfish ambition, and be able to emulate his virtues." This demand of youth for a hero they can understand and emulate—a real man whose rise to greatness has been along the paths they expect to walk—must be met by the production of a "sun-crowned" man. "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them."

It is a matter of gratulation that in presenting your diplomas to-day, I do not need to try to preach maxims into your hearts. I am happy to be able to point you to a man, lately called from us, whose whole life was the bourgeoning forth of the best traditions of the Naval Academy and

the Naval Service. There is no need in finding a hero for the class of 1917 to go to ancient history or to invoke the magic naval names of Nelson or John Paul Jones, heroes of other days, whose achievements seem far removed from our day and modern conditions. It is a far-cry from a hero who manned wooden ships in what this generation thinks an ancient and rude period, though the story of their deeds now and always will thrill every manly soul.

But we do not need to go beyond our own time to find the spirit of chivalry that shone in those old heroes of the sea. It is a libel upon our civilization to say "there were giants in those days" when we thereby convey the impression that the breed of men of courage has not survived to our day. Let us indeed praise the men of other times who illustrated the sternest qualities of our race, for they shine forever in the firmament and beckon us to peaks and mountain tops of sacrifice and service. But, young gentlemen, the hero to whom I point you to-day is no far-removed fixed star, so remote as to be out of the influence of our lives and surroundings. There is no call to turn back the pages of history to read of a youth who conquered the waves and won even a greater victory by attuning his whole life to the music of Duty. For there is a melody in Duty that brings the glow of gladness and the blessing of strength to all who attend upon its strains. It is no siren song, no mere jingle of melody which Duty brings

to those whose ears are trained to listen, but it is heard only by the valiant and the brave. Young gentlemen, let us turn a deaf ear to those who tell us we live in commonplace days and must go the gait of those who see no vision, dream no dreams, and translate no dreams into deeds that live for all time. Let us rather have faith in our age and say with the poet:

"We are living, we are moving
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime."

A few weeks ago the best friend of the young naval officer, full of years and full of honors, gave a cheerful "Aye, Aye, Sir" to the call of the divine Commander-in-Chief. When George Dewey passed from us, almost his last thought was of you, young gentlemen, and your associates. Long before the sad day for us, when he was called hence, the Admiral of the Navy told his wife that when the end came he wished the midshipmen of Annapolis to be the guard of honor at his burial. "I do not wish them to come," he said, "because they are under orders. I wish them to come as friends." And as friends of that golden-hearted gentleman, you went on that solemn day to Washington. You felt you were signally honored by his choice, as indeed you were above all other Americans. When I tell you, young naval officers, "Get you a hero and make

him your example," I do not offer a man of ancient days, a man who is unknown to you, but I commend to you your chieftain, your fellow officer, the late George Dewey, the Admiral of the Navy.

This is not the time for eulogy of this sailor-statesman. Some day I hope to have the privilege of trying to trace his career and interpret his life for you and those who come after you. To-day I merely give you the name, the fame, the deeds of George Dewey and bid you make him the pattern of your life, so far as any man should seek to follow in the footsteps of another.

What was the secret of the fame of Dewey? Let me not attempt to state it, but rather let him in his own words tell you the inspiration that guided him in his naval career, showing the wisdom of his selection of a hero worthy of emulation. "For two years during the Civil War," Dewey writes in his autobiography (which, by the way, I advise every young officer to read), "I was close to Farragut without realizing at that time that I was taking him as my ideal. He has always been my ideal of the naval officer—urbane, decisive, indomitable. Whenever I have been in a difficult situation, or in the midst of such a confusion of details that the simple and right thing to do seemed hazy, I have asked myself: 'What would Farragut do in these circumstances?' In the course of the preparations for Manila Bay I often asked myself this question,

and I confess I was thinking of him the night we entered the Bay and with the conviction that I was doing precisely what he would have done. Valuable as the training at Annapolis was, it was poor schooling beside that of serving under Farragut in time of war."

You have enjoyed exceptional advantages at Annapolis, superior to those in Dewey's day, but in his spirit I say to you to-day, the influence of his career is worth more to you as a stimulation to the highest endeavor than the helpful instruction you have received in this institution. I hope there is not a midshipman here who does not feel within himself that with the coming of responsibility he is resolved to be no whit less dependable than Dewey. I trust there is not one who lacks the ambition to make ample preparation for the day that may come—how soon, who can tell?—when upon his coolness and knowledge and leadership and ability to shoot straight may depend the fate of a decisive naval engagement.

Those of you who may have had anxious days waiting for the posting of marks and who have lived through weeks of hard work, struggling to bring up a low average caused by weakness in some study, can appreciate and take comfort in the experience of Admiral Dewey while at the Naval Academy. He himself tells us that his first year at Annapolis also came near being his last, for he was weak in geography and history, drawing and grammar; in fact, in no study ex-

cept mathematics did he take a brilliant stand. From his dignity and exemplariness in after years, you may expect to hear that "conduct" was his saving grace, but the spirit of mischief and adventure which was so prominent in his boyish days was uppermost in this first year at the Academy; moreover, "conduct," in the relative weight of markings, was not then held to be of great importance, so that it was his standing in mathematics which pulled him through. But out of the 38 members of the class who survived at the end of the first year, from the original number of 75, Dewey stood No. 35. However, the following year he did much better and finally in his last year he stood No. 5 in the class of 15 which graduated, and attained a star. But Dewey tells us that geography, in which he was weak at the Academy, he learned in the harbors of the world; and his handicap in history was overcome by wide reading and study in after years; and we know that the tactics and gunnery, which lowered his standing at the Naval Academy but which he afterwards had an opportunity to study in the hard school of the Civil War, won his undying fame at the Battle of Manila Bay.

We have expressed honor and praise and our pride in those who have graduated with the highest honors here to-day, so this is told by way of encouragement and as an example for those who may have had uphill work, but who in spite of difficulties, have overcome and reached the goal.

Admiral Dewey loved to tell of the pranks and the mischievous doings of his boyhood days. As a little lad he was fond of water sports and was a good swimmer, so the "Onion" River, in the neighborhood of his home, formed the background for many of his adventures. Since the Admiral's death, some one has told, as an illustration of his resolution and tenacity of purpose, the story of how he and another little chap tried to outlast each other under water. The affair terminated when the other boy surrendered and Dewey was taken unconscious from the river. For a while his father and friends thought his life had been lost, but at last he opened his eyes and gasped, to the relief of all, "Did I win?"

The history of Admiral Dewey furnishes one of the many examples that it is only the man who makes ready in the days of calm who is fully ready in the days of storm. A call to duty in the Navy is ever quick and imperative. The signal comes in one minute and the next minute the battle is lost or won. There is never time in a crisis to prepare. If preparation has not been made patiently and thoroughly in the lower grade or rank, the naval officer never has opportunity when the emergency arises. This is true also in mastering the studies which are necessary for command. Dewey—thanks to having selected Farragut as his ideal and making ready every day of his career—was collected and capable and cool on the morning he sailed into Manila Bay. He recalled

Farragut's, "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead," and gave orders to enter and venture the uncertainties of a harbor reported to be mined. "Before the declaration of war with Spain," said Dewey, "I had not only considered the preparations for the battle, but my position in the event of victory. In the event of defeat no ship of our Asiatic Squadron would have been afloat to tell the story." Admiral Dewey had duties at Manila as important, and in some respects more delicate and difficult, after the battle as in that hour under fire. Fortunately he had made a life-long study of international law, and he did not need to turn to his books to learn his duty. "International law," he tells us, "had been one of my favorite studies." He was familiar with the law, and never by word or action usurped the function of the civil government which must always be supreme in international matters as well as in domestic rule. He won a place as statesman in his responsible duties after the Battle of Manila Bay. No people need ever fear military usurpation when administered by a naval officer like Dewey, zealous for government by law, with the sword acting only at the direction of the civilian ruler. There has come, I am glad to say to you, a new understanding of the spirit of the Navy by the people as evidenced by the generous and wise provision by the last Congress for its enlargement and strengthening. And likewise in the Navy there has come an appreciation of the spirit of the people as experienced

through their representatives in Congress. Much of their mutual understanding and appreciation is due to the wise leadership of Admiral Dewey, who upheld the hands of the Commander-in-Chief and taught the nation that its safety resided in just government and in a powerful Navy, the instrument of patriotic civil administration.

Will the people's faith in the Navy as its protector be justified? Will they safely look to it as the strong right arm of government without thought that a powerful navy endangers the supremacy of civilian authority? The answer to that question is for you and your fellow officers, and those who come after you. I have tested the quality of the men of the Navy of to-day. I think I know their loyalty to Country and to its traditions, and their whole-hearted devotion to the ideals of their profession. These ideals were embodied in George Dewey. To a study of his career I invite every young naval officer. He was respected by his fellow officers, he was loved by the men under his command—for his was always a happy ship—he was honored by his countrymen. There is your example, young gentlemen. Follow in the footsteps of Dewey as he emulated Farragut.

We live in tense times. Great issues stir the depths of men. Small questions are shriveled. Life, death, liberty, valor, justice, immortality are the themes that alone grip us in this hour. Questions big with the fate not alone of nations,

but the world, may be decided by you. I summon you to your high calling, confident that with solemn responsibility there will come heroic achievement. I do not venture to prophesy what lies before you. No man can say what a day may bring forth. But whether your service is in peace, or whether you are called to an early baptism of fire, there will be always the incentive to high courage and to daring if in every emergency you ask yourself the question, "What would Dewey do?" and you will find fellowship with him by displaying those qualities which made our country poorer when Admiral Dewey "crossed the bar" and met his "Pilot face to face."

II

PATRIOTISM BEFORE BUSINESS

Now and then we hear some one rise and say that business ought to "go on as usual." The only business in this country to-day is to win the war for universal liberty. If it should happen—and it cannot happen as long as God reigns—that autocracy should rule, no man's business will be worth a fig.

Patriotic Meeting of Retail Merchants of Washington, May 26, 1917.

It is a great pleasure to come to-day and to express, officially, the thanks of the Navy to this patriotic organization of business men in the Capital of the Republic for beginning what I believe will come to be adopted by every city in the country, a program of putting patriotism above business.

The gentlemen of this organization, with the proper conception of their duty to increase the material prosperity of the city, have been accustomed every year to organize an excursion to promote local business. This year, of their own volition, animated by the spirit which I believe is the dominating spirit in America to-day, they have stated that their private business, and the private business of all Washington, and all Amer-

ica, is secondary to the preservation of the principles for which this Nation has gone to war.

Now and then we hear some one rise and say that business ought to "go on as usual." But the only business in this country to-day is to win the war for universal liberty.

If it should happen—and it cannot happen as long as God reigns—that autocracy should rule, no man's business will be worth a fig, and it is the duty of business men everywhere with large vision to understand that if they would have a "place in the sun" for themselves and their children, this great war must be won, and won by American participation. When your body determined that they would make this an occasion for patriotism rather than for business, they considered in what way they could contribute best to the strengthening of the National Defense and they chose to devote their efforts and energies in coöperation with the Marine Corps to increase the enlistment of these Soldiers of the Sea. There is no finer body of fighting men in the world than the Marines. It is a particular privilege of my life to be daily associated with the officers and men who make up this historic part of the Navy.

In times of great stress, and great war, other branches of the National Defense are called upon, but the Marine is always on the spot ready for his work. If there is trouble in Nicaragua, we send the Marines. If there is trouble imperiling the power of America on this side of the ocean, we

send the Marines. If there is trouble in China in which the Legations must protect Americans, we send the Marines; and there is no record of failure in this splendid branch of the American Navy.

A few years ago it was limited to the number of 15,000. Congress ordered an increase and now there are 23,000 stalwart men enrolled in the Marine Corps and, as a result of your rally, and like rallies all over this country, before we celebrate the Fourth of July we shall have 35,000 men in this Corps.

I appeal to young men when considering what service they shall render (and the young man who does not render some service has no right to write the word "American" after his name) that they shall go into that branch of the Service for which they are best fitted. In the Marine Corps there is a place; a place of service and a place of opportunity. The Marine Corps preserves strict discipline with comradeship between men and officers. In this Corps there is opportunity for advancement, unsurpassed in any military branch in the world, unless it be in France, and, thank God! we are imitating France in giving a better chance to the enlisted men.

On the recent visit to this country of the mission from France, I asked one of the commissioners whether the story that had been printed in the early days of the war on the Marne was true. You have heard the tale that tells the whole story

of why the French people love Joffre and why the whole world loves him. There are great generals, great soldiers in every army in Europe, but no man has won the hearts of his soldiers and the world so much as General Joffre, and it is because there is not a man in the allied forces who has not known that General Joffre *sympathizes* with every man struggling for liberty.

The story was that a certain general of the French army of the build of General Joffre, an able and splendid officer of strict discipline who had every virtue except the virtue of making his men love him, and therefore he lacked the priceless thing, was walking down the lane and a soldier put his hand on his shoulder to speak with him. The general turned in stern rebuke and said, "What do you mean by touching me?" And the soldier apologized and in his apology said, "I beg your pardon, General, I thought it was General Joffre."

There wasn't a soldier in France who did not feel a comradeship with Joffre and there isn't a man in the Marine Corps who does not feel a comradeship with George Barnett, and Colonel Doyen, who is to lead the Marines who go to France. In one of his inimitable stories of the Revolution, Edward Everett Hale tells us that a new word came into common use because of the spirit of that war. He said after a meeting on the Common to rally the young men, a youth of sixteen years, of education and ability, went to his

father and said, "Father, what is this word 'Independence' I hear so much about?" Mr. Hale said the word "Independence" up to that time was not known to be in the vocabulary, except by a student of the dictionary. In a moment that word was born and became a part of the spirit and life of the American people. We have been living in days of peace, and I would to God we could have continued in honor in the paths of peace. But, much as we love peace, we love honor and liberty more and are ready to fight for them. We are at war because we "could do no otherwise" and uphold our principles as a nation. There is only one thing worse than death and that is for a people not to stand for independence, liberty and justice.

I have little patience with those who tell us that the heart of the American people is not in this great struggle. I tell you that from ocean to ocean there is agreement; a determined and patriotic resolution that we will enlist the last man, the last ship, and the last dollar to carry this war to victory, because we know it is to be the last great war of the world. When this conflict is over we shall have a parliament of man preserving liberty and independence for the small nations as well as the great, and we shall look back to this war as the turning point in the world's history, when liberty and justice have been so completely won that they never can be jeopardized again.

III

"UNCLE SAM, HERE I AM"

Most of us sitting in our factories, stores or offices, think of the Government as a separate entity, something that does not concern us, something that is far removed from us. I wish we of every community could think that the Government is ourselves, and that when we serve the Government we are not serving some remote agency. We are serving ourselves and our sons, and promoting our own welfare.

Coal Operators' Conference, Washington, June 26, 1917.

JUST as I left the Navy Department my secretary handed me a new song, the title of which was "Uncle Sam, Here I am." On the frontispiece was a picture of Uncle Sam in his war togs, and standing by him in khaki was a splendid type of the American youth. You will find him on the streets of Washington, you will find him on the battleships, you will find him in the camps, you will find him in the homes getting ready for service, offering the utmost thing a man can offer to his country, his life. And I come to speak to you, gentlemen, because I have the faith that the same spirit which is actuating the more than 200,000 young men in the Navy to-day and the mil-

lions that have signed up to enroll in the army is actuating you. "Uncle Sam, Here I am" is the motive that has brought you to Washington today, and is the spirit in which you have entered upon your contribution to the national defense.

We have witnessed in recent days rapid and wonderful changes. The passion of America is for peace, but I dare say there is not a man in this hall who, during the more than two years when the course of this nation as to whether its duty would call it to war or permit it to follow the paths of peace was in the balance, did not have the thought of national service uppermost in his mind. The day came when the issue had to be met, and there was but one way to meet it. In a moment, with only brief debate, almost by acclamation, the American Congress, expressing the voice of the American people, declared that 100,000,000 of us would speak and act and fight as one man. I am one of those who believe that Americans at heart are all alike, and that in this struggle in which we are engaged there is no real division. Now do not understand me to say that all people in America are in perfect harmony. There are a few who do not keep step to the music of our national air, but their number is so small and their influence so little that when one of them raises his voice against the national decree, the penalty for treason is so swift and sure that if there be others they are silenced.

The Congress of the United States authorized

an unprecedented issue of bonds, and there were not wanting men in this country, some bankers and others, who doubted whether the American people would rise to the occasion and subscribe those bonds. What did we see? With an interest so low as not to be attractive as an investment, these bonds were oversubscribed. Then we witnessed an even greater achievement, because it was a contribution and not an investment. The Red Cross within a few weeks raised more than $100,000,000 to alleviate the sufferings of war. The traditions of this people have been against compulsory military service. For a hundred years this has been the spirit and belief of the major portion of Americans, and yet when the hour came when a new policy was demanded and necessary, by an overwhelming vote the selective draft was put in operation and more than ten million young men came forward and wrote their names on what will be for many of them the roll of honor, and the achievements and the sacrifices they make will add a new chapter to the glory of American history.

There has been no sacrifice demanded that our people have not made, and we are but at the beginning of these sacrifices. No nation was ever welded until it had suffered. No friendships are so strong as those that are cemented with sacrifice. America no longer asks for volunteers; every man in America is a volunteer, every man is coming forward and putting on the altar of his

country all he possesses. Aye, and the young men who have gone in the first transports to fight in France are giving not only all they have and all they are, but all they hope to be.

So that we do not come to speak of any class of Americans, because there is no class. We are all one, living in a common country, with all we have in common. No man owns a coal mine, no man owns an oil well, no man owns a railroad. He is the trustee of America to manage that property for victory for America. Last week you saw in the papers that we had a two days' conference here with the committee of the Steel and Iron Institute, discussing the only problem in the United States to-day. There is but one problem, it is distribution. What part of the sacrifice, what part of the service is each man called upon to render? When that conference was over, with a spirit of hearty Americanism those men representing great interests with a harmonious and united action agreed that every pound of steel and every ton of iron was at the service of the Government, to be used for our own Government or for the Allies or for whatever purpose should be necessary to win this war. As to prices, after some discussion about it the Government officials and the steel officers dismissed the subject. They said in substance: "This is no time to discuss profits. It is a time to discuss distribution, and we have the faith that the Government experts will be so fair and just that when we hand over

to the Government all the product of our plants for this country and its allies we shall have reasonable and fair profits. We want nothing more."

The same spirit that actuated these gentlemen actuates you, and you have come out to discuss among yourselves, not the question of prices. That is comparatively an immaterial matter. All you wish to know about price is that your Government, through processes in which you have confidence, will ascertain the cost of your production and pay you a fair profit. The question is one purely of distribution. That is the question the Secretary and officers of the Navy are trying to solve—one of distribution. We have not enough trained officers to man the increasing navy, and our problem is to distribute the officers to the fleets, to the factories, to the navy yards, to all the elements that go to make a strong navy, so as to make it more efficient. That is the problem in Congress; how to distribute the burden of taxation so that it will bear justly and equally, and upon those best able to pay it. Your problem, therefore, is the problem of everybody. Mr. Peabody and his committee are laboring here to help you and help the Government, because you are the Government. I sometimes wish we could get the conception in the mind of every man in America that the Government is not something far removed from us. Most of us, sitting in our factories, stores, or offices, think of the Government as a separate entity, something that does not con-

cern us, something that is far removed from us. I wish we of every community could think that the Government is ourselves and that when we serve the Government we are not serving some remote agency. We are serving ourselves and our sons and promoting our own welfare.

Your chairman has told you the Navy is the largest consumer of coal. We shall need more coal than ever. We shall need coal for our ships patrolling from Halifax to the southernmost part of South America. Our ships will never be idle and will travel more miles this year than they have traveled in a decade. We shall carry to France under the convoy of the Navy thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and, if need be, millions of men to fight until we have achieved victory. And not one man can go across the ocean unless our ships have the coal or the oil, and as most of them are coal-burners, it is to you that we look for proper distribution. We will call upon every man for such portion as his mines, as his resources justify, because the Government must be fair, it must be just, or it is not your Government, and every man must respond in the spirit of giving his just share. The man with a large mine or a large steel plant will come forward and say to the Government, "I am ready." The man with a smaller plant must furnish less, but all alike each man must make his contribution. Each will voice the words: "Uncle Sam, Here I am."

Some men will call this service sacrifice. I do not so regard it. I regard it as a high privilege given to men who own the primary necessities for this war, to hand it over freely, in a large spirit. I call it a privilege to serve, and there is not a man within the sound of my voice this afternoon who in this great struggle would not feel that he was a slacker unless he had the right and the privilege to contribute all that he could command to win this war.

So I come this afternoon, not to urge you or exhort you to any sacrifice, but to invite you to the mountain of privilege, the privilege of giving to your country, not your lives—though if this war shall last long no age limit will stand between a man and the trenches—but in the early days of this war to congratulate you that, as your boys go to the front, you are not thinking about profits, you are not thinking about business, except that the price you receive for your product shall stimulate production and shall enable you to do more for the service of your country. You know what you can do, your committee working day and night here will help you, and I assure you the Government to the last ounce of its power, with a sense of appreciation, with a sense of justice and fairness, will coöperate with you in this sacrifice, if you so call it, in this privilege as I call it, of responding quickly and generously with the prime necessity for winning this war.

IV

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

When our eyes shall turn to behold for the last time, the sun in heaven (to paraphrase Webster's great oration), they will not see him shining on a world in the grasp of militarism, with its accompaniment of nations drenched in blood. Their last feeble and lingering glance will rather behold the gorgeous ensign of International Peace through arbitration full high advanced throughout the earth, its arms and trophies streaming in luster, not a thread of the flag of any nation polluted by autocracy, not a single star or emblem obscured, bearing its motto, "The World Safe for Democracy."

Breaking of Ground for Government Armor Plate and Projectile Factory, Charleston, W. Va., August 30, 1917.

THIS is no ordinary occasion. It is far more than a mere gala day ceremony; it is, indeed, historic in the deepest and broadest sense of the word, for in breaking ground at this time for the tremendous addition to our war resources which will rise here in the near future I give the visible proof that the Navy believes that in preparing for a terrible war it is taking the surest means to bring about an early and effective peace. Let there be no fear that rumors of peace, or possibilities of a cessation of the struggle will cause us to

remit one moment our activities on sea and shore, in increasing our armament, in strengthening our fleet, and in every way preparing for the conflict. Not until the peace treaty is actually signed, will we remit one single item from our program of preparation.

Our citizens need have no fear that we will be lulled into any relaxation, or deceived by the mirage of peace which is no peace, into slackening of our activities. Within a month, in almost every shipyard of the country, will be heard the clang of hammers as, plate by plate, there rises on the stocks the lean black shapes of swift and formidable destroyers, the terror of the submarine. Even now, as we stand here, did we but possess some magic telephone, we could hear the thud of a thousand mighty hammers shaping huge white ingots into Navy guns, the whir of a hundred thousand lathes forming the shells that are our answer to autocracy. In our own navy yards, night and day, the work goes on as fast as human energy can drive. There has been sometimes complaint that we, as a nation, do not realize that we are at war, but you may rest assured that the Navy has no such illusion. As we, to-day, start building here the great structures that will house our armorplate manufactory of the future, so everywhere the Navy is preparing to-day for that unknown to-morrow, and will continue to prepare.

It seems hardly necessary for me, after the wonderfully clear and vigorous declaration of our

President, to attempt to define what we are fighting for. I think it is now clear in the minds of every one that we fight not only for our own place, but for the place of every democratic nation, in the sunshine, a clear life-giving sunshine of real democracy, of real government for the people, by the people. Germany began this war for "a place in the sun." It has conducted it with the idea that it must have *the* place in the sun and the only place. We believe there can be no place in the sunshine for any nation upon earth underneath the ominous shadow of the Prussian Eagle, no sunshine even for the people of Germany themselves. The historian of the future will note that in fighting for the right to live and grow on the part of our own people, on the part of Belgium, on the part of all the democratic nations of the earth, we are fighting also the great battle of the people of the German Empire themselves. Unmoved by possibility of material advantage or conquest, patient amid aggravation and aggression, hoping against hope until the last moment that this madness of the Imperial German Government would pass away, America has, at last, drawn her sword, not only for her own rights, her own existence, but for the very existence of freedom itself upon the earth.

The question even now when we are summoning all our young men and employing all our resources in the war "to make the world safe for

democracy" is sometimes asked, "Why did America enter this war?"

The one and complete answer and justification is that it demands to keep its place in the sun—not merely for itself, for its place is so firmly fixed that it need never fear that any planet or power will shut out its glow and glory; but a place in the sun for every other nation, great and small, a chance for all people to govern themselves and work out their own destiny. The broad expanse of our territory from ocean to ocean is blessed with a flood of sunshine which goldens its ripening grain in a million fields; which smiles upon our great cities and busy factories of teeming industry; which cheers the early risen workman as he hastens to his toil and refreshes the jaded traveler on the mountain top as his eyes linger to catch the last golden gleams as the sun sinks to rest, leaving the world a panorama of color that is almost supernal.

Three years ago, when the wearers of crowns doomed this world to the horrors of war, the German savants and philosophers told us that the time had come when their nation must make for itself a place in the sun, meaning thereby that it was not satisfied with its own proud place of wealth and expansion, but that it coveted the smaller places like Belgium and the larger places like France and wished to monopolize the wealth of those nations which were content with their own corner and had no envy of Germany's grow-

ing wealth. For years that efficient people had seen their industries multiply and their commerce reach the furthest shores, bringing back to the fatherland riches beyond the dreams of their forebears. Nobody envied them their place in the sun. Nobody sought to limit their wealth. The seas were free to their large fleets. Every port gave them shelter. Every country beckoned welcome. Their colonies were prosperous and sent their most precious products to enrich those who lived in the palaces on the Rhine. In the western hemisphere, where thousands had made homes, there was pride in what was made in Germany and what the skill of its people sent to American markets found ready purchase. The bulk of the German people were proud of all they had achieved, were happy, contented and saw not the cloud on the horizon that portended the coming storm. But the feudal barons, ambitious to monopolize all the rays of the sun, had long cherished the aim not only to keep their own place in the sun but to take from others their portion of its warmth and light. Militarism, which had been hailed as the handmaid of culture and efficiency, would be satisfied with nothing less than world dominion. The weapons had been forged. Eager hands were ready to use them. Greed for power and land, lust for the possessions of others, the idealization of force, and the vaulting ambition that the Kaiser should be supreme, took possession of the Prussian mind.

In the guise of knowledge, science and industry, zest for mastery of the continents got into the blood of a people who had thrived on eras of peace. This transformation was possible only in a people who for generations had been fed upon militarism as the cure-all, and who had become steeped in the creed—

> "The good old rule sufficeth them; the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can."

The ascent in wealth and the descent in ideals Prussianized much of Germany, and when the General Staff ran its hand over the sword and found its temper as they had hoped, the stunned world gasped as it saw the realization of the threat which the world little recked was expressed in German feudal militarism.

"A place in the sun" they said was all that Germany wanted, but one bloody day in August, when the sun was shot through with crimson, presaging the sea of blood, the world looked to see that it was not the worthy and laudable aspiration for "a place in the sun" that animated the German autocracy. It was much more than that. It became plain that nothing would satisfy them less than *the* place in the sun, and the only place.

It was in the spirit of adopting the sun as if it were "made in Germany," and denying to all others even the chance to feel its warmth, that Prussianism decreed this awful war. And, while

thousands of home-loving and peace-loving Germans have hated war, the long inculcated spirit of accepting what those "born booted and spurred to ride upon the backs of others" decreed for them, closed their mouths as they were rushed to slaughter and to be slaughtered. Was Goethe right when he said, an hundred years ago, that the Germans were born brutal and civilization would make them savages?

Germany has indeed won a place in the sun and its blistering rays beat down upon it. But it is not a place in that "greater light" which God made "to rule the day." The place its military measures have brought is in the sun of suffering and anguish and death. They see a sun darkened by the shadow of blood, of rage and wrong and sin which have followed in the train of a worthy ambition debased by the devouring passion for Napoleonic dominion. The Germany that helped to send Napoleon to St. Helena had a place in the sun—the sun of resistance to vaulting ambition. The Germany of to-day in its government, its standards lowered by long vassalage to the Prussian military creed, has taken the place of the armies of Napoleon. Napoleon wanted the world at his feet. His militaristic successor resolved that the sun should shine upon no land not under his sway. History will repeat itself, and the sun shall again shine upon a world where every nation shall be blessed by its light and heat, and where no Colossus shall so bestride it as to

cast his shadow upon those who look up to catch its glorious illumination.

Three years ago, as the oft repeated national aim of Germany was summed up in the shibboleth "a place in the sun," it seemed a noble ambition, for its scholars and artists and chemists assured their own people and the world that their aim was to discover the secrets of nature, to end waste, to promote efficiency, to make the State the agency for the culture and help of all. What higher aspirations could animate a nation? Under its sway, music and militarism seemed to lie down together, chemistry and big guns to be twin brothers, Kultur and Krupp to be inseparable, and the expansion of trade to be joined to the increase of explosives. The Emperor boasted of the many years of peace under his reign which had made possible a greater and a richer Germany. But the germ of Krupp-Kultur was in the veins of the rulers and many of its people had been poisoned by its virus. You cannot sharpen an ax for a decade without intending to use it. No boy can make the blade of his knife keen without a yearning to see how deep it will cut. No nation can give itself over to militarism, under Prussian feudal war lords, without looking for and permitting the bringing about of the day when these weapons will be used. Prussian love of war, concealed in talk of efficiency and veiled in the demand for "a place in the sun," had reached the logical point where it knew it must dazzle the

people by victories and dominion and indemnities, or lose its prestige. They had tired of a mere place in the sun. They could not brook that neighbor nations, small and unable to resist their aggressions, should bask in the same sun in which they grew to military masterfulness.

America has entered this war for a place in the sun—not for itself, but that the sun as it shines over every continent and island will rest upon no people who have not equal rights with all other people to govern themselves—the little as well as the big to bask in the sunshine of free government. The place in the sun for which we contend must be free to all, with no jostling, no pushing, no crowding, each nation enjoying what of light has come to it, with none to molest or make it afraid.

What is "a place in the sun" for a nation? It is simply the recognition of the truth that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no strong nation must be permitted to take from a small nation one iota of its sunshine of rights, liberties and privileges. Belgium, in any world where force is not dominant, could be as secure in its sunshine as Russia with its vast expanse. Not until the general acceptance of that principle will any nation be able to devote itself and all its resources to making the world a better place for men to live in, and to bring about conditions where every man will be assured of the fruits of

his labor. Just as long as one powerful nation, armed to the teeth, holds to the doctrine that man was made for the state, and that Might makes Right, just so long must all peoples subordinate peaceful pursuits to making ready to preserve their own liberty and the freedom of all mankind.

The day of deliverance cannot long be postponed. Right will triumph and the sun of Democracy will send its rays into every land and into every home. When our eyes shall turn to behold, for the last time (to paraphrase Webster's great oration) the sun in heaven, they will not see him shining on a world in the grasp of militarism, with its accompaniment of nations drenched in blood. Their last feeble and lingering glance will rather behold the gorgeous ensign of International Peace through arbitration full high advanced throughout the earth, its arms and trophies streaming in luster, not a thread of the flag of any nation polluted by autocracy, not a single star or other emblem obscured, bearing its motto, "The World Safe for Democracy." It calls for no prophecy to see this Sun of Liberty everywhere shining in the effulgence of midday glory, its flag spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that sentiment dear to every true patriotic heart—Liberty and International Fraternity, now and forever, one and inseparable.

V

MEN MUST LIVE STRAIGHT IF THEY WOULD SHOOT STRAIGHT

"To-day as never before American manhood must be clean and fit. America stands in need of every ounce of her strength. We must cut out the cancer of disease if we would live."

Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America, Chicago, October 22, 1917.

THERE are thousands of parents in America to-day, with sons in the Army and Navy, who fear more the dangers of immoral disease than German bullets. Should they lose their sons in honorable warfare their grief would be tempered with pride; but they would feel dishonored to have their boys incapacitated through the temptations of the camps at home and abroad.

In the Navy 250,000 young men have volunteered. Most of them are mere boys. There are a million young men, a little older, in the Army. These splendid fellows have left the protection of home at the call of their country. Their youth imposes a peculiar responsibility upon governmental authority, national, state and municipal. Congress, for the first time in history, has recog-

nized this duty by legislation which seeks to minimize the twin evils that menace men in uniform—alcohol and prostitution.

The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, recognizing these dangers, have exerted and will exert every influence at their command to safeguard these young men. We have appealed for coöperation to the civilian population in those communities where training stations and cantonments prepare the men for war. When boys literally poured into the Navy, upon the declaration of war, I felt it my high duty to keep in close touch with moral conditions in communities near naval stations. Where complaints of bad conditions were received I called them sharply to the attention of the state and municipal authorities, and asked for assistance and coöperation in removing such conditions. I am happy to report that such assistance has in most cases (though sometimes, I am sorry to say, there was lacking the spirit that was needed) been granted, once the facts were made clear and the community involved became convinced that the Navy Department really meant what it said. Perhaps my attitude in this matter can best be illustrated by repeating certain portions of my statement of June 20, 1917, when I said:—

"I am charged with the duty of training these young men for service in the Navy. State and local officers are charged with the duty of seeing that the laws of their states and of the United States are faithfully exe-

cuted. There lies upon us morally, to a degree far outreaching any technical responsibility, the duty of leaving nothing undone to protect these young men from that contamination of their bodies which will not only impair their military efficiency but blast their lives for the future and return them to their homes a source of danger to their families and to the community at large.

"These dangers are bad enough in ordinary times. They are multiplied manifold in times of war, when great bodies of men are necessarily gathered together away from the restraints of home, and under the stress of emotions whose reactions inevitably tend to dislodge the standards of normal life, and the harpies of the underworld flock to make profit of the opportunity. If we fail in vigilance under these conditions, the mothers and fathers of these lads, and the country generally, will rightly hold us responsible."

Secretary Baker's identical stand is summed up in his sentence:—

"Our responsibility in this matter is not open to question. We cannot allow these young men, most of whom will have been drafted to service, to be surrounded by a vicious and demoralizing environment, nor can we leave anything undone which will protect them from unhealthy influences and crude forms of temptation."

In order that my information as to actual conditions near Naval stations should be full and accurate, the attitude of the Navy Department fully explained and the coöperation of such communities secured if possible, I appointed a Naval Commission on Training Camp Activities, whose chairman is Raymond B. Fosdick. A similar commission under the same chairman has been

appointed for the Army. Through these commissions we are keeping in touch with actual conditions. By bringing these conditions to the attention of the authorities, we have endeavored to maintain both the naval training stations and the cantonments as free from vice and drunkenness as is humanly possible.

These training camp commissions are also working along constructive lines to stimulate every conceivable form of recreation and entertainment among soldiers and sailors. Negative work is not enough; we must create positively competitive interests to replace the evils we are trying to eliminate. For that reason athletics are encouraged, club houses and canteens are being erected, and soldiers and sailors are being surrounded in the communities nearby with home influences. These constitute some of the very effective methods we are using in our campaign against venereal disease. The Young Men's Christian Association and other like organizations are lending themselves earnestly to bettering conditions wherever young men are under training.

The work of the Army and Navy in the repression of prostitution and alcohol has met with most encouraging results. Within the last three months "red light" districts have been abolished in eighteen cities. New Orleans has passed an ordinance which will close its district about November 15th. Many cities in which no such districts exist have, at the instance of the War and

Navy Departments, begun a vigorous campaign against scattered houses of prostitution.

In establishing these purely war policies, all government branches are coöperating and are joining in an appeal to the American public to carry out in civil life the measures which alone can complete the safeguarding of Army and Navy. It is a great satisfaction to be able to say that in every state, civilian organizations are realizing that their part of the campaign against venereal disease is after all much more important than that of the Army and Navy.

I do not need to remind you medical men that 8 per cent of the total population of the United States is probably affected by syphilis, and that of all the dangerous communicable diseases gonorrhea is the most prevalent. I do not need to dwell upon the ravages which these two infectious and controllable diseases are daily causing in the civilian population. If I have emphasized the interests of the Navy it is because those interests are my particular charge, but I wish to repeat that the Navy can be fully safeguarded only in one way, namely, by the attack on the strongholds of venereal infection in civil life. Sir William Osler, a competent authority and no sensationalist, once declared that syphilis was the third most killing disease in the world. If we lump all he venereal diseases together,—and sociologically it is not profitable to separate them,—Dr. Osler's statement is altogether too conservative. As far

as military affairs are concerned, the venereal diseases are much more dangerous than all other diseases put together. Including both direct and indirect effects, it is not too much to say that in many cases venereal diseases have done more harm than all other diseases. I am glad to say that, because in most instances requests to state and local authorities have found a responsive chord; although much remains to be done, conditions have improved; and at last the American people are awake to the necessity of facing squarely the social evil that is the greatest foe of military efficiency.

Venereal diseases are contagious diseases, but, unlike other contagious diseases, their mode of infection is volitional. There are three factors which have had the largest influence in the spread of these diseases in the military service. These factors may be grouped under the general headings of *Ignorance, Intemperance* and *Indifference.*

We must meet *Ignorance* by a sane and well directed campaign of education; the Navy has sought to do this by advisory circulars given to each recruit, and by pamphlets and other literature which appeal to the man's best nature and tell concisely how these diseases are contracted, and their dangers not only to the men but to innocent members of their families.

Intemperance has long played the rôle of promoting prostitution and thus increasing the spread of venereal disease. The Government has

endeavored to reduce this menace by eliminating alcoholic beverages from the cantonment and training station zones of the Army and Navy, and this measure not only will help to control venereal diseases but will undoubtedly have other beneficial effects on the progress of training.

Indifference has always been a most difficult factor to combat. In some cases it may be only casual, occasioned by the man's willingness to take a chance; but there is another class which cannot be impressed with the fear of venereal diseases or their consequences. We have tried to meet this indifference by regulations providing for stoppage of pay during the period that the man is ill with venereal disease. The regulation for the Navy went into effect last fall and it is somewhat early to show its beneficial results. There has, however, been a much lower rate of venereal disease since the regulation was passed, and we feel reasonably certain that the benefit will be even more evident when the statistics for a full year are available. In the Army a regulation providing for the stoppage of pay, passed in 1912, resulted in a decrease in the venereal rate, of from 145 per thousand in 1911 to approximately 86 per thousand in 1913, the year following the passage of the act. In 1915 the rate was only about 84 per thousand.

In peace the loss to efficiency from venereal disease is beyond calculation. We have no accurate statistics. A Canadian authority declares that in

1915, while nine Canadian soldiers abroad died every hour to save their country, twelve babies died at home in the same time to the scandal of their country. Venereal disease, due to the sin of immoral conduct,—let us have done with shying at the world-old sin,—is deadlier than tuberculosis. It is deadlier than cancer. War itself counts less toll of human life than this infection, whose ravages are more fearful than the Marne, Somme, Verdun, or any other bloody battlefield.

From every nation comes evidence in support of this statement: Sixty thousand under treatment for venereal disease mentioned in one Austrian report; thirty-five thousand among the German forces during the first five months of their occupation of Belgium; seventy-eight thousand reported in late figures from the British army; French reports equally disturbing. If we could have accurate knowledge of the men sent home or to the rear invalided, or of the decrease in efficiency of men not put out of the ranks, the proportions would shock a humiliated people in every nation engaged in war.

Indeed, there is no army whose effectiveness is not reduced by reason of these diseases, whose dissemination is so clearly linked with the moral hazards of sexual vice. The Navy suffers likewise, and business halts because venereal disease destroys the manhood of workmen and fighters. During the last statistical year men of the American Navy lost 141,378 days by such diseases.

This means that every day in the year an average of 456 men were disabled. Add to that number those required to care for the disabled, and we have enough men constantly on the non-effective list to man a modern battleship. And this does not count those who, while diseased, were not disabled, nor the evil of the loathsome danger of contagion to the clean members of the crew.

This condition of affairs may appear to be a disgrace to the Navy, and it is; but communities that tolerate houses of ill fame, and fail to provide for the treatment of these diseases cannot escape sharing the disgrace and the responsibility. Navy surgeons have been alert to point out the dangers to young men and to protect them from infection, and have left nothing undone to heal those infected. This service is required and always given, no matter how revolting is the disease. It must be remembered that the venereal diseases of which I am now speaking are not contracted on board ship, but ashore in the surrounding civil life—hence the need that doctors and all civilians coöperate.

This danger to a fleet naturally varies in different places. One ship in the Far East last year reported that 44 per cent of the crew became infected with venereal disease of some kind during the cruise. It is not confined to enlisted men. It is no respecter in civilian or military life of rank or station. The most tragic result of this evil that has come to my attention is one case in

recent years where a young man had to leave the Navy because his life had been blighted by the inheritance of this contamination. He was clean himself but suffered by the conduct of others. I never knew of a more terrible fulfillment of the law that the sins of the father are visited upon the children. The tragedy of it!

The remedy: There is but one—*continence;* other measures are but palliative, however useful for the present. For ages, with criminal blindness, there has been a shrugging of the shoulders, and many men, and a few women, have seemed not to regard the sowing of wild oats as a sin, forgetting that in the physical as well as in the spiritual world it is true that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We need impress young men with this fact that sowing wild oats means reaping blind babies, and that not only do the sins of youth give an old age of senility to him, but a heritage of invalidism and defective posterity to his wife. Continence of young men must be preached in the home, in the school, in the marts of trade, in the pulpit and military camps, and among shipmates afloat. But, gentlemen of what I regard as the noblest profession, I beg you to remember that the teacher who will be heard and heeded when the teachings of all others fall on deaf ears is the physician and surgeon. Young men expect ministers of the gospel to call them to clean living. The preacher seeks to save their souls, and too many youths hardly realize they

have souls. But they know they have bodies, and the doctor is the man to whom they entrust the treatment of their bodies. When he preaches continence as the only rule of life to young men, and points out the dire penalty for lapses, his words have a weight no other admonition possesses.

You, gentlemen of the medical profession, deal with life and death. You bring the babies into the world and you close the eyes of the dead. Yours is the ministering function, the intimate touch, and out of such relations you can exercise an amazing power of suggestion. It is this power that America calls upon you to use. Tell our youths the truth. It is a duty laid upon you, not by the moral law alone, but by the law of self-preservation that operates in nations as well as in individuals. That duty is imperative upon you now as never before. If you perform it, and our young soldiers and sailors heed your wise counsel,—and many of them will follow your teachings with lasting gratitude,—you will contribute more to the winning of the war than manufacturers of shells.

Addressing medical men, I would stress the medical side of the campaign against venereal diseases, though I do not mean to have it inferred that I think the medical aspect of the question is more important than the fundamental moral issue.

The whole program for the protection of the officers and men of the Navy (and the same ap-

plies to the Army and civil life), from the moral and physical contamination of vice and drunkenness, depends to a great extent on the coöperation of the medical profession. Much of the misinformation, under which the average man is laboring, originated with those doctors who in the past have advised, and those medical quacks who still advise, that continence is harmful and that sexual intercourse is necessary to health. Of course the exact opposite is the truth, as was evidenced by the resolutions of an eminent body of physicians recently called into consultation by the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense. These resolutions which were presented to the Advisory Committee of the Council of National Defense, and approved April 21, 1917, contained the statement that the Departments of War and Navy officially recognized that sexual continence is compatible with health and the only sure preventive of venereal infections. Two months later the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association unanimously adopted resolutions embodying the same sentiments.

In spite of the fact that the vast preponderance of intelligent medical opinion of this country is thus on record that continence is entirely compatible with health, and is the only sure guarantee from venereal disease, there are still a few doctors, both within and without the Army and Navy, who believe in the old outworn doctrine of self-indulgence. So unmindful of their duty have

some doctors been, and so impervious to the best medical and social thought on this subject, that I have recently found it necessary to make an example of one physician in the Navy who was outspoken in criticism of the enlightened policy of the Navy Department, which insists on the protection of the men from the baleful influence of vice and its attendant diseases.

Prostitution and its twin brother, drunkenness, must be fought vigorously and unceasingly until they have become anachronisms. In a generation we shall probably regard them as relics of barbarism and wonder how any community could ever have tolerated practises which took such terrible toll of health, happiness and life itself, that filled our insane asylums, jails and hospitals, and left behind them a trail of social devastation horrible to contemplate.

Continence is no longer a matter of morals only, though it must be enforced as the cardinal doctrine of morals. It has come to be seen as having its base in the great law of nature. New truths must take the place of ancient lies. We know now by the testimony of science that there is no foundation for a double standard for the sexes. To preach it is to preach immorality and a lowering of manhood. The lie that has lived so long must be driven out by the truth.

We are fighting for the safety of democracy. Victory is jeopardized by the preventable diseases which destroy the fighting strength of armies and

navies. It is our task to preach clean lives so as also to make democracy worth fighting for. We stand for a democracy which, while recognizing man's inherent right to self-government, insists that that right carries with it obligations to the State, most sacred in character. Those obligations require the individual to curb his passions and exercise self-restraint in order that the institution of the family, which is the fountain-head of the State, and from which springs all our noblest inspirations, shall remain pure and undefiled.

I call upon the medical profession, both within and without the Army and Navy, better qualified by knowledge and better equipped than any other body of men with influence and power, to assume leadership in this righteous crusade. Where you lead, government will follow, and the people will heed your direction when they will be deaf to the clarion call of all others.

To-day as never before American manhood must be clean and fit. America stands in need of every ounce of her strength. We must cut out the cancer of disease if we would live.

VI

YOUTH'S COURAGE AND SACRIFICE

We cannot do honor to these young lads. They have passed to abide with the immortals. We can only gain strength for ourselves from their courage and their calm willingness to die. Out of their sublime contribution must come a new spirit that will gird us to follow them until a victory for humanity shall make their sacrifice more glorious.

Naval Memorial Service, Washington Navy Yard, October 28, 1917.

As Captain Willard read the list of our dead heroes I am certain that we were all impressed by the youth of these lads. Nearly all of them were born in that last war in which this Republic was engaged. It emphasized the fact that the Navy is a youthful service. When the Fleet went around the world the average age, counting the Admiral, was less than 20 years, and as we meet to-day in obedience to the proclamation of the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy to commemorate the heroism of these lads, we think of them not as if they had passed away from us or as if they were lost, but we think of them as suddenly having ascended to the stars and living among the immortals.

There is something about youth which compels

admiration—its buoyancy, its faith, its abandon of self. It is an inspiration to those of us who are older grown, and when I think of these boys gone into the Great Beyond before they had reached maturity, I reflect how great was their contribution to the liberty of the world, and how large is our debt to them.

Recently men in America have been called upon to make contribution of their means or of their savings that the work begun by these youths shall not end. We have highly resolved that, old and young, we are consecrated to the holy service upon which we have entered and it will not be finished for us until the liberty won by the fathers for America shall touch the remotest isles of the sea. These young men have given more than all the rest because they gave not only all they had but all they hoped to be. Let us reverence youth, let us this morning have a new conception of the possibilities of the glory of young manhood and venerate and respect and honor it as we have never done before, because in the Navy, in the Marine Corps, in the Army, if you examine the roster you will find that this republic is looking mainly to boys, many of them not yet out of their teens, the bulk of them under twenty-five years, as the strength and stay of the nation. As we go upon our ships, as we pass through this Naval station, as we salute these youngsters, walking care-free and often, as we think, not impressed with the seriousness of the great work which they

are called upon to do, let us doff our hats to them, and let us feel about them as did President Garfield when he said: "I never pay particular respect to a man. I know what he is and what he has done. When I meet a youth, I take my hat off to him because I see in him perhaps the savior of his country." Our records have shown that in a great crisis we seldom have the ken to point out the man who will shine in the firmament. The hero among us is often the man polishing the brass on a ship or standing guard or performing some service not regarded as important. We look upon these services as commonplace and yet, when the moment comes, the time that tests men's souls, he is transformed by a glorious deed.

These lads whose memory we honor this morning are of a profession and a service that has, in nearly every war, had the sacred and solemn honor of making supreme sacrifice for the country. The first line of service has been the first line of sacrifice.

In one of his poems telling of the English soldiers when cholera swept the camp, Kipling says, or rather Kipling puts into the mouth of a soldier to say of his hard task, "It ain't no Christmas dinner, but it's served and we must eat." I have no such conception of these lads who went to their death. It was not "served" to them and they did not take the cup because it could not be passed. Not one of them waited to be called. Each ran to meet Duty and went to his reward un-

afraid. In the ardor of youth, meeting death in daring for a holy cause, we have found in recent days that the fire of liberty blazes as brightly in America in our day as in the days of the Revolution. Each one of these valiant youths whose memories we honor went of his own accord to his rigorous duty. When the hour came he was ready. And their comrades who are to fight other battles and win greater victories are of the same sterling stuff.

> "Their feats, their fortunes and their fames
> Are hidden from their nearest kin;
> No eager public backs or blames,
> No journal prints the yarns they spin;
> Unheard they work, unseen they win."

I am one of those who believe that religion and patriotism are one and inseparable, now and forever. When a man takes upon himself the perilous duty of going upon a naval vessel in the zone of danger, there rises from his heart, either spoken or unspoken, a prayer for guidance, a prayer for salvation, a prayer that he shall have the courage to measure up to the high traditions of the service and be entitled to be numbered with the noble men who have made sacrifices in all the history of our Navy. So we think of them not as young men called by somebody to make this supreme sacrifice. We think of them as going forth, their hearts full of love of country and their fellows, willing to risk any danger, equal to

any emergency, eager for any service that they might report themselves in the great assize of the skies as Americans, as patriots, as worshipers of the Almighty.

In this presence we pay tribute first of all to a young man who went out from this Yard, from this Station, from the *Dolphin,* John Eopolucci. In the bloom of youth, passing day by day through these streets and doing his duty faithfully upon his ship, he was ready to go even before we declared war, when the lives of our merchantmen were in danger, as one of an armed guard. First in the foremost line, he went down with the *Aztec* on April 1, 1917, the pioneer of those immortals who have given their lives for the Cause.

Since that time a larger Navy and a great Army have sprung into being. But it is not only the men of our armed forces, not only the officers ready to lead where duty may command, it is our whole nation that is enlisted and mobilized. I sometimes think that it is the women, the mothers, the sisters, the wives, who give most and sacrifice most. I love to recall the story of that brave woman in the decisive Battle of Lake Champlain, the wife of a musician, who, when her husband had been killed, took his place, walking undaunted over his dead body that she might do a valiant part to win the victory.

War is a serious thing and we have entered upon it in America with no lightness but with a feeling and determination that life is a sweet

thing, dear to us. But dearer than life is the duty every man owes his country, and the larger and glorious privilege which men have of dying for such a country, a country whose flag has never been raised in any cause that was selfish, that was small or mean. When he fights under that ensign it is a flag of freedom, of independence. In the Spanish-American War it was a flag of hope, a beacon of promise to our near neighbors in the Island of Cuba, and when that war ended and we had made sacrifices as we are making them now, the world stood uncovered because this nation sought no selfish return. Its only spirit and purpose was to secure peace, happiness and home rule to a long suffering island. And in this war, when it is ended and we shall look back upon it to a world freed from greed, from autocracy, when all the earth enjoys the blood-bought right of self-government so precious to us, as we then think about the peace gained will you also reflect that there is nothing in the world worth while that has not cost blood and travail and sacrifice?

We cannot do honor to these young lads. They have passed to abide with the immortals. We can only gain strength for ourselves from their courage and their calm willingness to die. Out of their sublime contribution must come a new spirit that will gird us to follow them until a victory for humanity shall make their sacrifice more glorious. Let us here this morning resolve that they shall not have died in vain, and as we give our

loving sympathy to those who loved them most, and as this nation pledges itself that it will never permit wife or mother of sailor or soldier to be in want, but will give out of its large prosperity all that may be needed to prove the gratitude of this grateful Republic, let us all utter a prayer, the prayer which Kipling made—

"The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!"

VII

TO MAKE, NOT BREAK, PRISONERS

In the Navy discipline is essential for effectiveness. It is so in the family; it is so in life, and I think that in this age the one thing needed more than anything else in the home, in the school, in the Navy and everywhere is an acceptance that efficiency, strength and self-reliance depend upon discipline, and the only discipline that is perfect, or as near perfect as can be, is self-discipline.

Old-time methods of punishment have passed away. It is with you to say what you will do with your lives.

Portsmouth (N. H.) Naval Prison, Sunday, November 18, 1917.

I HAVE sometimes said that if anything could cause me to doubt the goodness of God it would be that He gives to boys the passions of men without the mature strength of manhood. I know boys. I know their temptations, and their weaknesses, and I know particularly how those temptations assail young men away from home. I sometimes think this world would almost revert to the savagery of old if it were not for the better influences of our mothers and of the women of our families which uphold and make us strong. Because of our love for them we put behind us our temptations.

When they leave home in young manhood and boyhood, without these helpful sources and those "apron strings," so to speak, on their hearts, many lose themselves. You often hear it said that a man has "lost himself." But that is not a correct expression. If a man goes into the forest and gets lost, he says he has lost himself. The fact is he has lost everything except himself. And so it is with young men. We say "they lose themselves." They do, indeed, lose control of themselves. They lose realization of themselves.

In the Navy, discipline is essential for effectiveness. It is so in the family; it is so in life, and I think that in this age the one thing that is needed more than anything else in the home, in the school, in the Navy and everywhere is an acceptance that efficiency, strength and self-reliance depend upon discipline; and the only discipline that is perfect, or as near perfect as can be, is self-discipline.

That is what most of you have lacked. You have not put a curb upon your appetite, your passions or your desires, and you have made mistakes; mistakes that you have, no doubt, every one of you regretted. If we have the strength in us of rehabilitation and right thinking, we regret the mistakes. But unfortunately there is a difference between the man and the weakling. The *man* who makes a mistake seeks to repair it. The *man* who commits a wrong has wisdom and judgment, knows he must pay the penalty for it, and

he does not take the penalty as something imposed upon him as a punishment, but as a signal and a help to right-about-face and walk toward the light.

You were not brought here for punishment, but to come face to face with yourselves; to look into your hearts and minds and reflect upon what you have done. No one looks down upon you, no one regards you as having committed an offense that must forever bar you from society. Here you have opportunity to strengthen your character and your purpose that you may go forth from here into life through this discipline stronger and better men. You have seen men whose faces had lines of pain, suffering or sorrow upon them, but in their hearts the very suffering they had endured had purified them.

In the work in the Navy we must have discipline, and if the men have not put discipline upon themselves it must be imposed upon them. There will not be much need of enforcing discipline if young men acknowledge the necessity of keeping step in marching, and in work, and in keeping their minds upon their duty.

So I have come this morning to spend a few hours with you because of my deep interest in American manhood and particularly the men who responded to the call of the Navy.

We have a great personnel in the Navy; we have many young men who have in them the making of fine sailors but who have failed to do

right. You have, by a false step or by an immature and rash act, violated regulations, and made it impossible for you to perform the duties you were called upon to do. I am here this morning to tell you boys that, as the head of the Navy for the time being, I have the deepest interest in you and the most earnest desire that every one of you shall say to yourselves, "I will persevere in my hope; I will strengthen myself; I will put aside from me everything except duty, honesty, and straightforwardness and respect for authority, which is the basis of all law; I will go into life, and this detention will be to me the strengthening of my spirit and purpose to make a man of myself."

This must be your spirit and purpose. Because of my great interest in young men like you I asked Mr. Osborne to come to Portsmouth and make a thorough study of what I call "modern methods" of dealing with young men who have made mistakes or have done wrong. The policy of the Navy is to make, not break, prisoners. I know you feel that in Mr. Osborne and the officers there is human interest in you. We are all hoping and praying that the God in the Heavens will give you new strength and new courage to go out from this place strengthened in soul and strengthened in purpose, to do again what you had the ambition to do when you came into the service. Old time methods of punishment have passed away, never to return. It is with you to

say what you will do with your lives. A *man* does not get something for nothing. I cannot do much for any man in the Navy. Neither the Admiral nor Mr. Osborne nor Mr. Hill, with their earnest desire to serve you, can do anything for you except to open the door—the door of opportunity, of hope; the door for rehabilitation, for service. It is for you to say whether you will walk through that door with clean lives and an earnest desire to serve your country and make men of yourselves, the sort of men your mothers prayed you would be when you were little boys at their knees. On this holy Sabbath morning I wish you would turn your minds back to your homes, to the instruction of your mothers and try to lift up a prayer that all the sweet influences of early life may come to you this morning, and you may carry back with you in your work, in your studies, in your self-discipline the things that your mothers hoped for you and prayed would come into your lives. And I beg to say that the spirit of the Navy, so far as I may be able to interpret it, in every place high and low, is for each man to put himself in the place of the other man.

If I know my heart, every time a court-martial case comes before me I try to think of myself in the place of the man on trial. I try to think of his temptations; I try also to think of his physical infirmities. I try to think of all those associations of evil that have enticed him and

carried him away from the right path. When you come here I always have in my heart a sadness which would utterly depress me if I did not have with it the hope and prayer that you will, in this time of contemplation, resurrect your high spirit of self-discipline and resolve and that in these days of detention you will forge your lives into the kind of lives which as boys you meant they should be. And may I say to you, as one who believes in the God who rules this world, that you may not hope to fully carry out any resolutions you make—no matter how firmly they are made—if you depend entirely upon your own power and will. No man lives who is strong enough always to do right unless he invokes the guidance of the good God for help and strength in the hour of trial.

VIII

THE POISON OF PESSIMISM

There are diseases, so the doctors say, carried in every wind that blows: there are deadly germs that well men breathe a thousand times a day without any ill effects upon their bodies. But the minute our systems become weakened, the minute our natural buoyancy and vitality become lessened, these same germs find a lodging-place and we become stricken with the malady. It is so with this poison of pessimism which every German spy in America is spreading broadcast through the land.

Southern Society Banquet, New York, December 12, 1917.

We have entered into this war with no passion, no envy, no prejudices, no desire for anything that belongs to any other man or nation. No shibboleth of hate, or semblance of it, has been raised. When our ships have been ruthlessly sunk and women and children have been murdered, we have firmly determined to make the seas safe and never to rest until the men responsible for these crimes are punished and made impotent to repeat them: but in all America there is no flame of rage, no passion for vengeance, no hatred of the people of Germany who have been made the instruments of bestial warfare. We

have looked beyond the men under the sea whose piratical acts shocked civilization, and we have seen that they were the pawns and agents of a Juggernaut which compelled them to commit murder or themselves to face the death squad.

A long imposed autocratic imperialism has made German soldiers efficient vassals of vengeance. Now and then, as when certain sailors threw their captain overboard in the vain attempt to save their souls from under-sea slaughter of children, there has been an attempt to revolt against the most highly organized internal tyranny the ingenuity of subsidized service could impose. But ingrained submission, trained skill in the use of the weapons of war, and the certainty of cruel destruction by even the whisper of protest to this enforced barbarism, have made the Kaiser's war machine a potent thing of evil. We have seen this monster destroy small states, ravage peaceful territories, and seek to incite the whole world to sedition and murder. Yet, deep as is our determination that the world shall never be dominated by Force, it is the glory of America that its voice is the voice of Resolution and Justice, and not of Hate and Vengeance. May we not hope, should we not pray, that no matter how great the provocation, the American people will ever keep out of their minds and out of their hearts any passion of hate toward those who war against the world's justice and the world's peace and the world's civilization? Is it expecting too

much, when hundreds of our men have been done to death by this merciless machine, that we shall preserve our souls in restraint and freedom from despising those who are now our enemies?

If we can press this war to victory—counting nothing worth while except securing enduring peace—if we can do this without our own souls going down to the abyss of hate, our nation will have risen to a glory hitherto deemed impossible among men. Mind you, I counsel no smooth words in describing the murderous deeds conceived by the German autocrats. I favor no quarter for the men responsible for the world war, though as to them our attitude should not be one of hatred. Napoleon coveted the earth. His personal ambition made Europe reek with blood. His fate must be the fate of those who make his bloody career their admiration and who have followed in his footsteps. France through travail came to know and to embrace free government. We shall stay in this war until Germany shall see its war lords deposed, and we shall live to see that capable people freed from the master of militarism that has made every home a house of mourning. To this accomplishment—because until it is accomplished no people can be safe under their own vine and fig-tree—America has pledged its sacred honor, and to that pledge every man, every resource and every dollar are dedicated. I use the word dedicated advisedly, because it is a holy consecration of all that we are

and all that we have to which we are committed. Can we permit passion and hate to mar our holy cause and our unselfish devotion?

What must be the shibboleth of this war for America? Many suggestions have been made, some of them borrowing the spirit of vengeance that wars have always produced. Not long ago a great newspaper in the Middle West offered a prize to the person who would suggest the shibboleth that would inspire soldiers and sailors to fight until victory is won. There were many answers to the request, ranging all the way from the expression of bitter hate to the meaningless slogan of the mollycoddle. The judges finally awarded the prize to the one who proposed, "Freedom, for all, forever." In those few words are summed up the whole spirit and purpose of every democratic nation. We are fighting to preserve Freedom. We know what that means. It was blood-bought and can be preserved for no people except by eternal vigilance. We are fighting for Freedom, not to obtain it for a favored few or for a group of nations. It must embrace mankind; it is for all. There must be no metes and bounds set to it, no territorial limitations, no exclusion of any. But we go further. Freedom for all is not enough. This war may bring this blessing to those who fight for it, but in a decade other ambitious autocratic monsters might rise up and by military machines deprive some of the freedom our arms have helped to win for

all. We must not only secure freedom for all—we must safeguard it, we must insure it, we must guarantee it, we must make it so safe that no power can ever place it in jeopardy. Whatever is required, it must be perpetuated and made enduring. It must bless mankind forever. This shibboleth embraces our noble aims, our broad conception of the world's need, and commits us to such sacrifice as may be needed to preserve it without the possibility that it may be of uncertain duration.

"Freedom, for all, forever" has no touch of hate of the foes of freedom. No greed tarnishes that shibboleth. Under that banner men will march to victory with a nobility of purpose and an unconquerable spirit. It will be a benediction, giving added strength and power to every man in arms, for he will fight in as holy a cause as inspired those who went in quest of the Holy Grail.

The leading question on every tongue to-day is, "What can I do to help win this war?" Naturally that question is addressed to those entrusted with the problems of the military arms of our Government. You eagerly hope that the way will be made clear to those eager and anxious to do their part in bringing this terrible conflict to a triumphant conclusion. I know that if I should ask every one of you sitting around me to-night what you would rather have me say above all things, your reply would not be words

of praise of your society, or general summaries of our military situation, or discourses on matters of high strategy, or elaborate dissertations on world politics, but you would ask me for a definite answer to the question that is uppermost in all your minds these days—Where lies my duty? How can I best serve in this day of need? I do not doubt you are all doing all that you can, all that you have been told, all that you can think of to do, and I know that what I wish to speak about particularly to-night is something which many of you already have realized or are already doing to the best of your ability at this moment. But there may arise a danger greater than that of submarines or cannon, more to be feared than the power of armies, a danger which will become no longer a danger when it is realized, but which is dangerous because, until too late, it may not be recognized as a real and great peril.

I speak of the danger of pessimism, of losing heart, of growing discouraged, the danger of allowing oneself for one minute to doubt that Right in this war will triumph or that democracy has not been born to suffer extinction at the hands of a German autocrat. It is part of the German propaganda. It is perhaps their most effective weapon to spread throughout the countries opposed to them tales of imaginary defeats, of fatal deficiencies in the military establishments which never existed, of superhuman resources of the German Empire, and a thousand and one things

all tending to shake that sane conviction of the impossibility of the Wrong triumphing over the Right which we must retain, if we are going to win this war. We are sending many men to help our allies, we are sending many ships, we are pouring out liberally our national wealth to the cause, but more than men, more than ships, more than money, must our war-weary associates across the water rely on this strong young country for that boundless courage, that optimism which sees and understands the worst and yet fears not, which they will need more and more as time goes one. If we falter, if we grow discouraged, if we for one minute admit that there is but one answer to the question of how this war will end, how can we expect those whose fortitude, whose endurance is already being tried to the utmost, to stand fast in the faith? And this is something which each one can do as an individual, which we must do as *individuals,* because it is something we cannot do by presidential authority or Acts of Congress. When our gloomy friend sits across the desk and pours forth his tale of woe, whispering, perhaps, some spy-spread rumor of disaster and adds his fear that all is not well, it is for us, by our own firm conviction to dispel his gloom, to dissipate his anxiety, to encourage his wavering spirit, and to send him out of our office with renewed confidence to take up his task in unshaken faith of a triumphant outcome.

There are diseases, so the doctors say, carried in every wind that blows; there are deadly germs that well men breathe a thousand times a day without any ill effects upon their bodies. But the moment our systems become weakened, the moment our natural buoyancy and vitality become lessened, these same germs find a lodging place and we are stricken with the malady. It is so with this poison of pessimism which every German spy in America is spreading broadcast through the land. So long as, with clear vision and healthy minds, we look unflinchingly at the future, we realize that as long as our great country and the great countries of our allies retain the will to win, they cannot lose. But let us give way to a foolish and needless discouragement, let us permit ourselves to become mentally depressed, and we will find that every fresh lie saps visibly our power to conquer.

And now, having asked you to encourage others, let me, speaking as one whose official duties require him to know, encourage you by giving you my solemn assurance that you might search our most secret archives at Washington in vain for any records of disaster or even minor military casualties that have not been spread broadcast through the public press. Nor will you find in all our records any just ground for discouragement, but on the contrary, could you read the full tale of what is going on to-day, you would feel proud of what our country has

achieved already towards the certain winning of this war. It is not alone the men in office, the men wearing the uniform, the men charged with official responsibility whose zeal and efficiency inspire optimism. These alone could not win the war. Our confidence is based upon the mobilization of all America, business men, artisans, farmers, who have enlisted as truly and freely and unreservedly as the young men who have answered the call to the colors. In their wholehearted consecration and in their united spirit of sacrifice in our homes is a power that justifies our faith and vindicates our optimism.

America has never drawn the sword except for liberty; it has never sheathed it except in victory. Let us lend no ear to the whispering of pessimism or the doubts of disloyalty. Let us never doubt that clouds will break and enduring peace will shine upon mankind as the result of the courage and faith of valorous men.

IX

WAR AGAINST JUNKERISM

Labor itself has more to win and more to lose than any other group in the United States. Progress has always been, is now and always must be, the hope of labor. Any condition of life that forbids struggle and aspiration is a condition that bears most heavily upon the mass of people, for it dooms them to an endurance of evil that might otherwise be attacked successfully.

Alliance for Labor and Democracy, Lexington Theater, New York, February 22, 1918.

THIS is not the war of a government, of an administration, nor yet of those at the head of the war-making branches, but for America it is a war of 110,000,000 people.

It is true, indeed, that this war is not the war of any one class or section in the United States, and equally true that the obligation of individuals to the National Service is not qualified by circumstances. In the last analysis, however, the major burden falls upon the shoulders of labor, for while executives in high places may plan the tasks, it is the hands of the worker that must drive the rivets, fell the forests, mold the metal, and provide the motive force for the vast machinery that expresses the indomitable resolution of a free people.

The need of the hour is ships. The hammer that strikes a rivet is every whit as effective as the machine gun on the firing line itself. Not only ships for the Navy but ships for the merchant marine. Our soldiers must go across the sea, supplies must go with them, and to those nations fighting side by side with us against the Imperial German Government must be sent the food that is absolutely vital to the maintenance of their military strength.

Every man who fires one shot at the enemy when he might use a machine gun, every man who fails to be on the firing line when the need is sorest, and every man who drives one rivet when he might drive two, is a Benedict Arnold in his heart and in his soul, for slacking, delaying and sullen indifference is a treachery that may cost the life of our brothers and our sons.

In the factory where guns are molded and munitions made, in the shops where clothes are cut and finished, in the forest where stands the virgin timber for our ships and aeroplanes—there as well as in France are the battlefields where the workers of America must prove themselves heroes or stand shamed before the world as traitors.

Let no man forget that he must live with himself—that he must also live with the children who will question him in future years—and how will he answer himself, how will he answer his sons,

if he can only confess neglect and cowardice in an hour of trial?

When labor was struggling to secure its present position of influence and responsibility, its slogan was, "The injury of one is the concern of all." Led on by that great rallying cry, it climbed to a strength and power. To-day, when all that we hold sacred in life is in peril, that cry must ring out again with even greater force and reach, for threatened injury is not to the individual, but to the system of government that has blazed trails to the heights.

Labor is called to the colors as much as any soldier, and any sailor. Your contribution to the National Service is as great as that rendered on the firing line, and in many respects just as heroic. Through the bitter winter that has just passed, I have seen thousands of men working steadily in the cold and in the snow, and the country is coming to realize that there is a glory in this as well as in the spectacular courage of the battlefield.

There is no attempt, and there will be no attempt to employ those methods of oppression and coercion practiced by the German autocracy. There is no need either for the conscription of workers or the conscription of capital. You are free men, and the Government appeals to you as free men, and we feel that your answer will be the same as that cried to the world by those

free men of 1776 who chose the bitterness of sacrifice rather than the comforts of slavery.

It is easy for me to understand the suspicions and distrusts that crowd the mind of the average worker in connection with war. From the first dawn, the masses have been pawns in every struggle, and warfare has ever been made an excuse for setting back the hands of progress, for every possible abridgment of human rights, and for the largest possible measure of reaction. It is not so to-day.

Never before in the history of human struggle, have the reactions of war been guarded against so carefully as in this day when America fights for her life. There is not a single body with any executive power in the Government at Washington that does not have upon it a representative of labor, sitting side by side with the representative of the employers, and having equal voice in all those decisions that are concerned with the human element in industry. A trade unionist, William B. Wilson, is Secretary of Labor; Samuel Gompers is a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense; John P. White of the United Mine Workers sits side by side with Doctor Garfield in the Fuel Administration; Hugh Frayne is a member of the War Industries Board; and the President of the Building Trade Unions is on the Emergency Construction Board that builds our ships.

In the next few days, the first of a series of historic meetings will be held in the office of the Secretary of Labor at Washington. Five representatives of the great employing interests and five representatives of the workers of America will meet in an honest effort to agree on principles and policies which shall govern relations between employers and workers during the war, in an effort to set down a program that shall safeguard every right and defend every duty. Wherever wages are concerned, or hours of labor or working conditions, there is a board in existence upon which labor has equal representation, and every voice of protest and discontent in the United States to-day is heard in Washington and heeded.

Consider, for a moment, the repeated declarations of the President in favor of an equal and exact justice; measure up for yourself the laws that have given effect to these declarations, and investigate carefully every activity of this Administration in connection with industry, and you will tell all doubters that it is wise to put aside any possible suspicion and distrust, resting confident that your rights are in safe hands, and that the Administration and Congress alike are determined that democracy shall not perish at home while we fight for it abroad.

This is not only a war in defense of our free institutions, a war in behalf of all humanity, but it is a war against war. I say to you, out of my

deepest conviction, that labor itself has more to win and more to lose than any other group in the United States. Progress has always been, is now, and always must be, the hope of labor. Any condition of life that forbids struggle and aspiration is a condition that bears most heavily upon the mass of people, for it dooms them to an endurance of evils that might otherwise be attacked successfully.

A victory by German arms cannot but mean a deathblow to the free thought of the world, for its effect will be to put progress in shackles. Let Germany triumph in Europe, then the United States is committed inevitably to defensive preparations that will command every effort in the interest of our military strength. Year after year, an increasing number of men will have to be withdrawn from peaceful pursuits to fill the army, and year after year an ever increasing number of battleships will have to be builded and manned in order that our coasts may be protected from raid and invasion.

The whole country, as I see it, is in the grip of a vast change. Old prejudices are disappearing, class distinctions established by wealth are being wiped out, and a splendid fraternity is growing in strength. This war has given wings to progress. Social theories formerly branded as demagogic are now accepted without question.

It is the day of the open mind. It is true that evils persist. Profiteering continues, extortion

has not been suppressed, and there are still men in America who put their bank accounts above their country and above their God. But the attack upon these evils is steady, honest, and aggressive, and the day is not far off when the last will have disappeared.

I am not a pessimist where Americans are concerned. All this appearance of irritation, of disunity, of anger and recrimination is a surface effect entirely. Deep down in the heart of America to-day is the heroic heart of Valley Forge and Gettysburg. A little study in comparative values is something that will help us all.

We must learn to study comparative values. Much space is given to that employer who puts greed above patriotism, and to those workers who strike without recourse to the methods of conciliation and arbitration. It is well, indeed, that they should be attacked, for both alike aid the Kaiser and betray America. Head-line artists "play up" a story where a thousand men go out on strike, but it is no news when a million men, in the blasts of winter, forge essential weapons for winning the war. And small space is taken to tell of the thousands of employers who are laboring without thought of profit, and of the millions of workers who toil unceasingly without ever a thought than that of country.

Gradually during the past year, under the leadership of the United States, as voiced by our President, the aims, motives, and ambitions of

all our Allies in this struggle against Prussian Autocracy, have become crystallized and clarified, and all minor issues swept aside, until today no one doubts what we are fighting for and why.

We are fighting that "Liberty may not perish from the earth;" that the right of the governed to have a voice in the government may be preserved; that justice to the individual may not give way to the tyrannical oppression of brute force; and for the principle that because a man or a nation, by sheer strength, can do a thing it has no license because of that fact to do it unless it is also a proper and a just thing to do. In other words, the United States, as spokesman of the allied world, voices the principle that the Democratic form of government is worth spending the lives of millions of men and billions of treasure to preserve. This is our reason for being today in arms. It has been agreed to by our allies as an all-sufficient reason for them as well.

And as we have laid down this one great cardinal principle as our justification, so it devolves upon us as a nation to see to it that the Democracy for which we fight is a Democracy worth fighting for. If it is to be this kind of a Democracy, it must be founded on mutual trust and confidence. Democracy and intolerance, or Democracy and suspicion, cannot live in the same body politic. Now to my way of thinking there is no test so infallible of the character of a gov-

ernment as the relations between labor and capital that grow up under it. That government is most successful, is most worthy to continue to exist, under which labor and capital work hand in hand and side by side for the mutual good of not only the nation as a nation, but for the mutual advancement of every person, rich and poor, in that nation in their "pursuit of happiness."

Labor and capital alike, all over the world, look to the United States to point the way towards the ideal government I have described. Prussian Autocracy is to-day waving the spectacle of Russia before its military-ridden laboring classes as an example of Democracy freed from the grip of military despotism. In Russia itself, freed from centuries of enslavement, possessed with a passionate desire for liberty, but with as yet no constructive voice to formulate that desire and to bring it about, Labor looks to us to-day to lead them along the right path to a true Republic.

Better far for the aims and machinations of the Prussian military tyrants than the loss of all our transports or the failure of all our war plans would it be to have labor in this country lose that fine self-control, that sense of justice which has so far bitterly disappointed all the Kaiser's plans and predictions, and enter upon a period of strife and mutual misunderstanding which would bring all our fine talk of the priceless value of Democracy into disrepute. It has confounded its ene-

mies at home and abroad. Upon you depends more than success in this war, depends the eventual triumph of the freedom of the individual throughout the whole world. Your task is not an easy one, it is not a simple matter for the sake of the great cause for which you are fighting, for the sake of the great cause of Labor itself, to be slow to provocation, to submit to the little irritations, to arbitrate in cases where you have the might to win temporarily by force. But you have wise men at the head of your councils, and there is nothing that America is quite so proud of to-day as the splendid showing of wise, cool, far-sighted patriotism made by those whom you are trusting as your leaders.

It is an open secret—I can talk about it freely now—that the real hope of the Prussians that America would never be effective in this war lay in its fatuous belief that labor could be so irritated by insidious propaganda, so misled by hired agitators, as to insure nation-wide strikes, almost upon the declaration of war. Far bitterer than the failure of the submarine to sweep the seas has been the failure of the German spy to tie this great Republic hand and foot by stampeding labor, organized and unorganized, into something very nearly approaching a social revolution.

Labor will continue its same wise policy, and when this war is over it will have won its own fight as well. No hidebound capitalist of that

type which is so rapidly disappearing in this enlightened time, who made the name "capitalist" something of a reproach, will dare then to rise and seriously announce his belief that labor should be suppressed with an iron hand. He will have no standing in the court of last resort—Public Opinion. For capital and labor are beginning to understand each other and are finding each other not one tithe as bad as they have been painted. I can give you specific instances in the last six months of manufacturers who sat at my desk and confessed, after they had been persuaded, with a persuasion that was sometimes rather insistent, to confer with labor, that they had found to their very great surprise that the American laboring man, when he sits down to talk things over calmly with you, is a very human and a very reasonable sort of citizen. And the number of manufacturers regarded by labor as being reasonable and human is increasing every day.

We are getting together, and when we get together and the last mutual misunderstandings and suspicions are cleared away, not all the power of the German Army, not all the thunder of the German guns, can shake the triumphant progress of real Democracy throughout the whole world.

X

THE BLESSING OF NATIONAL UNITY

Out of the tragedy of this war, we must believe, as we have faith in God, some blessing will come to the world. Already in America we have received the baptism of national unity. There is no longer in this country any division. We are united and we have resolved, Catholic and Protestant, Democrat and Republican, Easterner, Westerner and Southerner, that neither religious creed, nor political bias, nor section nor principalities, nor heights nor depths shall ever separate us again as a nation.

Launching of Catholic War Fund Campaign, New York, March 17, 1918.

NOTHING pleases me so much as to attend a launching, and if I could leave my task in Washington, we are launching so many ships these days, I would have no opportunity for any other duty. I congratulate you, Cardinal Farley, in inaugurating this campaign. You have honored the Navy by appropriating the term "launching," a strictly naval term, to describe the beginning of this drive for the Catholic War Fund. I count myself happy to speak to the Knights of Columbus. What those words imply in adventure, in that spirit of enterprise that discovers continents gives us a new conception of Christian chiv-

alry! There has been no chivalry which has touched and blessed the world and no time when knighthood was in flower that did not catch its inspiration from the Christian religion. Tennyson must have thought of such an organization when he wrote those words so descriptive of its spirit and its purpose:

"To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad avenging human wrongs,
To speak no scandal, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as his God's,
And live sweet lives of purest chastity."

The Knights of Columbus, born in the spirit of this Christian chivalry, with all the good this organization has accomplished, has now engaged in a larger work that shall bless and help not only the brave and chivalrous men of this Order and this Faith, but with a catholicity broad enough to take in all men will open the doors of its places of recreation and uplift to every man who wears Uncle Sam's uniform.

I bring to you to-night the appreciation and the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army and Navy—that patient and firm and resolute President, who bears burdens greater than were ever imposed upon any man since the days of the immortal Lincoln.

I bring you the thanks of the distinguished Secretary of War, now on the sacred soil of France, conferring with American officers and

with the officers and heads of all the Allied governments, to hasten forward the glorious victory which is certain to come to our side!

I need not tell you how grateful the Navy is for all that your order and your church has done for the uplift of the youth in the Navy. The Navy is a boy institution. When the fleet went round the world, the average age of every man in that fleet, including "Fighting Bob" Evans, was under 20. When you look into the faces of these lads, clear of eye, firm in muscle, and strong in purpose, you are helping to enable them, in the perils of the deep, where they fear neither storm nor enemy, to bring forward a victory that shall add new laurels to a Navy that has never failed the American people!

Cardinal Farley has told you that there has come in America an innovation with respect to soldiers and sailors, and that our Government is the first upon earth that has sought in practical ways to safeguard the morals of the young men who hasten to the ranks.

It was not always so. You have heard of the Army in Flanders, and when men talk of profanity, they say, "Swears like the Army in Flanders." During that campaign, there is a story that chaplains were not always welcomed, and those who went to preach and teach the young soldiers had little opportunity, and nothing of the appreciation we give them now.

Among the traditions of the church to which

I belong is that of a Methodist preacher named Haynes, one of its old-time saints, who, without permission, without authority, and almost on sufferance, followed the boys from his village into Flanders and preached to them against the evils that pollute and destroy young manhood. And he was so effective that the young men drank less, but being an old-fashioned Methodist, he had them "shouting." Old time Methodists, when they shouted, were not very careful whom they disturbed, and the Colonel sent for this self-appointed chaplain, and said, "Mr. Haynes, you are disturbing the regiment. You must stop this business of preaching." And this man of God, turning to the colonel, said, "Colonel, you have a commission from a King to command men in the army. I have a commission, sir, from Almighty God, and I am commissioned to tell you, Colonel of the Royal Regiment, that unless you repent of your sins and lead a better life, you will die and go to hell!"

The foundation stone upon which this Republic was erected is freedom of religion. The American people of every creed would die gladly before they would give up the doctrine that they have a right—every man—to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The Government may, and does, appoint chaplains and I wish to thank my distinguished friend and one of my valued spiritual advisers, Bishop Hayes, for the assistance he has given both army

and navy in selecting from the Catholic Church able and devout men who are leading the young men in right paths. But though we may appoint chaplains, representing the creeds of all men in the service, we may not, we dare not say to any man, what faith he shall profess. And, therefore, we come to you, Your Eminence, and to the leaders of every faith in America, representing the Army and Navy, and throw open our camps and our training stations, and invite you to come in and minister to men according to the faith and creed in which they have been reared and in which they can best worship their God.

Out of the tragedy of this war, we must believe, as we have faith in God, some blessing will come to the world. Already in these United States we have received the baptism of national unity. There is no longer, in this country, any division. We are united and we have resolved, Catholic and Protestant, Democrat and Republican, Easterner, Westerner and Southerner, that neither religious creed, nor political bias, nor section, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things to come, nor heights nor depths shall ever separate us again as a nation.

Sometimes they tell us when the woes of this war seem overwhelming, that Christianity has failed, and pessimists say, "The Church no longer can be looked to, because, loving peace, war has come." In this hour, the only thing that has not failed is the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Not many years ago, before he held public office, in a public address President Wilson, speaking of a distinguished officer whose robust faith inspired his army, said: "This great general did not dare go into battle without asking the blessing of Almighty God." And he added reverently, "I don't understand how any man can approach a discharge of the duties of life, without invoking the guidance of the Lord."

This nation was founded on faith in God. In the days of prosperity, many of us seemed to forget it, and there were not wanting men who seemed to have no use for the church, except when they asked its holy office in matrimony, or when they were buried. But they never dared to ask the woman of their choice in the holiest estate without invoking the blessing of the church they neglected.

Christianity is the only power under heaven that has not failed. For fifty years in the German Empire "higher criticism" and "new thought" and materialism have put Christianity aside. And it is because the Junkers and the professors and religious leaders of Germany had forgotten God and the old Gospel that they turned to militarism and materialism.

It is a great pleasure to join with you in launching this ship. I have no doubt that it will be so perfectly put together with strong bands of faith, that when it goes down the ways it will sail over

the seas, carrying blessings to-morrow to hundreds of thousands of men in arms.

One word more: How long is this terrible war to last? The answer to that has been given by Cardinal Farley. It will last until a victory has been won by force of arms or until the German people renounce forever autocracy. And to this work which has been cut out for us we have consecrated our lives—our boys are prodigal of their lives; they keep nothing back, they give their all, and they look to us to know whether at home the people are supporting them.

They are coming back one of these days—most of them; and those who do not come will be buried in graves wet with the tears of a hundred million Americans. And those who come back will return to make this Republic a better and greater nation than it has ever been.

It is that they shall be shielded from temptations peculiar to youth, it is that their manhood shall not be sapped, it is that around them shall be thrown our love and protection that we have gathered to-night, and for that you will contribute generously, freely, gladly, and when you have given—aye, even all you have—you will not have given a hundredth part as much as the humblest lad who goes to France and offers his life.

XI

THE TEST OF AN AMERICAN

We do not ask where an American was born. We care not what his creed, or what his estate. The supreme test for an American is: Does he love this country better than any other country under the sun? and will he gladly give his life to preserve the liberty which has blessed mankind?

Society of the Sons of St. Patrick, New York, March 16, 1918.

THE Navy is rich in heroes—men who "go down to the sea in ships," fearing neither the gale nor the foe. It is a priceless heritage their daring bequeaths to their country. They had the vision, did the early sea-going men, of a greater America. Better than landsmen they had a keener perception of what freedom of the seas—our "pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night"—meant to the colonies. While the hardy pioneers of the interior were felling trees the men of the coast were sailing to far-off countries, bringing home rich prizes which laid, deep and broad, the foundations of the wealth of New England. It was a short step from cruising in commerce to going forth on men-of-war. Small craft, built for fighting and for trade, were

quickly converted into fighting ships when the right of America to govern itself and sail the seas was called in question.

On St. Patrick's day we meet to honor a saint of courage and patriotism. At heart we are all hero worshipers. "We cannot," says Carlyle, "look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near." I bring you to-night the name and fame of a fighting Irishman—John Barry, the first commissioned captain in the American Navy. But he was not the first American sailor to capture a British armed schooner. That honor belongs to another Irishman, Jeremiah O'Brien, assisted, on May 11th, 1775, by his four brothers, some other Irishmen and a few others of English birth. The first decisive victory on land in the Revolution was won under an Irish Colonel, a descendant of Roger O'Moore, at Moore's Creek bridge in North Carolina.

The story of our Navy is replete with deeds of high emprise, of what sometimes looked to prudent men as rash adventure, of mastery over wind and wave, and of victories won by the sheer force of audacity and daring and dauntless courage. In every war the Navy has shone resplendent. The deeds of brave sailors have given it a safe and abiding anchorage in the confidence and affection of the people. The Army is massive, ponderous, powerful, and from Washington to

Pershing has fought to win and preserve American independence and American ideals. I don't forget that Irishmen have been first on land as well as on sea. Four months before Lexington, led by John Sullivan, whose father came from Limerick, the colonists made an armed attack on land against the British and captured arms and ammunition at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The Army is justly proud that it was another Irishman, Gen. Richard Montgomery, of the County of Donegal, who was the first general officer to give his life in 1775. He fell leading the attack on Quebec. It was an Irish general by the name of Andrew Jackson, who won the battle of New Orleans; an Irish general by the name of Phil Sheridan, "riding like a god of war" into the thickest of the fight, winning victories; and another Irish general, Shields, the one commander who was matched against "Stonewall" Jackson, that intrepid Irish soldier of the South. The Sixty-ninth regiment, made up exclusively of Irish, lost more men in killed and wounded than any other regiment from the Empire State.

I come to speak to-night of the Navy, more particularly of a naval hero, who embodied the valor and the virtues that we love to believe are best illustrated in men of the naval service. I have elected to tell the story of our first captain of the Navy because we never appreciate at its true measure the qualities that make a noble char-

acter until we see them in flesh and blood. The Navy is an institution! There she sails, the intrepid and invincible defender of our liberties. As an institution, it receives our approval and our respect. But the Navy of men of the salt sea gale—of John Barry, of John Paul Jones, of Perry, of Conyngham, of O'Brien, of Blakely, of Cassin, of Rowan, of Dornin, of Monaghan, of Macdonough, of Decatur, of Tattnall with "blood is thicker than water"; of Monahan, of Haggerty, of Coleman, of Mulligan, of Sullivan, of Farragut, of Dewey—how these and like names of heroes, whose names live in the realm of romance as in history, and whose deeds thrill the heart and stir the pulse, make the Navy a living thing we love as well as honor and trust in as the savior of the Republic. It is to look with me into the very heart of an Irish captain who, with the ink hardly dry on the first commission ever given an American naval officer, won victory against odds. The lesson of John Barry's life must furnish the topic of what I shall say tonight to a society devoted to the traditions, the romances, the glory and the service of the Irish race. Perry and Decatur were the sons of fighting blood. Mahan, who founded a new school of naval historical writing and was the naval authority of this generation, traced his lineage to the Emerald Isle. Thomas Macdonough, who won the decisive sea battle in the War of 1812-14, was the son of a patriot from Erin. The country

rang with his praise then, and upon the centennial of his notable victory I shared in doing honor to him when trying to tell the story of the significance of his sea-fight on Lake Champlain. Perhaps no more reverent and modest dispatch was ever written by a commander than was sent by that fighting Irishman. It was in these words:

"U. S. Ship *Saratoga*,
"Off Plattsburg, Sept. 11, 1814.

"SIR:

"The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain in the capture of one Frigate, one Brig, and two sloops of war of the enemy.

"I have the honor to be,
"Sir, your ob'd serv't,
"T. MACDONOUGH, Com."

"Hon. W. Jones,
"Secretary of the Navy."

Macdonough gave the glory to the Almighty, and there was nothing of the "Me und Gott" in that telegram; no boasting, nothing of self. All was gratitude to his God and rejoicing for his country. Other naval commanders will shortly be sending other messages of achievement in the days of the glorious victory which awaits American prowess. May we hope that they will emulate the brevity, the reverence, the simplicity of that Irish victor. Is it too much to hope that some day this spirit of modesty may even enter the German lines and induce the Kaiser to give the Almighty at least an equal place with himself in his proclamations?

Barry was only fifteen years old when he reached these shores "to grow up with the country." The free life on the sea made any government imposed by others a bondage to him. When he landed in Philadelphia he came to stay. He brought his undivided loyalty and allegiance with him. He was no bird-of-passage immigrant, coming to get all he could and sacrifice nothing. He became a full-fledged American from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet—heart, head and soul were bound up in the affection he gave to the country whose spirit of freedom beckoned him from his island home. Like hundreds of thousands of others from Erin, he gave proof of the truth uttered by the Marquis de Chastellus, who said: "An Irishman, the instant he sets foot on American soil, becomes *ipso facto* an American." In this particular the Irish set an excellent example to all who make their homes in the United States. Though Barry loved his native land to the day of his death, he was first, last and always an American ready to fight for his country and he fought valorously for it against even the nation from which he came. He was no "fifty-fifty" American, taking all he could get and giving as little service as possible. He was all American. Patriotism keeps no books. There are no credits and debits between one's country and the place of his birth.

From the first the hospitality of America has been generous and hearty to all who came to

these shores. Its strength has come from the welcome it has given to men out of all the stocks of Europe. It never dreamed it would harbor any who brought it a divided affection, much less that it would ever hug to its bosom any who were ready to give it the poisonous bite of the serpent. The intrigues and conspiracies uncovered in recent months have revealed the fact that men bearing the honorable name of American were its worst foes. But the number has not been large, and their exposure has taught two good lessons: first, that it is impossible to hide treason and disloyalty, and second, that the day has arrived when men who enjoy the privileges of America must renounce all other allegiance.

There is no place in this country to-day for any man who is not ready to give all he is, all he has, and all he hopes to be to bring victory to American arms. Nobody need ask what John Barry would have thought of a citizen of America who, when his country was at war, could, even in thought, much less in deed, lend aid or comfort to its enemies. That valiant young Irishman would not have advocated the comfortable internment of such disloyalists; he would have given them short shrift, and naval regulations, as interpreted by him, would have effectually silenced treason in every shape or form.

America for Americans! That is the sentiment of the hour. We do not ask where an American was born. We care not what his creed

or what his estate. The supreme test for an American is: Does he love this country better than any other country under the sun? and will he gladly give his life to preserve the liberty which has blessed mankind? No man loves anything for which he would not die. John Barry did not talk much about his love for his adopted country. Words unless accompanied by action are of no value. Barry offered his service, his sword, his knowledge, his life in proof of his wholehearted allegiance. Such holy and undivided allegiance and willingness to sacrifice as he displayed must stimulate us all, as in this hour of our country's need we are ready to lay our all of possessions and of life upon its altar.

We are realizing in the greater Navy of our day more than our fathers did that the gulf formerly fixed between the man on the bridge and the man below decks must be spanned. The day has come when democracy, with discipline, must prevail in the military service as in all American life, if we would secure the best results. Napoleon said, "Every soldier carries a baton in his knapsack." In our country we have opened the door of opportunity so that every youth in the American Navy may aspire to the stars of an Admiral and realize his worthy ambition. It has been said that America is Opportunity. That truth has been rarely better established than in the life of Barry. Who could have predicted, when the unknown Irish lad landed in Philadel-

phia, that he would win the high place in the naval service of his country, that a century and a half later, in the midst of the greatest world war, men would pause to gain inspiration from the story of his courage upon the sea and his robust Americanism?

John Barry fought "to make true peace his own," and not because he glorified war. He was a deeply religious man. Patriotism and religion in every age have been inseparable. Carlyle truly observed that "in every sense a man's religion is the chief test with regard to him. If you tell how he is spiritually related, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what kind of things he will do." Barry had been brought up in the habits of our Christian religion. He cultivated them through life. On board ship he enforced a strict observance of divine worship, scrupulously looked after the moral deportment of his crew, and gave them the daily witness that he practiced the religion he professed. No sermon can ever equal the life of a consistent Christian. It speaks more convincingly than any logic or precept or homilies. Barry's happy ship was the fruit of his upright life, and his zeal for the welfare of his men was the flower of his faith in God and in the brotherhood of man.

Most sailors are men of faith as they are men of few words. They live with the elements. On the midnight watch the stars are their companions and in the early morning the glorious burst

of sunrise compels their reverence. They walk on the deck, conscious of perils, and realize that life and death are not far removed. Rarely has any sailor denied the truth of revelation. In almost every dispatch the honor of victory is attributed by naval victors not to their prowess, but to the God of battle. The separation from their fellows which their profession imposes throws them upon the sense of reliance upon a higher power—that divine Power which rules the world. With our feet firm upon Mother Earth, we often forget that God rules. But on the sea, the vision is clearer, and God's greatness rises above all the works of man.

And now on the eve of the holy Sabbath I give you as an example the career of John Barry, the intrepid fighter, the modest Christian, in whose character and life will be found a story worth more than a thousand sermons. Now that the tragedy of tragedies has caused its shadows to fall athwart many homes in America, men are turning as never before to faith in an overruling Providence, men whom we had supposed were materialists and who have given little thought to the church and the faith and have not been fixed in their faith in immortality, have had a new revelation because they cannot see their sons going into this glorious war and to death in service without the hope of meeting them again. Let us devoutly thank God that America to-day is united

behind these boys and for the principles for which they are ready to give their lives, for, as sure as God reigns, victory will crown courage and consecration.

XII

KNIGHTS OF OUR NEW DAY—THE NAVY IN PEACE

In many ways the Navy has demonstrated its necessity as a peace institution, and its contribution to the spread of knowledge, to the extension of commerce, by opening up new doors to hitherto unknown peoples: to the discovery of new worlds, to the charting of the seas, to pioneer work in securing victories through diplomacy, to the study of the stars, to decreasing the time of ocean voyages and cheapening traffic by sea—in these and many other ways the Navy has been a leader, and all the world is debtor to it, because, aside from its place as a fighting machine, it has been a pathfinder in the days of peace.

National Geographic Society, Washington, March 29, 1918.

In popular acceptance the Navy is a fighting organization. Unless it is ready to fight and win victories, it fails of the main purpose of its existence. Its chief aim and object is national defense. In time of peace it studies and learns, and in time of war it practices the art of naval warfare. In the naval service men are in training for a generation to fight perhaps for only a single day. But such a day!

There has been, on an average, one war in every twenty-nine years of our national life, and

in most wars the naval engagements can be counted by minutes. Men, therefore, spend most of their careers getting ready for the supreme moment. It may never come, but woe to that officer who lacks in initiative and coolness and courage in the one moment when all he has learned and practiced is worthless unless he can summon it to his command upon the instant of decision! Great generals have won renown who were masters of the defensive and there are times when Fabian methods on land spell victory. But at sea, the captain who depends upon defense is lost. Offensive methods, daring attack, ability to maneuver so as to obtain the advantage, and to shoot quickly and hit the enemy vessel—these are the essentials of high command afloat. They are attained only because the Navy, in its shore establishments and afloat, is maintained and operated for the sole purpose of increasing the fighting efficiency of the fleet.

The Navy as a fighting agency, as the embodiment of power, as the protection of the country from aggression is to-day the pride and the reliance of America. But that Navy can speak for itself, is speaking for itself through its more than three hundred thousand men and thousand ships in active service, and will speak with greater emphasis when the hour comes for which all other hours have been but preparation. Never did a nation have more right to be proud of its Navy than now, and never were fighting ships manned

by men of such skill and courage as our fleet is to-day. Let us send to them across the ocean, in their vigils and in their perils, a message of cheer, a message of confidence, and a message of pride.

In times such as these we naturally think only of the fighting side of the Navy. But just as we need, in the construction of a battleship, to apply the work of more trades than are used in any other single structure built by man, so the Navy, in its organization, utilizes most of the arts and sciences and produces as a by-product, so to speak, of its main work, many results which are of general interest and application in the maritime, engineering, industrial or purely scientific fields. As examples I would recall to you the work of the Naval Observatory, the Hydrographic Office, the Experiment Station at Annapolis, with its mechanical and engineering laboratory; the Naval Consulting Board, composed of eminent inventors; the working out, in the navy yards, of mechanical problems whose solutions are of value to industry and shipping, the study of scientific problems and international law at the Naval War College; the contributions of the Navy to the science of navigation; of the Medical Corps to medical science.

In the intervals between wars the Navy has not found its only occupation in practice and drill and maneuvers, in simulated warfare, making ready against the day when it would be helpless unless it is completely prepared. In many ways

it has demonstrated its necessity as a peace institution and its contribution to the spread of knowledge, to the extension of commerce, by opening new doors to hitherto unknown peoples; to the discovery of new worlds, to the charting of the seas, to pioneer work in securing victories through diplomacy, to the study of the stars, to decreasing the time of ocean voyages and cheapening traffic by sea—in these and other ways the American Navy has been a leader, and all the world is debtor to it, because, aside from its place as a fighting machine, it has been a pathfinder in days of peace.

Though through the smoke and gas and darkening of the heavens by death-dealing bombs, we may not see even its dawning, our faith looks beyond the roar of battle to the quiet days of peace that will once again smile upon a world made better—let us trust and believe—by the sacrifice which men who love liberty have been forced to make lest "might should rule alone." I doubt not that we shall live to see the day when Peace will once more beckon us and we can take up again the mighty works of discovery and exploration which in other peaceful days have been so large a part of the daily task of our American Navy.

When, with a world-wide horizon, our America is once again happy, youthful with the zest of discovery, who will be our heroes? We will not find them in the staid statesmen of other days

who thought that the Alleghanies constituted the furthest outpost of possibilities and that beyond the Mississippi was a country not worthy of exploration; who hugged the chimney corners of the Atlantic seaboard; scoffed at Jefferson for the vision that caused him to send Lewis and Clark to that new land "where flows the Oregon," or saw nothing to make their pulses thrill in the voyages of discovery which were made by Wilkes and Perry, Lynch and Lee, Page and Ringgold, Rodgers and Hall, Herndon and Selfridge, Todd and Hodges, Schley and Peary, and scientific research along original lines by Maury and Pillsbury and other like explorers, and naval diplomats like Perry, who, in this day would be well called "forward-looking men."

Notable examples of the Navy's contributions to science and exploration are found in the careers of Charles Wilkes, Matthew Calbraith Perry and Matthew Fontaine Maury. These naval pioneers of the past—whether charting the waters of China and securing the treaty with Japan, like Perry; discovering the Antarctic Continent and contributing more to the world's knowledge of geography than any other man, like Wilkes; or making navigation a science, forecasting the weather, mastering the mysteries of the winds and currents, uncovering the knowledge of ocean meteorology, and making the phenomena of the Gulf Stream known to us, like Maury—these are the type of men who will be

reincarnated in the adventurous youth of the golden days of discovery which challenge the intrepid and ambitious, who, when this war is over, will be satisfied with no rest until all the secret places are flooded with the light and all cheerless homes blessed with the comforts of our newer and better civilization.

When the war ends, and a stable peace based upon government only by the consent of the governed has everywhere been established, the men who will sail the seas will neither go on voyages of conquest nor for the exploitation of peoples of other nations. They will be true knights, not going forth with that romantic chivalry which lacked practical knowledge and science. These Knights of our New Day will be fired not with less noble purpose, but with more seasoned and practical ideals than those celebrated in song and story. These adventurous spirits will indeed ride abroad to redress wrongs, but they will not carry sword and spear, or be hampered with mail and burdened with clanking armor. They will be, first of all, men of the sea, who, noting the toll of human life demanded by ignorance of winds and currents and ocean paths and harbors, will make safe the navigation of all the waters of the earth. Their weapons will be charts and compasses and buoys and signals and lighthouses, to the end that men who go down to the sea in ships may do so in safety from any hidden rock or treacherous shoal. They will study the life of

Maury and his charts. They will consecrate their lives to his mission of shortening ocean traffic and lessening dangers to navigation, by the employment of every agency which science, study and experience afloat may make available. But safe navigation with these modern knights of sea communication will be only the ends to the larger means, for they will utilize these pathways of the seas for the interchange of products and ideas that will make the people of the whole world partners in all that man has made and all that man has learned. National lines will indeed remain and love of home-land still grip the hearts of men of varying climes and different tongues. The tower of Babel will not be torn down. We will not return to one volapuk. No knight-errantry will seek to compel men to speak the same language, and thereby lose to the world the folk-lore, the traditions, the literature that mark the growth and illustrate the life of every nation. But lines of national suspicion and distrust of other nations will be obliterated as these new knights convince all to whom they carry their faith and their wares that no selfish ends tarnish their invisible armor, and that their mission is one of hastening the sway of universal brotherhood based upon universal justice.

We may not expect all nations to accept the tenders of worldwide brotherhood in the spirit in which it will be tendered by the Twentieth Century-after-the-war chivalry. Therefore all

the peace-loving nations must enter into an international agreement neither to throw away their guns nor to tie up their warships, but to make them one common international peace police on land and sea, tendering to all nations, great and small, the High Court of Arbitration for the settlement of all differences, ready to enforce the decrees of that tribunal and make this police force so strong that no war lord will dare ever again to resort to the sword to impose his will or his country's greed upon other nations.

These practical Knights of Peace and Justice will master the secrets of earth and sea and sky for the comfort and improvement of the race. They will let no water power remain unharnessed. They will draw the nitrates from the air to enrich the earth. They will utilize present agencies of production so that plenty will bless mankind and unlock the secrets of nature to increase production faster than population makes demand for food and raiment and comforts—aye, and luxuries, also; for the best is none too good for all who labor. Discoveries now undreamed of will respond to the master touch of men of genius and we shall transport without loss from one continent to another the products and wares that will add to human happiness. These new knights of science and industry the New Day will usher in will prevent any fruits or vegetables going to waste in the tropics that would please the palate of any man in the furthermost North.

Waste will be eliminated from pole to pole. Governments, instead of being required to spend billions on arms, will raise large sums for the creation of instrumentalities of education and research and scientific production until no man who labors will lack anything that will give nourishment or add to his happiness. Selfish individualism will be replaced by enlightened coöperation. And whatever any nation produces that is good will be made available without profiteering to men and women in every other nation. Chemists and workers in ordnance and in making munitions will be freed from making agencies of destruction so they may carry on experiments and operations to multiply all things that will sustain and make life more abundant instead of increasing the butchery of the race. Education of all, medical treatment without cost, and free hospitals for the aged and infirm—the real tests of civilization—will be universal. Teachers and physicians and preachers will be honored above captains of wealth and exploiters and politicians.

These will be some of the fruits of the peace that will bless the earth when "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World" comes to us. And it will come—let no man doubt that. Men and women in this gathering will see the prophecy fulfilled in their day when

"No one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame
But each for the joy of the working,"

and for the benediction which unselfish labor for others will give to this old world which will be born again.

XIII

THERE IS NO RANK IN SACRIFICE

College men, boys out of humble homes who perforce were apprenticed only to toil, farm boys and sons of the rich have marched side by side, sailed through submarine infested and mined waters, and out of mutual peril have been fashioned into comrades and partners in serving mankind. This kinship in war will abide in peace, making the America of the future stronger and more united than at any time since the Revolution.

Yale University, New Haven, Conn., April 18, 1918.

We must find in all tragedies some compensations, and the compensation that brings to me the greatest thrill and the greatest humility is the spirit of the twelve million young men in America under thirty-one years of age. Three or four years ago it was no uncommon thing to read sometimes in the press, and to hear sometimes in the pulpit and on the forum that Americans had lost the vigor and love of country that characterized the men of '76 and the men of the 60's.

They told us that the young men of our day were frivolous or ambitious for wealth; that they had their hearts so set upon play and making money that they would no longer be willing to make sacrifices for their country. And some

people believed it! And if this war had not come, the youths of our age might have gone to their graves dishonored by this unworthy and unjust thought on the part of many Americans. But since the call came there has never been a minute in the Navy that we did not have two men when we needed one. And then the call in the selective draft came. Young men left their careers; they left the farm with the plow in the furrow; they left the factory; they left the bank; they left college by the thousands and proved they were the same stuff as their fathers and grandfathers. I like that word "stuff"; I do not know whether the "highbrows" would think it was the proper word or not, but it means more when you speak of a young man as having "the stuff in him," than any other word in the English language. From no source did the Navy receive fitter men than those trained in the Yale unit. They brought trained minds to their new tasks and peeled potatoes and took reckonings with equal enthusiasm and equal efficiency. College men, boys out of humble homes who perforce were apprenticed only to toil, farm boys and sons of the rich have marched side by side, sailed through submarine-infested and mined waters, and out of mutual peril have been fashioned into comrades and partners in serving mankind. This kinship in war will abide in peace, making the America of the future stronger and more united than since the Revolution.

And the boys of America have gone in ever-increasing numbers, and, seriously, when you see the sailor boys, nearly 400,000 of them now, keeping the road open to France—(that is their job, and they are doing it as well as any men who ever lived)—when you see them marching jauntily and cheerfully with the rhythm of music, don't think they are not serious. Don't assume that beneath their cheerful smile they are not looking death in the face and realizing it. They are ready for the supreme sacrifice.

What is true of the men in the Navy is true likewise of the young men in the Army. They come out of the same families, and the only difference between the minutemen and Paul Revere and the minutemen of our day, is that Paul could go only as fast as his nag could trot, while our boys fly on the wings of the lightning. Let us bow in all honor to these boys, and remember that it is to them that the world looks to preserve liberty and civilization.

The story of the deeds of heroism performed by men of the Navy in this war will one day be gathered in a great volume. It will glow with a light that never was on sea or land, for men who live valiantly and die nobly have a strength and a courage from the Eternal Father. They are consecrated to holy aims and are beloved of the God of battles. Two of these young heroes have recently received high honor. One was a graduate of Annapolis, the other an enlisted man—a

graduate of the fleet. There is no rank in sacrifice. Almost every day in this period of rapid construction of destroyers the Secretary of the Navy, among his other official duties, is called upon to name one of these best fighters of the stilettos of the seas. It is a matter of precedent and justice that no name shall be given to these craft that has not given distinction to the Navy. When the first destroyers were built, they were given the names of *John Paul Jones* and *Perry* and *Farragut* and *Wilkes*—all illustrious names that were not born to die. The custom is continued to this day of giving the glamour of valor in the names of destroyers.

Two of the latest were named *Kalk* and *Ingram,* and the spirits of these youthful heroes will confer a distinction and an inspiration as these swift fighters go into commission.

The torpedoing of the *Jacob Jones* gave us more than one naval hero, some of them spared for future achievement. When the full account of how the plucky destroyers gave battle to the submarines is told, none of these annals will be richer in incidents of individual heroism than the deeds of the officers and men on that ship when two officers and sixty-four men lost their lives. "He was game to the last," was the report made by the men of the spirit of Lieutenant S. F. Kalk, one of the Class of 1916. During the early part of the evening, though in a weakened condition, this gallant young officer through the chilly wa-

ters swam from one raft to another in his efforts to distribute the weight and make safe the men who were awaiting rescue. Young, with so much to live for, in the hour of dire peril he thought not of himself but of others. And because of his high and unselfish courage even unto death, we have given Kalk the distinction that goes alone to those who put devotion to duty above love of life. The Destroyer *Kalk,* like the youthful hero for whom it is named, will be "game to the last."

The deed of Osmond K. Ingram ranks with those that give splendor to our humanity. He was a gunner's mate on the intrepid *Cassin.* When the Captain, searching for submarines, espied one, he started full speed ahead towards the enemy. Suddenly, he sighted a torpedo about 400 yards away, running at high speed and headed to strike his vessel amidships. Realizing the situation, the cool Captain rang for emergency speed on both engines. In that moment an enlisted man of the Navy rose to the heroic demand of the peril. Seeing the torpedo coming toward the stern of the ship where his gun was located, Ingram, with rare presence of mind, realized the additional danger if the missile struck where certain high explosives were stored. He speedily ran aft and threw the depth-charges into the sea, before the torpedo struck. The ship was hit, but the *Cassin* and his shipmates were saved. Ingram lost his own life. He was the only man who did not answer to the next roll-call on the

ship. But he answered to the roll-call of the immortals, and soon a destroyer bearing his name will sail the seas.

One of the comforts we snatch from the horrors of war is that it has discovered to us the heroic qualities of youths like Kalk and Ingram; for they are of such mettle as their thousands of comrades, some of whom have performed equally heroic deeds and most of whom only await the opportunity to likewise win glory for the Navy, their country, and themselves.

We have had a new vision of Youth in these days when the world has turned to them as the saviors of liberty. We have looked upon Nathan Hale as standing apart from New England youths, a beautiful figure separate from his kind. He could not be revered too highly. The lesson of his regret that he had "only one life to give to his country" has been a beacon to American boys in all our history. But we have come in this town to see that the spirit of Nathan Hale of the Revolution is the spirit of Young America of 1917. From Yale, in the flush and glow and ardor of the passion that moved Nathan Hale, went young Albert Dallon Sturtevant. With eager patriotism and enterprise, he sought the most daring and hazardous service, enrolling in the Naval Flying Corps even before war was declared, March 26, 1917. A month later he was ordered to active duty and in the autumn was sent to England, for service on the British coast. In Febru-

ary came the news that he was "missing in action," his machine having been shot down in flames. Later came particulars in a dispatch from Admiral Sims. Sturtevant had gone out on reconnoissance of the enemy coasts. While flying in his seaplane in this dangerous area, he had been attacked by an overwhelming force. Surrounded by ten enemy planes, pouring their shot into him, his machine was riddled and set on fire. Fighting terrific odds, he fell to death in a blaze of glory. It is deeds like his which illuminate the records of our Flying Corps, and make it a body of heroes.

In like consecration to the ideals which we love more than we love life, millions of young men are girding on the sword, counting not the cost, and a new glory rests as a crown upon the heads of the American boys of our own times.

> "So near is grandeur unto dust,
> So near is God to Man;
> When Duty whispers low: 'Thou must,'
> The Youth replies: 'I can.'"

XIV

"FREEDOM'S BATTLE, ONCE BEGUN, THOUGH BAFFLED OFT IS EVER WON"

This is a dark hour. Some fear the worst, but we know that the forces of Right will win no matter what the cost or how long the bloody trail. This is not a time for buoyant optimism, for we must not shut our eyes to the gravity of the situation at the war front. This is not a day for pessimism, for doubt in a civilian is as great a crime as cowardice in a soldier. It is rather a day for resolution and devotion to the spirit of Liberty which nerved the founders of the Republic to suffer all things and endure all things to win Freedom.

Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., April 19, 1918.

STANDING in this home of history on the anniversary of Concord and Lexington, when the embattled farmers fired "the shot that was heard around the world," we have borne to us from across the seas the roar of guns in which Americans are fighting another battle for liberty even more momentous than the struggle of the colonies for independence. It is in principle a struggle of men for the right to govern themselves. More than that, it is in fact resistance to the most ruthless tyranny that ever sought to impose its will upon mankind. No sovereign since the Cæsars has sought to conquer the world until the Kaiser

launched forth his legions with the cry of "Deutschland Über Alles!" The hordes of Alaric never carried greater terror nor indulged in more unspeakable brutality than these modern Huns with their hypocritical mouthing of "Kultur."

For half a century the military despots of Germany have been developing their plot. They have sent their spies into every land and planted their outposts in the uttermost parts of the earth. By a generation of propaganda they have poisoned the minds of their countrymen and instilled them with the idea that the Germans were destined to inherit the earth, and that no other peoples had any rights a German must needs respect or regard. They have implanted in their minds the doctrine that might is right; that brutality is manliness and consideration for others a disgraceful weakness. The simple, kindly German people, with their love of music and art, their genius for research, their devotion to science, were made the tools of ambitious autocracy. Even their great universities were utilized to spread these false doctrines and their Treitschkes preached the glory of war and the profits of conquest. Education became the handmaiden of militarism, and behind the veneer of Kultur was built up the sordid structure of materialism and supreme selfishness.

At the same time Germany was sending her scientists to America, she also sent her skulking

spies. Behind protestations of friendliness, we now know that Germany was plotting the exploitation of other nations. Her educators were teaching the doctrines that justified atrocities. Her scientists were concocting poison gas. Her statesmen were studying the weakness of her neighbors, conspiring to seize their territory. Her diplomats were playing on national prejudices, stirring up trouble between other nations.

I thank God that here in America, in institutions of higher learning, our teachers as a rule have been true to the faith; that with few exceptions they have taught the sound doctrines which are the very basis of Civilization; that they still remain centers of light and learning and in this dark hour, above the clouds of war, hold high the torch of Liberty.

The flames that burned Louvain blazed up from the fires of hate that had been kindled in the German heart. But that fire will never be allowed to consume the earth. The German people themselves will not forever be misled; they will not forever allow themselves to be used as "cannon fodder" to serve the selfish ambitions of their rulers. They must, in time, revolt against their masters. Must we not believe they will some day turn to the light of Liberty?

The forces of the Allies have suffered not a few reverses. At times they have had to face great odds. Time and again the flood has threatened to overwhelm them. But for three and a

half years they have held the lines on the Western Front. In this last desperate onslaught, they have been compelled to give ground. But these temporary successes, no matter how great they may be, do not mean that the enemy will win in the end. It is his last desperate stroke. He must strike now, before America can throw her full strength into the fray, or he cannot win at all. All Germany knows that it is the supreme effort. But whether it succeeds or fails, it does not mean a final triumph for Germany. This is a dark hour. Some fear the worst, but we know that the forces of Right will win, no matter what the cost or how long the bloody trail. This is not a time for buoyant optimism, for we must not shut our eyes to the gravity of the situation at the war front. This is not a day for pessimism, for doubt in a civilian is as great a crime as cowardice in a soldier. It is rather a day of resolution and devotion to the spirit of Liberty which nerved the founders of the Republic to suffer all things and endure all things to win Freedom.

America and the nations allied with her will never lay down their arms until this menace to the world is removed. No matter how long it may take; no matter how great the sacrifice in blood and treasure, we will never sheathe the sword until Autocracy is put out of business. Frightfulness cannot affright us; defeat here or there can but strengthen our determination. On

this historic anniversary we dedicate ourselves anew to the sacred cause. And we will fight on until democracy shall triumph and the light of Liberty shine throughout the earth.

A RACE BETWEEN WILSON AND HINDENBURG

Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., October 30, 1918.

In April, at a patriotic rally, I spoke in Boston on the war, its aims, and America's duty. It was only a few days after the never-to-be-forgotten March drive. Patriots everywhere had held their breath as German legions threatened Paris and the Channel. They were the darkest days of the war. For lack of ships, American soldiers had not arrived in France in force. We picked up the papers to read the war news with apprehension and dread. Some feared the worst.

We gather to-night in a very different atmosphere from that which almost seemed to suffocate us after the March drive. Two millions of American soldiers are in France and from the day in July when they changed the tide of war in the fiery furnace at Château Thierry, they have stood, by the side of our Allies, as a stone wall against the Prussian veterans. "It is a race," said Lloyd George in March when the issues seemed to hang in the balance, "between Wilson and Hindenburg," meaning that if Wilson furnished the men more rapidly than Hindenburg,

victory would rest with the Allies. Wilson furnished the men, to the consternation and defeat of the Germans, and won the race.

On July 5th, Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain, visited the American Army in France, saluted the American Flag and made a speech to the soldiers, in which he spoke enthusiastically of the courage they had shown and how their splendid fighting had destroyed the belief of German war lords that America would not be present in force in France as a great factor in the Army of Liberty. He declared that the presence of the Americans, coming from the hard won advance at Château Thierry, had convinced even the Kaiser of America's power, and Lloyd George added, "We are grateful to you for coming to help the western democracies of Europe." Concluding his address to the American soldiers, the English Premier said:

"President Wilson's great deliverance of yesterday made clear what we are fighting for. If the Kaiser and his advisers are prepared to-morrow to accept the conditions stated by your President, he can have peace, not only with America, but also with Great Britain and France. But there are no indications of any intention on his part to do so. We do not covet a single yard of German soil, and we do not desire to dispossess her of her rightful inheritance."

The German war lords never understood American spirit and American power. They told their people that Americans were money-grab-

bers and that no large number would ever cross the seas to fight. "If they should desire to come to Europe, there are no ships to bring them," was the prophecy. "They have no trained soldiers, and if men could be transported, they would be the easy victims of our invincible armies," they added. With such assurances they lulled their people into a false sense of security. But under united command, the Allied forces have from July to this hour pressed the battle with increasing strength and steady advance. To-night we gather in a world in which the clouds have lifted, we feel the refreshing air of the coming victory, and we gird our loins for the last struggle, and look beyond the trenches and the sacrifices to the days of permanent and honorable peace—a world redeemed from the danger of war and greed and conquest.

The paramount duty of the Navy in this war has been to keep safe the road to France, to make a highway of the sea over which the land fighters could pass in security to the heroic task they are performing gloriously. How well the Navy has met its responsibility in this direction, the figures of insignificant losses on transports attest with eloquence of achievement. But, while this new and unexpected convoy duty has been carried out successfully, the Navy has also borne its share in submarine hunting, has placed literally hundreds of patrol and fighting ships in commission, has kept its mighty dreadnaughts fit and ready for

any eventuality in our own or European waters, and, on and under the sea and on land and in the air, has justified the faith and pride of the American people. From a little over 50,000 men, it has grown to over 500,000, and from April 6th, 1917, has responded promptly to every call.

It must be a source of pride to men of Massachusetts, who from the Revolution have been conspicuous in contributions to naval efficiency, that in this war your State has furnished so many of the officers and men who have made the record of the Navy shine. It was a great citizen of Massachusetts, who, as Secretary of the Navy in Polk's Administration, founded the Navy Academy to train officers to command the ships. George Bancroft is the father of naval education as Horace Mann is the father of universal education. I love to recall that it was in the Democratic administration of a native of North Carolina that a great scholar and statesman of Massachusetts had the vision to establish an institution at Annapolis to train American youths for naval careers. Upon a recent visit to that institution, Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty of Great Britain, declared that the Naval Academy was the admiration and envy of all nations. From that source the Navy has obtained the officers who have directed naval operations. To their aid have come hundreds of capable officers promoted from the ranks and from civilian life—thousands of the flower of our young American manhood.

I do not know whether the German fleet will come out and try conclusions with the Allied fleet before war ends. One thing I do know is that every man in the Navy hopes for that day with confidence that knows no doubt as to the result of such a conflict of mighty fighting craft. If it comes it will be another battle of Armageddon and we will be fighting truly for the Lord.

XV

LEADERSHIP, INSPIRATION AND PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE PRESS

To print the truth, to give constructive criticism, to grasp and properly interpret intellectually the tremendous import of movements in thought as well as in action is a supreme duty of the press.

The press of America has won national gratitude by its splendid loyalty and leadership during the past year. . . . Whatever the call, it has responded with a cheerful "Aye, aye, sir!" and has led in the enthusiastic support of every measure for national unity and national victory.

American Newspaper Publishers' Association, New York, April 25, 1918.

I FEEL thoroughly at home in a gathering of newspaper men, for I am an editor myself by profession and lifelong service—a newspaper man with an assignment to cover the Navy, a job that I am holding down with some difficulty. But it is a position that no man can hold without catching something of the spirit of the Service, whose officers and men, fearlessly facing any danger, are ready to give their lives for their country. This spirit prevails throughout the entire Navy from Admirals to so-called "common seamen." But really there are no "common" sailors—they

are all uncommon by reason of their courage and determination.

While millions of our brave boys on sea and land are fighting for the Cause, it is for us to keep the home fires burning, to give them every support, to see that this whole country is mobilized and the home defenses of industry, of sentiment, of public opinion are made solid and impregnable. And in this the newspapers of America have a lofty mission and an important part.

The Press is sometimes the echo of passing public opinion, sometimes the creator of sound public sentiment, and sometimes the voice of the well-considered and resolute will of the people. There are not wanting editors, as well as politicians, who keep an ear to the ground to detect public sentiment, and, hastening to become the early spokesmen, parade as having created that of which they are only the echoes. The difficulty with such weather-vanes of our profession is that in their zeal to prove themselves prophets and leaders they mistake hysteria and noise for conviction and thought.

These blind leaders of the blind would prove fatal guides if they did not so often make the blunder of supposing the rushing of the shallows to be the strong current of the deeps. Enough errors in determining the ebb and flow of the tide saves the world from the echo-editors. The people do not long pin their faith to editors who feed them on chaff when they ask for bread. But it

must be admitted that papers do sometimes thrive for a time on hysteria and bunk, though their influence is nil in the long run.

Newspapers as such never make public opinion. It is only editors with strong individuality who are creators. Therefore the old-time journal with a real man at the helm, carried its readers into safe ports, while the journal of scoops and sensations, lacking conscience and responsibility, may be truly compared to a ship at sea without rudder or sail or steam or captain.

If the journals of to-day have less influence than when a known man of force dictated their policy, it is because there is less sense of responsibility in the larger editorial staff. I say "if" because, while there are times when newspaper support is a greater liability than an asset, the truth is that to-day as never before public opinion is unconsciously influenced by the printed word. The best proof of this statement is the interpretation made of world conditions by the bulk of the Press of America prior to our entrance into this war.

The Press was the self-appointed historian of the day, writing history in the making, and the history of German frightfulness and aggression was so revolting that public sentiment was ready to back up the President and the Congress when the Imperial German Government presumed to assume dominion of the sea. If America had accepted the impertinence of such dictation it would

no longer have been a nation but a German colony.

We entered the war to preserve national sovereignty, to make the world a safe place for peace-loving people to live in, and to render it forever impossible that might should enslave the world. Having entered the war for these high motives, and without any selfish interest, America will wage it until the menace of autocracy no longer endangers the happiness and prosperity of mankind.

With the printing of the news from the seat of war comes the duty of editors to give the true perspective. The biggest scoop that any newspaper can score to-day is the satisfaction of knowing that its readers are accurately and intelligently informed as to the meaning and purpose of every blow struck and every move made in the great struggle to make mankind truly free. To print the truth, to give constructive criticism, to grasp and properly interpret intellectually the tremendous import of movements in thought as well as in action is a supreme duty of the press.

In times of peace, freedom of the press found expression in "scoops" and "stories" that attracted readers. To-day a scoop that gives away information about war plans is a treasonable act, or first cousin to it.

The Press of America has won national gratitude by its splendid loyalty and leadership during the past year. News has been secondary to serv-

ice. During the days after relations were severed with Germany, it was to the papers that the people looked for a clear presentation of the duty of this country. It rang clear and true, and when the declaration of war was made in solemn assertion of national duty, the Press was almost a unit in support of the noble utterances of the President. And from that hour, whether it was in support of the selective draft, the recruiting campaign, propaganda for the Liberty Loan, food and fuel conservation, the drives for the Red Cross and other welfare organizations, or leading in community honors paid to youths going to war —whatever the call, the Press has responded with a cheerful "Aye, aye, sir," and has led in the enthusiastic support of every measure for national unity and national victory.

In every country at war except America there is strict censorship of the Press. Here we have none except such as is self-imposed. Some of our military preparations and operations cannot be revealed without giving valuable information to the enemy. They would make great reading, of course; but the publication of them might do as much damage as if the secrets had been stolen by German spies.

Free speech and a free press are two of our most precious possessions. It must be remembered, however, that liberty in this respect is at all times restricted by the manifest rights of others; liberty of speech and liberty of the press

in attack upon the Government in times of war can never be permitted to weaken the authority of the nation's responsible head dealing with a foreign power. Frank and honest criticism keeps clear the running stream. But a line must be drawn somewhere. Within America, in domestic concerns, let the press be encouraged to criticise and condemn where it detects what it thinks is error. The only hope for the best government is criticism that knows neither friend nor foe, of national measures and national servants. But when there is a state of war between this country and some other country, has a citizen or an editor the right to say in print what can be used against his own Government, or what will weaken the prosecution of the war by captious or carping criticism, or even by the criticism that discloses what it has learned the Government is doing?

Edmund Burke pronounced the Press "the Fourth Estate," a coördinate branch of government in a democracy, and to-day, as never before, it has responsibility as a quasi-governmental agency. The late John Hay, a distinguished journalist who ranks among the ablest of Secretaries of State, understood this dual relationship. At an acute period in international affairs, Secretary Hay was asked some searching questions by the journalists who daily visited the State Department. He answered them and proceeded to give an illuminating story of the stage reached in the negotiations and to discuss freely the complica-

tions. When he had finished, he waved "good day" and said, "Not a word of all this is to be printed." One of the journalists asked, "What would happen, Mr. Secretary, if I should print to-morrow the situation as you have outlined it?" With a hardening of the lines of his face, Secretary Hay answered: "I should denounce you as a liar and your story as a fabrication," and he continued: "I am a newspaper man myself. To-day, as a journalist I have violated the confidence of the Secretary of State in telling my brother journalists the substance of information received by him officially and in confidence. If you should abuse the confidence of Editor Hay and publish what Secretary Hay had no official right to tell you and which he could not tell you, then Secretary Hay would be justified in denouncing you as a liar and your story as a fabrication."

Let us give our readers the true word. Give credit to the men of this nation who have aided it to do more to prepare for war in a year than has ever been done by any other nation in history. Preserve the morale at home and you will hold up the hands of the men at the front who are giving their all to win this war. Two million men have gone to the front, and millions more will be sent as fast as ships can be had to carry them. And we are building ships. The day will come when America will not have to depend upon foreign bottoms to carry her goods to other countries. We can have every confidence in the future and

the part America will play in the world. I would do nothing to dampen optimism but I tell you this is no time to be buoyant. This is the hour for determination and set teeth. We are in this fight to the finish. We must have confidence, but not over-confidence. The Press can aid mightily in keeping the home front as solid as the battle front. Not excusing or concealing faults or failures, and certainly not magnifying them so as to create false impressions and weaken our fighting arms, we can assure our armies and our allies that this country will not fail them, that an undivided America is backing them to the limit—an America of unlimited resources and measureless power and ability and courage.

XVI

AMERICA'S NEW HORIZON

One of the beneficial results of this war will be a new horizon and a new map. It is for you to lead the way so that the great merchant marine we are building up in war will be continued in peace, and made big enough to carry American cotton and everything else we make to every island in the sea.

American Cotton Manufacturers' Association, New York, May 2, 1918.

I SPENT this morning in the new aircraft factory which the Navy has built and is enlarging at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and I hardly appreciated until I made this visit of inspection that we owed so much in aircraft to the cotton mill industry. The officer in charge, pointing out to me the things that were making for the more rapid construction and safeguarding of material, pointed to a system of humidification, and I asked, "Where did you get that?" And he said, "I got that by study of the cotton mill industry." So, that when we control the temperature and moisture in the airplane factories, we owe a debt of gratitude to the studies and invention of men of your profession. And as I went into another large building of this plant and saw the men there making

the wings of these new engines of war, one man said, "You know we had some trouble a short while ago in securing promptly enough linen for the large program we have in hand for aircraft, and we looked about to see what we could do to dispense with linen, and we found that cotton was better than linen, having its strength without its brittleness." So that, stumbling as it may appear, this morning I discovered two debts which the Navy and Army owe to you gentlemen who had pioneered us in this new industry. I thought when I came here to-night that I would talk about cotton, because I come from a section where cotton has long reigned as king, and had the experience as a boy of picking cotton, and picked it in the fields with the old type of splendid colored men who are so important to this industry. I have tried to sing with them, but have never caught the melody as they would sing the old tune:

> "Way down in the bottom,
> Where the cotton is all rotten,
> And you can't get a hundred a day."

You never can tell what cotton will do; but you always know this: That the world cannot live without it. We had thought that cotton was a peace product, and had thought of it chiefly as a product for clothing the world, taking the place of more costly fabrics. But we have learned now that we cannot wage war without it. You cannot

make guncotton or high explosives, you cannot clothe the men without it, and if I were to stop and enumerate the uses of cotton in the war, we would be here until to-morrow morning. You represent an industry which is essential to the war; and if the seas had not been kept open in the past three years, our Allies would not have been able to manufacture the munitions with which they have fed the guns and held the line.

I am inclined to think that you would rather hear me speak on a topic not more interesting, not more important, but at the present time more vital than any product—upon the present day conditions in our country and the world, and the duty we owe to preserve all we have worked and struggled for. The liberties won at King's Mountain, Guilford Court House, Lexington and at Yorktown hang in the balance. We have seen anxious hours in recent weeks but no ominous hours. We know that we shall pay heavy toll. We know that we shall fear and mourn the loss of many men, but we know full well that, though the line may move backwards for a time and sway, the line that holds for liberty will never break.

One of the beneficial results of this war will be a new horizon and a new map. For too many years we have been looking at our own little affairs and seeing a small portion of the world. We have been satisfied to live within ourselves, and to think that America was sufficient unto it-

self. We have now seen a new map, we have had a new vision, and in the cotton industry more than any other we feel the need and compulsion to send our cotton and cotton goods to clothe the people in every part of the world. And it is for you to lead the way so that the great merchant marine we are building up in war will be continued in peace and made big enough to carry American cotton and everything else we make to every island in the sea.

There is another compensation which we may find in this tragedy: A compensation of a new American unity. Before this great war men of different views did not see eye to eye and touch elbow to elbow. A few years ago we had bitter partisan discussions, and the fact is, there were times when we Democrats felt that some of you Republicans were pretty bad fellows. Honestly, we did. It was not any campaign cry; we believed it, and sometimes we proved it. And you Republicans believed some of us Democrats were pretty bad fellows, and the worst of it is, sometimes you proved it; but we have lived to see the day when all of us have put aside the rancor of partisanship, and politics has blossomed into patriotism.

When Mr. Jefferson was inaugurated he came into the presidency after the first bitter political campaign this country had known, and if any of us think in our day partisans can say bitter things about opponents, read what they said in Jeffer-

son's day. And yet when that great man came to take the oath of office he used these words: "All differences of opinion are not differences of principle. We are all," he said, "Federalists, we are all Republicans." So to-day, in the shadow of this great war we say we are all Democrats, we are all Republicans, we are all Americans.

There are other compensations which we may find. To-night when the band struck up "Dixie" all of us from the Cotton States felt a new thrill. We always feel it, and the older men like Mr. Callaway gave the Rebel yell.

I heard a very distinguished American, who has proved his Americanism in these days—I refer to ex-President William H. Taft—say that "Dixie" was so fine a tune that it did not belong to any section of the Republic, but was a national air.

We have come to see the day, and I believe it has come forever, when sectionalism is dead and buried in America. During the past year more than half a million of young men of other states represented here have been in Southern camps to get ready for the great adventure before them, and they are going over to fight, singing "The Yanks are Coming" to the tune of "Dixie." The boys from North Carolina and Mississippi and every Southern state are singing that tune to-day, because when you sing "The Yanks are Coming" it is only another term for "The Americans are Coming."

We are getting a new conception of Americanism—that we are all of the same faith, differing only in opportunities and advantages; and with that spirit enlisted and the Republic mobilized, there is no more doubt that we will win than that God rules in the heavens.

I have never yet appealed to a man to buy a Liberty bond. I have sometimes offered him the privilege of doing it and when we look into our own hearts, those of us who are older, who are not daily exposed to the terrors of the submarine, or of winning mud and glory in the trenches, and fail to pour out everything we have to back these boys, our names are not worthy to go on the roster beside them.

When the first Liberty bonds were offered an appeal was made to ministers to bring the matter to the attention of their congregations, because the line of demarcation between what is secular and religious is ended. This is a holy war and religion and patriotism are married.

There was an old colored minister in North Carolina, a pious, patriotic old man, who, when he received this request, went into his pulpit the next Sunday morning and preached the best sermon on record. Very brief, too, as sermons should be. He said: "My brethren, I have been requested, and I do so cheerfully and gladly, to preach on Liberty bonds. There are just three kinds of bonds. The first are the bonds of slavery, from which as a race we have been eman-

cipated; second, the bonds of matrimony, which we must endure; and, third, Liberty bonds, which we must buy."

Now, if there were any ladies here I would not dare tell that story without change, because they would misunderstand the "secondly" of the old man's sermon. If I had been preaching that sermon I would have changed "secondly" and I would have said, "The bonds of matrimony, the bulwark of happiness and civilization and religion."

We need to rise to the altitude of serving our country in some way that costs us something. The man who writes his check for a large subscription for Liberty bonds with a bank overflowing with money, unless he makes it big enough to hurt, has not measured up to the opportunity of this hour.

Let me tell you the story of an old farmer. When the bonds were first offered, an old farmer, who had lived on a poor farm for forty years, had managed to save up, by close economy, a thousand dollars. It was all he had. When the war came he gave his five sons to the cause and then he took this thousand dollars to the village and bought a Liberty bond. Six months passed by and he wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury something like this: "My dear Mr. McAdoo: When you asked for subscriptions for Liberty bonds last May in order to lick the Huns—(he had no doubt of what was going to happen)—I

gave my bond for a thousand dollars. I am writing you now, sir, to ask you to whom I shall pay the interest."

Now the Government of your country, representing all of us alike, is not asking any man to buy a bond and pay the interest. But you had better buy the bond and pay the interest, rather than pay Germany the indemnity which would leave us nothing.

I must not speak longer—

(A voice: "Tell us more about the Navy.")

The gentleman says he wants to know more about the Navy. I was talking to-night to one of the most successful manufacturers of cotton in America, as I had talked before with such men as Julius Rosenwald and Henry Ford, and he and they said that there was not in America a business institution run so well as the Navy. And you cotton mill men know it. Sometimes we have not always agreed on the price; sometimes you have persuaded yourselves that the price to be charged for cotton duck or gauze or some other product was more than we thought it ought to be; but you have always found that the responsible men in the department of supplies, represented here to-night by Commander John M. Hancock, had as much ability as any man in the cotton mill associations. But you have found when you talked with him and his associates that the Navy Department, and other departments of the Government, offered and wished to pay always a

price that would justify adequate wages for men who worked in this industry, and adequate profits; always making it plain that these profits should not be in excess of average profits in peace time. It is well that we all discuss these matters together because you have the same interest in the dollars the Government expends as those who expend them. As trustees of your money, if we pay a dollar more for cotton goods or steel than is right you would say that we were unfaithful servants.

I said just now that this was a holy war, a war in which America has nothing to gain selfishly, a war which we have gone into to protect the liberties won for us by our forefathers, and that we would fight it through on this line if it would take all summer and all winter, and this year and next year and the next year and twenty years until we win victory.

When to-night forty thousand young men on small craft of your Navy, which deserves the confidence you repose in it, are risking their lives, together with hundreds of thousands of young soldiers in the most terrible battle of the world (mayhap the decisive battle of civilization), it is as little as we can do to give all we have of self and effort to serve our country and to back up the boys over there.

XVII

THE STAR OF HOPE AND FAITH UNDIMMED

To the glory of the churches, they have themselves had a new baptism, ascended the mountain top and obtained a new vision, and are calling to a world resolved to preserve freedom by a new consecration. This war will not be won by might alone. It will be won by faith, by prayer, by the courage which God imparts to all who in their hour of need look to Him for guidance and for strength.

General Conference of Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Atlanta, Georgia, May 11, 1918.

LET us rejoice that the young men of valor making ready for war have been trained alike in Camp Grant and Camp Lee, Camp Sheridan and Camp Stonewall Jackson, Camp Sherman and Camp Gordon, thus demonstrating in actual warfare the cementing of the patriotism of the whole Republic in the struggle to preserve for mankind the principles incarnated in the national air and in the waving Stars and Stripes. It was in Atlanta that the patriotic McKinley, a Methodist, warmed all patriotic hearts by proposing that on May 30th, of every year, the graves of the men who fought under Lee and under Grant should be decorated alike in recognition of their common

heroism and their equal devotion to the Right as God gave them to see the Right. Let us be cheered and strengthened that this utterance of the martyred McKinley was of a part with the counsel of that other Methodist President, General Grant, when he said, "Let us have peace."

Recently, in selecting names for the new destroyers, I came to Georgia for an illustrious name for this best weapon against the submarine menace, and it will be christened *Tattnall* after the brave Georgia naval officer who made famous by his assistance to our British cousins his declaration that "Blood is thicker than water." The *Tattnall* will fight alongside the *Farragut,* another evidence that the war of brothers has left behind it nothing but common consecration to a reunited country, mutual appreciation of courage, which demonstrated America's ability to fight without hate and without barbarism, and to forget the differences which no longer divide those sections once in conflict.

In this critical hour, when partisanship has bourgeoned into patriotism, when sectionalism has blossomed into national unity, and love of the Republic has broadened so as to help to insure freedom and democracy for all nations, great and small, the supreme duty of Methodists, North and South, is to make any and all sacrifices that may be necessary to mobilize Methodists into one mighty church. We have lost much by the divisions and seen much wasted effort. There is no

excuse for a Northern Methodist Church in Atlanta or a Southern Methodist Church in Seattle. If politicians and business men have forgotten there was a Mason and Dixon's line, the Methodist churches cannot wisely longer march in separate columns under separate organizations. Efficient maneuvering against the forces of evil calls for a solidarity of movement for the overthrow of evil. This demands the uniting under one organization of all who proudly follow where Wesley blazed the way. Why delay? Once let Methodists of all branches see that their high duty is to unite, and the obstacles will be made to melt away and during the world-war we shall realize the benediction of a Methodism that is one in faith, one in zeal, and one in resolve to measure up to the high responsibilities which large membership imposes upon it united in one organized force. With the largest number of communicants of any Protestant church in America,—seven millions—the opportunity of service and responsibility for rendering the highest service is a call to Methodists to re-adopt the shibboleth of Wesley, "The world is my parish," and go forth carrying the old gospel to men in arms and carrying cheer as well into the homes from which these young men have gone to win the victory for all we all hold dear.

A recent occurrence across the waters gives a new reason, and a convincing one, for one organization of Methodists. For more than three

years the allied countries, each under its own military commanders, have waged war against one centralized military power. They have fought well and bravely, their leaders have not been wanting in ability and courage, but there lacked the unified direction which is essential for successful warfare. America, from its earliest entrance into war, favored one supreme command of all the allied forces, but there were difficulties and some able men could not see the way to a single supreme organization until the great German drive in March. Then what had been seen as something desirable became something imperative. In the imminence of the peril of the Prussian onslaught, obstacles against one supreme military leader melted away, and to-day American and British, French and Italian and other allied forces are mobilized into one invincible army under the direction of that illustrious French soldier, General Foch, regarded by all as the fittest to command the armies of liberty. In this coming together as one big army, instead, as during three years' fighting, in separate organizations, does not the recent wise action in France afford a convincing reason why American Methodists should do likewise, and gain strength and power by solidarity in the onward movement of their mighty Christian Army?

The only solid foundation upon which all civilization rests to-day is Christianity, and the church is the bride of Christ. Religion alone

abides in the hearts of men. We may not understand why God permits war, our faith may at times falter, but the only sure anchor of the soul is the knowledge that God is in His Heaven, and that, after the thunders of war, He will give us to see that in the better days before us "all is well with the world." It will be well with us because we are fighting in a righteous war. With no unholy or selfish aims, we are justified in the confident faith that God will give victory to our arms and put it into the hearts of men to establish here on earth governments that promote peace and justice, freed from greed and self-aggrandizement.

This war is a challenge to Christianity. There are not wanting those whose faith in God has wavered because of the awful slaughter, and some have said this war shows that Christian civilization has failed. That is the superficial view. But that is not the true view. Christianity has not failed. It alone is the Star of Hope. A study of Prussianism discloses that in that country the State had usurped the place of God, and that spirituality had given place to materialism. No people could wantonly wage war for spoils who had not repudiated the teachings of Jesus Christ. Prussia outwardly professed the religion of the Nazarene. Inwardly it has for years denied His teachings and the fruit of its materialism is seen in its brutal war upon women and children. Men and nations may stand in the

market places, and give lip-service, but it is true of nations, as of individuals, "by their fruits shall ye know them."

To-day the world in travail looks to the church as the representative of the living God to recall men and women to the old gospel, the only support, the only firm foundation, the only Light. All other creeds have failed, all other foundations have crumbled, all other lights have gone out. To the glory of the churches, they have themselves had a new baptism, ascended the mountain top and obtained a new vision, and are calling to a world resolved to preserve freedom to a new consecration. The war will not be won by might alone. It will be won by faith, by prayer, by the courage which God imparts to all who in their hour of need look to Him for guidance and for strength.

XVIII

AS THEY GO FORTH TO BATTLE

This day marks your reveille. You have been summoned to duty. This parchment I hand you is your call to battle and your warrant of service. . . . Serve well; think cleanly, live cleanly, shoot hard; play fair; act so that when the end comes you have helped yourself and each one of us others to say, "Thank God, I, too, am an American."

Address to Graduating Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., June 6, 1918.

To-DAY you become the defenders of Right, of Justice and of Freedom. To-day you become the defenders of America and her gallant associates in the war. To-day you become official guardians of the nation and trustees of one of her greatest possessions—her Navy with its glorious record, written in the splendid deeds of these days and the thrilling traditions of her yesterdays.

From now on you will wear the uniform of John Paul Jones; of Barry; of Decatur; of Lawrence; of Hull; of Farragut; of Dewey and of that host who, great themselves in devotion, sacrifice and courage, helped to make America great. Their heritage is yours. Let their spirit prompt

your stewardship. But the measure of your inspiration is not limited to the memories of these men, great as they are. Yours is the good fortune to have added to that immortal band the names of those who served and fought under other flags but who now are our blood brothers; whose sons are now our companions in arms; whose countries are allied with us in our great quest. The magnificent Nelson, Blake, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, De Grasse—into your hearts their spirits enter, for you are fighting for what they fought for—Liberty.

Fortunate youth! Fortunate because it is given you to prove that the age of chivalry is not dead—that chivalry was never more alive than now. The holiest of the crusades was motived by no finer impulse than has brought us into this war. To prove that life means more than force; to prove that principle is still worth fighting for; to prove that Freedom means more than dollars; that self-respect is better than compromise; to be ready to sacrifice all so that the world may be made the better—what nobler dedication of himself can a man make?

We have come into this war with no thought of material gain; with no hope of measurable reward; with no desire for power; with no lust of battle. We have come in with pity and with hate in our hearts—pity for those whom a soulless international outlaw has ravished and destroyed, and hate for the despicable things he has done

under the specious plea of military right. War upon the aged and the infirm; war upon women and children; war upon neutrals; war upon the Red Cross—and then the Prussians call it an act of military necessity!

No greater message was ever spoken to inspire great deeds than that which forms our creed—yours and mine. "We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests and no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves and no material compensation for sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind, and shall be satisfied when these rights are as secure as fact and the freedom of nations can make them." That is your formula of action as written by your Commander-in-Chief.

You men enter upon your careers of translating these words into deeds at a time when the enemy has brought the war to our very doors. Why has he done so? Does he think to frighten us by so doing? No! A thousand times no. He has intensified the fire of our passion. He has brought home to us the need of strength and more strength so that he may the more quickly and the more thoroughly be stripped of his arrogance.

No, it is not what *he* does that counts. It is what *we* do. He may bend our lines; he may even break them, but he cannot break our spirit. With stout hearts and our heads unbowed, the end is certain. He will shatter against our spirit

like the waves against our imperishable rocks until his strength and his fury vanish against our unconquerable spirit.

This is not a war of fleets and armies alone; it is a war of peoples; of nations. And when almost all of the liberty-loving nations of the world are unified by great purpose the outcome cannot be doubted.

We were not a warlike nation. But we have the courage, the stamina and the intelligence to enable us to learn the arts of war. We are learning fast—so fast that already we have been able to demonstrate our worth. But we do more than fight with arms. We fight with even greater weapons, imponderable though they may be. And because of them Germany can never win the war. She can never win it even if her armies marched simultaneously down the streets of Paris and of London, for America has called into life those forces that not all the cannon in the world can kill; those elements of Justice, of Right and of Liberty that no conqueror can long hold prisoner. Sooner or later they will rise and overwhelm the Prussian spirit which still worships the Gospel of Might. This war will go far toward forever stilling that creed, and a great part of that victory—be it soon or be it deferred—will belong to us, and to us because of the vision of the President.

The Germans are not fighting against armies only; they are battling against principles; they

are not fighting against men; they are fighting against spirit. Soon they will be broken, and they will have learned that the world is ruled not by the Law of Force but by the Force of Law.

> "For freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft is ever won."

This day marks your reveille. You have been summoned to duty. This parchment I hand you is your call to battle and your warrant of service. And at this time—at all times—all that a man should and does desire is encompassed by that word. Serve well; think clearly, live cleanly, shoot hard; play fair; act so that when the end comes you have helped yourself and each one of us others to say, "Thank God, I, too, am an American!"

I have brought you to-day a message from a fighter and thinker of your own profession, for the best stimulus you will receive will come from the able men who have helped to impart new ideas to our Navy and who each day seek to learn and put into practice not only what experience has taught our own Navy, but to adopt the best thoughts of the ablest naval thinkers of the world. Even before this country became a participant in this war, your Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States, whose appreciation of naval power and naval needs has given the Navy the greatest forward impulse in its history, sent

Admiral Sims to Europe as an observer and student to keep his country posted. Since America has hastened to bear its part in the war, the President has promoted Rear Admiral Sims to Vice-Admiral. He enjoys the confidence of naval statesmen in all the allied nations, and is recognized as one of the most brilliant officers in the world. A few days ago I sent him a cablegram suggesting that upon graduation day the new officers of the Navy would value a sentiment from him. In response to that message, Vice-Admiral Sims has sent the following, by which every young officer of the Navy will be helped and stimulated:

London, England,
June 5, 1918.

Hon. Josephus Daniels,
Secretary of the Navy,
Washington, D. C.

In response to your suggestion of a message to the Graduating Class at the Naval Academy, this week, showing what education at Annapolis has meant in this war, let me say that all our experience in Europe shows the great value of the Annapolis education in all cases where the officers have realized that their Academy training is only a foundation upon which to build real military knowledge and efficiency. This efficiency will depend upon your success in learning the practical duties of your profession, in learning the principles of warfare, in learning to control and lead men, in promoting the team work of your ship or organization, in perfecting every duty to the best of your ability and generally in doing your utmost to aid in every way the work of your immediate superiors.

Do not underestimate your ability. No matter what your Academy standing may be, continuous work will

overcome any obstacles. The cumulative effect of an hour's study a day makes the difference between an educated and an uneducated officer. If you will make a study of military character and apply it honestly to your own case you will recognize that the quality we seniors value most highly is the support of our juniors. This means not simply doing what you are told, but using your brains and doing it willingly, cheerfully, zealously and in entire loyalty to the team of which you happen to be a part. If the last man in the class consistently gives this support to his seniors and to his team he will be a more successful officer than any star member who neglects these precepts.

WM. S. SIMS.

Sometimes the path of duty is through the gates of death, but always up the shining mountain of Glory. The men graduating from the Naval Academy to-day and more than 400,000 others of their comrades gladly follow where they led. Neither those early called to shine with the stars nor those in the rigorous duty of the sea asked for any task except the task of peril and no place except the post of danger. They lessened the menace of the submarine across the ocean, and assured bread and help to our associates in battle to whom we owed sustenance and aid. They set at naught the proud Prussian boast that they would bring Great Britain to the point of starvation, and have held the sea and kept open the road to France over which hundreds of thousands of American troops have been carried.

XIX

COLLEGES IN THE NEW CRUSADE

The world has learned as never before that the college, the university is no cloistered retreat where men delve in dusty volumes, but that it is a work-shop where science adds to human happiness in peace and gives new strength to the national aim in war. Better than all: our colleges are the repositories of enthusiasm, patriotism and zeal, where youths follow Jefferson's injunction, "Love your country more than yourself," and in that sign they and other young Americans will conquer.

Commencement Day, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., June 11, 1918.

In the philosophy of Jefferson there is light and direction for every change and chance in human experience. His understanding of human aspiration and his many-sided sympathies embraced all ranges of thought, compassed all systems of government, constituted him the counselor of men seeking the best in every domain of life, and make him to-day as much the brother of lovers of liberty as he was when he loved America and France into lasting friendship. It is the glory of this university, born in the brain of Jefferson, that its mission has ever been, as expressed by its founder, "for here we are not

afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate any error so long as reason is left free to combat it." In former annuals here in times of peace men have turned with confidence to the teachings and writings of Jefferson for right guidance. To-day, with all the world at war, what illumination shines from the lamps kindled by the Sage of Monticello?

No man has lived who worshiped more sincerely at the shrine of peace than Jefferson, and yet he wrote the document that has furnished the slogans of every fighter for freedom for a century and a half. "I abhor war and view it as the greatest scourge of mankind," he wrote to Elbridge Gerry in 1797. That sentiment, iterated and reiterated during his long life, was his passion. It was not only consistent with, but a necessary accompaniment to his declaration made four years earlier, "We in Virginia are alarmed with apprehension of war, and sincerely anxious that it may be avoided; but not at the expense of our faith and honor."

The America of to-day, with all its manhood and resource engaged in war, is animated by the spirit of Jefferson in regarding war as the greatest scourge of mankind, to be embraced only when to do otherwise would be at "the expense of our faith and honor." This country sought to live in peace with all nations during the early months of this war, and vainly endeavored by diplomacy to end the murder of non-combatants

at sea before resorting to the sword. In 1807 Jefferson wrote to Madame de Staël, "When wrongs are pressed because it is believed they will be borne, resistance becomes morality." That was the impelling cause of America's entering this war. Wrongs—the wrongs of assassination and wanton disregard of plighted faith and the violation of person and property—were "pressed" against American rights by the Imperial German Government because its ruler believed "they would be borne." When reason, demands and diplomacy failed to preserve the right of peaceful nations to sail the seas and protect its people and maintain its rights, then, in the words of Jefferson, "resistance" became "morality." President Wilson's war message to Congress breathes the spirit of Jefferson. The people chose war as the last resort only. When crimes were multiplied and "pressed," failure to resist would have been proof of national lack of "morality" and evidence of national decadence. "If ever there was a holy war it was that which saved our liberties and gave us independence," declared Jefferson, looking back upon it and measuring it in the light of his abhorrence of war. His verdict upon the war of the Revolution will be the verdict of posterity upon the present war against Prussian aggression. Is not that the most descriptive name to apply to it?

Jefferson understood, too, the necessity and certainty of national unity during wars, when he

said, "If we are forced into war we must give up political differences, and unite as one man to defend our country." What he asserted as essential when a country is at war has been attested to in our day by President Wilson, who recently said that one year of war had cemented us together as a nation more than half a century of peace.

In what is our confidence of victory to-day? It is found in two utterances of Jefferson, as timely to-day as when uttered. Writing to General Shee, he said: "Whenever an appeal to force shall take place, I feel a perfect confidence that the energy and enterprise displayed by my fellow-citizens in the pursuits of peace will be equally eminent in those of war." He appreciated that a country without a large military establishment would make errors and would require time for the mobilization of its full strength, for he wrote in 1812 to Duane, "The seeds of genius, which nature sows with even hand through every age and country, and which only need soil and season to germinate, will develop themselves among our military men." Reverses came in that war, but the "seeds of genius" germinated in Macdonough in the decisive victory of Lake Champlain, though not till after military defeats on land had left our capital in ashes. Already these seeds have brought forth fruit in this way, the earnest of the full fruition when American genius shall have fully mobilized American power to throw its full strength and win victory for the

very principles to which Jefferson dedicated his whole life. Though never wavering in his belief that war was the greatest scourge of mankind, he saw that the "ugly and venomous toad" could yet "wear a precious jewel in its head," for he wrote five years after its close to LaFayette: "The War of 1812 has done us the further good of assuring the world, that although attached to peace from a sense of its blessings, we will meet war when it is made necessary." Can we not see in this the promise that good will come to us out of the tragedy of this war in that the lesson will be taught for all time that the Rule of Force must be resisted—and will be successfully resisted at every cost and every sacrifice?

Do we seek for the watchword and rallying cry that will stimulate to the sacrifices which victory may demand? We find it not only in the inspiring messages and addresses of President Wilson, now everywhere hailed as the spokesman of the doctrines Jefferson made immortal in the Declaration. But we find the one sentence that lifts us to the heights of duty and gives to us the stimulus that admits of no divided or half-hearted allegiance. If you wish truly to know the heart of a mature man, to understand fully his real creed and true belief, you do not seek them in his public utterances or studied addresses. He discloses his innermost self only when he is in companionship with boys and when he seeks to give them a lamp to their pathway. Volumes

have been written on Jefferson's creed—religious and political—and many caricatures of his real convictions have been paraded by quotations from his voluminous writings and private letters. But the interpreters of his faith have had no appreciation of what Jefferson really believed since they have failed to understand that no man ever lived who could sit down and write out his creed any more than he can describe the loves and hopes and passions of his life. If I were asked where to examine the writings of the learned of all ages to emblazon on the banners under which millions of American youths are now fighting or preparing to fight, I would turn instantly to Jefferson's letter written at the request of a father to Jefferson's namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith. After admonishing the young man to "Adore God; reverence and cherish your parents," Jefferson gives this epigrammatic advice which comes to us with peculiar force and freshness to-day:

"Love your neighbor as yourself, and love your country more than yourself."

In this sentence there is all that patriotism breathes or teaches or expects or requires.

We find in Jefferson's faith in youth the secret of his vision and his insight into world needs. To the last his association was with young men and to the system of education he planned for Virginia he looked for worthy achievements from "youths of the best genius" the public schools

would discover and the high schools and the universities would fit for the highest uses in the State. He would have applauded the principle in the selective draft which calls only young men to the colors. "Bonaparte," he wrote to a friend, "will conquer the world if the European powers do not learn the secret of composing armies of young men only, whose enthusiasm and health enable them to surmount all obstacles." He would have shared the pride in those college youths

> "Who took the khaki and the gun
> Instead of cap and gown"

in the day when the gun represents the only effective answer to Germany's demand for world domination.

War challenges institutions. One result which will be lasting is the realization that college men in the acid test of war have made good. And there was need of a testing time. There was a feeling abroad, held by many successful men, that youths lost four years' time by their college studies. "To win success, there is no more need of Greek than of Choctaw," solemnly declared a captain of industry a short time ago. He made his mistake because he did not know that Greek had given the world a literature. Laboring men had begun to think the products of the college and the university were soft high-brows whose education gave them an aloofness from their fellows and imparted no zeal to promote the common wel-

fare. In days of peace there was no effective answer to the idea that college education was not worth what it cost. In vain did the colleges parade the names of distinguished alumni. The skeptics replied with names of equally useful men who had graduated only in the College of Hard Knocks.

To-day debate is adjourned. When America entered the war, the college campus was deserted by men of the prescribed military age. In spite of the advice of the President and the Secretaries of War and Navy to continue their studies until they were called, undergraduates in their teens no longer took interest in their books, and many hastened to enlist. College men were among the first to respond, and their training demonstrated its worth in the readiness with which they mastered strategy and tactics. Equally quick were they to learn the intricacies of the machine gun and the science of navigation. They commanded the respect of their fellows and of the world not only because they learned rapidly, but also because they were as ready to march, dig trenches, hurl grenades, man big guns, serve on destroyers and submarines as to study text-books. And they won the love of their comrades and shipmates because they did not regard knowledge of Latin as entitling them to anything their skill and valor did not win for them. Indeed, their fellows soon found that knowledge made college youths humble when they found how little they knew of the

art of war, and that they eagerly sought instruction from experienced soldiers and sailors, who, though often knowing nothing of equations and Greek roots, were able and glad to teach college graduates how to shoot, how to swim, how to march, and how to use the instruments of warfare. In many a camp and on many a ship, college graduates have looked with admiration upon the skill of experienced soldiers and sailors as they trained their guns upon enemies. If any of them, before this war began, thought college education gave the right to leadership, they soon learned that in war nothing entitles one to direct others except mastery of the strategy and weapons of war.

If before this struggle youth, denied the advantages of college education, sneered at the "highbrows," the diligence and zeal of the collegians has changed all that, and trained men in arms have conceived a new respect for culture spelt with a "C." Just as we have sorrowfully learned that culture spelt with a "K" is a thing abhorrent, so we have gladly turned to real culture with a confidence never felt before. Some thoughtful man has defined culture as something we once knew—which became the warp and woof of our being—but which we have forgotten. Not unlike this definition was the answer of the professor who was asked: "Is it necessary for an educated man to know Greek?" He replied: "No, but it is necessary that he should have known it."

The absorption of knowledge, the communion common with noble souls, the environment of letters, the inspiration of song and story, the study of history and biography—it is these, with the atmosphere of grace and gentle courtesy with open minds, with sympathy and love of one's fellows and devotion to one's country and to lofty ideals, which instinctively set apart the product of culture. Without the blending of these charms and acquirements, there may be knowledge deep and profound, but nothing that savors of the culture that vaunteth not itself.

The world has learned that, while some college men, upon entering the military service, assumed a rôle they could not act out, and while some felt their oats, and in a few were the signs of "upishness," these were negligible in numbers and the vast majority peeled "spuds" and scrubbed decks with as much thoroughness as they dived into the mysteries of logistics and ballistics. As a result, the college and the university have come into such favor as never before. The reason of this new popular confidence is that practical men, in a day when nothing counts but courage and efficiency, have examined the product of the college and found that it is very good. Not only have graduates and undergraduates taken to the grim business of war with the enthusiasm that befits youth, but professors and instructors have set them an example in service that ennobles our institutions of learning. Authorized to speak for the Navy,

which has received a stream of splendid college men who are making good, and privileged to speak for the Secretary of War regarding the Army, where many more have already demonstrated their fitness, let me voice the appreciation and the debt of gratitude due to the colleges and universities for the material they have furnished, the spirit of high national ideals they have strengthened, and the awakening and shaping of popular sentiment for national unity to which their contributions have been so generous and so full.

The college has found its place, the pinnacle where Jefferson's vision placed the University of Virginia. It is to train men to fight in the battles of war as in the battles of peace, for conflicts wage in both. And the world has learned as never before that the college, the university, is no cloistered retreat where men delve in musty volumes, but that it is a work-shop where science adds to human happiness in peace and gives new strength to the national arm in war. Better than all: our colleges are the repositories of enthusiasm, patriotism and zeal, where youths follow Jefferson's injunction, "Love your country more than yourself," and in that sign they, and other young Americans, will conquer.

XX

THE FORCE OF AN IDEAL STRONGER THAN THE IDEAL OF FORCE

The Kaiser failed only because he did not understand that the Force of an Ideal is stronger than the Ideal of Force. It was this ideal passionately held to in the days of invasion that gave the Belgians the sublime courage to declare, "This is a country and not a road." It was this ideal that turned the tide for liberty at the Marne and at Verdun and at the Aisne. It is this holy passion in France and in Great Britain and in Italy and the other nations that would not bow the knee to Autocracy which will do for all the world what Jefferson's declaration did for America: establish the right of all men to govern themselves.

Fourth of July Celebration by the Tammany Society of New York, July 4, 1918.

ONE year ago to-day I had the pleasure of officially announcing that all the units of the first convoy of American transports had safely landed their precious cargoes in France in spite of submarine attempts at sinking. The news cheered the people of the whole country because the boasts of the Germans at that period, when the sinking of ships by submarines was at its height, had alarmed many mothers and fathers. When, under the efficient escort of our vigilant and valor-

ous destroyers, the ships carrying our first soldiers of liberty to return the call of LaFayette had landed these brave youths in safety, there was a sigh of relief and a prayer of thanksgiving, a patriotic Fourth of July rejoicing and a shout of praise for the men of the American Navy, whose protection gave fresh confidence in the ability of the Navy of our day to live up to its best traditions.

So impressed was Congress and the country by this initial success of naval convoys that soon thereafter Congress voted the money to build as many destroyers as facilities could be provided for their construction. And we are building them in large numbers more rapidly than such craft were ever before completed. The world's record was broken when the Mare Island Navy Yard launched the *Ward* seventeen and a half days after the keel was laid. To-day one of the most impressive Fourth of July celebrations will be the launching of fourteen new destroyers, and scores more will be launched and commissioned before the end of summer, with an increasing number thereafter until these best foes of the submarine, and other ships in coöperation with like and other craft of allied nations, will free the world forever from the assassins of the seas, for German U-boats are being sunk faster than Germany can build them.

We are launching this day more tonnage than that of all the American vessels sunk by subma-

rines since the war began. We are launching today more than the Germans sank of the ships of all nations in the last month for which we have the official figures.

The recent enemy submarine activities off our coast resulted in the loss of 25,411 gross tons of American shipping. During this same time 130,000 deadweight tons of shipping were built.

The glee of the Central Empire press upon the appearance of submarines off the American coast will be of short duration. When the first merchant ship was sunk near our shores last month the *Mannheimer General Anzeiger* declared: "The French place their only hope for victory in America. Our submarines are delivering a decisive blow to French hopes in checking the transportation of American soldiers and supplies." The "checking" resulted in carrying a quarter of a million soldiers to France since the first submarine was seen on this side of the Atlantic. The Austrian press was equally optimistic of the new frightfulness, for the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* said: "The last act of the world's tragedy is beginning. There will be scenes which will make the marrow in Wilson's bones turn cold." The scene of even one passenger ship torpedoed, and the cruel murdering of women and children gloated over by this Austrian journal, does indeed sicken the heart of the great American President. But, if that were possible, it strengthens his purpose and the high resolve of the American people

to use force and force unreservedly until the seas shall be free from the submarines that slink beneath the waves after they have sent their death-dealing torpedoes hurtling through the water. The submarine will be a source of destruction as long as one skulks in the ocean, but as a possible effective menace in determining the result of this war, depth bombs, destroyers, cruisers, other ships and science unite to insure its ultimate impotence as a decisive factor.

Since last Independence Day a million men have been transported to Europe. Despite the constant threat of enemy submarines, coming almost to our very shores in their murderous hate, not one American troop-ship bound for France has been sunk, and not one soldier on our naval transports has been lost. Two vessels carrying American troops abroad, the *Tuscania* and the *Moldavia,* have been torpedoed. The *President Lincoln* and the *Antilles* were sunk while returning; the *Finland* was torpedoed but reached port under her own steam, was repaired and put back into service. Our success in transporting a million men and millions of tons of supplies and munitions overseas is cause for the deepest gratitude, for we entered upon this enterprise, in the words of the Declaration, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence." The success of the transport service has not only heartened our countrymen, but has won the admiration of men in all lands. Speaking of

it a short time ago, the First Lord of the British Admiralty said, "Judged from the standpoint of a seaman, it is unparalleled in history;" and, last week, Lloyd George, speaking in the House of Commons, stated, "It is an amazing piece of organization which has enabled the bringing of such a vast number of first-rate American troops to France." This "amazing piece of organization" is a tribute to the men of both the Army and Navy, ashore and afloat. They have worked as true yoke-fellows. It is a matter which our sons will look back upon with pride that in this hour of national need perfect team work by Army and Navy and the British navy and our other allies made possible a result which military experts a year ago deemed beyond achievement. It would have been a tremendous task under peace conditions, but when we consider the added difficulties, the menace of the U-boats, and the increased perils of navigation in war times, does it not rejoice our hearts even as the Colonies were thrilled by the peals of the Liberty Bell? For the successful landing of troops presages the ringing of liberty bells in lands which have never known the meaning of liberty, or heard the music of bells pealing out the glad message of freedom for all.

Every wise business man has a day of inventory, when he takes stock, ascertains his assets and liabilities and strikes a balance. This example in the world of business was long ago adopted by the American Republic and from 1776

the Fourth of July has been set apart as the day of inventory of our national life.

Do our ideals and achievements put us on the credit side of the ledger? Jefferson admonished his countrymen to "let the annual return of this day forever refresh our recollection of the rights in the Declaration of Independence and an undiminished devotion to them." It is in the spirit of the advice of the author of the Declaration that we are gathered here in this time of the world's trial to re-dedicate ourselves and all that we have and all that we are to the liberty which the valor of the men of Seventy-six won on this new continent.

In other years, as we have assembled on this nation's holiday, when no supreme duty had summoned us to supreme sacrifice, we have weighed and measured our standards and our ideals. Sometimes, as we have contrasted them with those of the men who signed the Declaration, we have found them selfish and tawdry, with the verdict "Weighed in the balance and found wanting." Seers and statesmen in days of peace have called the people back to the ancient faith, and counseled them to be guided by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night which have led our country through the dangers of division and doubt and traffic in our ideals which have jeopardized the Republic. But to-day, conscious that, in devotion to a holy cause, we can say with Jefferson, "It is a heavenly comfort that these

principles are yet strongly felt;" and a greater comfort that in defense of these principles two million American youths have already taken up arms in the spirit voiced by Jefferson and guaranteed to future generations in the victories of Washington. These, with ten million more in the selective draft and boys under age, are girding themselves for the conflict.

It is as true to-day (perhaps it has a new significance) as when Jefferson wrote to LaFayette, "We are not to expect to be translated from despotism to liberty in a feather bed." He believed that "the disease of liberty is catching," and in 1795 he predicted that "the ball of liberty is now so well in motion that it will roll around the globe." We have lived to see that prophecy fulfilled in every country on this hemisphere where every government is governed by its own people without king or kaiser or emperor.

Lincoln said the Republic could not endure half slave and half free, and the arbitrament of the sword proved the truth of his statement. It is equally true that the world cannot live in peace and honor half autocracy and half self-governing. There is an irrevocable conflict between these theories. Autocrats had seen the doctrine of self-government gradually extending its sway, sometimes through indirection, but they sensed that it was surely undermining government imposed upon the people. And nobody knew this better than the Kaiser.

He believed the time was ripe for either losing his unbridled power or imposing his rule upon Europe. He chose conquest, and struck viciously, quickly and vigorously. He failed only because he did not understand that the Force of an Ideal is stronger than the Ideal of Force. It was this ideal, passionately held to in the days of invasion, that gave the Belgians the sublime courage to declare, "This is a country and not a road." It was this ideal that turned the tide for liberty at the Marne and at Verdun and at the Aisne. It is this holy passion in France and in Great Britain and in Italy and the eighteen other nations that would not bow the knee to Autocracy which will do for all the world what Jefferson's Declaration did for America: establish the right of all men to govern themselves.

XXI

MEN OF THE RED TRIANGLE

At home and abroad, at the fighting front, in camps and training stations, on transports and at naval bases the Y. M. C. A. is stationed to cheer and aid our soldiers and sailors. Its service is an inspiration, its work an exemplification of practical Christianity.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting, Carnegie Hall, New York, July 8, 1918.

When America began in the first days of the war to call its young men into cantonments and training camps for service ashore and afloat, the need was felt for mobilizing every organization and agency to promote the happiness and welfare of these youths. The Government early understood and acted upon the knowledge, that war is more than fighting and that youths gathered in camp must be both morally and physically fit if they would win victories to the holy cause of which they were the Defenders.

The Young Men's Christian Association early recognized its opportunity to bring forward its splendid machinery of action and its chivalric spirit of service, and presented its facilities as its contribution in helping to win the war. This Association of Christian young men had been known

throughout the world for its aggressive helpfulness wherever there was opportunity to serve. Never was a greater opportunity presented and never has any organization better met the challenge that opportunity offered than in the ready and efficient response this Association has made since April 6th, 1917. In these fifteen months it has summoned into service thousands of men whose hearts responded to noblest impulses, and has distributed them throughout camps, cantonments and naval training stations in our land, on board transports and other ships, and has sent thousands more for service with the soldiers and marines who are fighting the battles of Democracy with our Allies "Over There." The people responded generously to the appeal for funds. The fifty million dollars which was asked for when the Association's program for service was first outlined, was subscribed with nearly twenty million over the mark. Patriotic citizens and philanthropists recognized their opportunity. They made investment which will return large dividends in the brighter light that it has caused to shine into the lives of soldier and sailor youths.

Soldiers and sailors are being converted into a singing army and navy. Cromwell's men went into battle singing Christian hymns. They had no hate in their hearts, but were nerved by the faith that they were fighting for the principles of a holy religion. That conviction made them invincible. The most magnetic and compelling song

leaders are found in the army and navy camps, spending themselves with utmost devotion in a task which is resulting in the development of an enthusiasm that increases cheerfulness, courage and chivalry. And because we believe, in America, in institutions that are not only physical and mental and social, but also in institutions that are spiritual as well, the Association strives to meet the spiritual needs of our men who know they may soon be called upon to face death and danger. In the huts and structures where the Red Triangle men are to be found, the Y. M. C. A. leaders stand for a virile type of religion—a type that makes practical application of the fundamental principles of loving helpfulness of the Man of Galilee who counted not His life dear unto Himself.

Under date of May 15th General Pershing wrote his appreciation to the secretary in charge of the American Y. M. C. A. in France, and expressed the feeling of many thousands of officers and men, when he quoted these sentiments which came to him from Col. E. S. Wheeler of the 19th Field Artillery, and were incorporated in a General Order:

"There is no one factor contributing more to the morale of the American Army in France than the Y. M. C. A. The value of this organization cannot be overestimated. When I come to the Y. M. C. A. Huts and see our men night after night, and one day after another in their spare moments enjoying the privileges created by a corps

of self-sacrificing Triangle Workers, I know that they are better men and better fighters for so doing. Give me 900 men who have a Y. M. C. A. rather than 1000 who have none and I will have better fighters every time. I voluntarily make this statement because I am so appreciative of what your efforts mean to the morale of our army."

During the German offensive, which for the moment halts but only to resume at no distant date, the Y. M. C. A. secretaries have nobly done their part. Many secretaries during attacks suffered from shell shock or gas. But we are told that they kept on doing their duty to their utmost. They responded enthusiastically to the intensified labor placed on them. They went as close to the front as was permitted, to carry creature comforts to the men. Where communication was interrupted, they helped feed the troops, aid the wounded and assist the chaplains. In the "big drive" many volunteered as stretcher bearers, and worked under fire fourteen days and nights without relief. Several have died from the effects of poison gas.

Thirty Association workers among the French troops facing the German drive along the Aisne have been officially commended for the invaluable services they rendered. They held their places until the last retirement of the troops, aiding wherever it was possible. "Stores of food"—the quotation is from the last issue of *Association Men,* official publication of the organization—"were distributed to weary poilus whose supplies

failed to reach them. Coffee and soup were made and served until the building was shattered by German shells. The workers made their way across the fields swept by shrapnel and under high explosive machine gun fire from German planes, carrying all equipment possible. A new position was taken up with the troops."

Y. M. C. A. men have bravely faced the perils of the sea, as well as the dangers of the war on land. When the *Oronsa,* carrying more than half a hundred workers on their way to duty in the war zone, was torpedoed, the Y. M. C. A. men aboard exhibited the same calm courage in the face of danger that characterizes our soldiers in the trenches and our sailors on the sea. Not one of the party was lost or injured, due largely to perfect discipline. They had held daily military and life-boat drills and were prepared for any emergency that might arise. Every one was out of his cabin within a few seconds after the torpedo struck. There was no panic or excitement, and it was not only discipline and courage but the American spirit they manifested, for as the boats reached port the dispatches related that the party was singing. It must have inspired those ashore to hear the notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" ringing out from these survivors of the *Oronsa,* and it must have added to their experience to be greeted, as they landed, by that veteran British soldier, Viscount French, presenting his congratulations on

their escape and complimenting them on the manner in which they had faced imminent danger.

At home and abroad, at the fighting front, in camps and training stations, on transports and at naval bases, the Y. M. C. A. is stationed, to cheer and aid our soldiers and sailors. Its service is an inspiration, its work an exemplification of practical Christianity.

XXII

READY FOR ANY DUTY OR DANGER

When our destroyers arrived the senior officer was met by the Admiral in command of the British forces, and given welcome. This done, the English Admiral turned to our young officer and asked, "When will you be ready?" and the reply was, "We are ready now." That is the spirit of the American Navy.

Newport, R. I., Naval Training Station, November 17, 1917.

A FEW weeks ago, it was my pleasure to review a parade of 20,000 members of the Red Cross who marched down Fifth Avenue in the City of New York, all women dressed in the uniform of that world-wide beneficent organization, and as I stood on the reviewing stand and saw those noble women, their faces consecrated with the good work, noble and unselfish, to which they had committed themselves, I thought it was the finest sight my eyes had ever rested upon. But, this morning, with the background of this beautiful body of water, gazing into the faces of men to whom the country looks with confidence in this hour of its crisis, I hardly know which is the more beautiful sight, but none of you will blame me if I give the honor to the girls.

It was only a few days, it was in fact before America entered upon this war and we had begun the study of world-wide conditions so as to be ready for the emergency, that the President of your War College, the distinguished Admiral Sims, was sent abroad to represent our Government in conference with the great naval chiefs of all the allied nations, and not long after war was declared there appeared one morning in the papers a statement that thrilled America, when without previous announcement the news came back that a company of our destroyers had gone across "over there." With it there came a message which voices the spirit, voices the record, voices all that the history of our Navy stands for. You recall it. When our destroyers arrived the senior officer was met by the Admiral in command of the British forces, and given welcome. This done, the English Admiral turned to our young officer and asked, "When will you be ready?" and the reply was, "We are ready now." That is the spirit of the American Navy. It was supposed that these young men would wish to wait some days after they had arrived before they entered upon their arduous task. Outside of the Navy, I do not think anybody appreciates the rigorous service on destroyers in the North Sea and Channel which confronts the men in this winter weather; and yet, though every man knows the service is a hard one, he covets it, and I believe nearly every young officer in the Navy who knows

me personally, and who thought he could do so without breaking the regulations, has asked to be sent on a destroyer to the war zone. As I passed down the lines to-day and talked to the splendid young men who are chiefs of their companies, I asked each one of them why he entered the Navy, and what he wished to do. The replies heartened me, and gave me a new feeling of confidence, and a new thrill of faith in the American spirit, because nearly every one said, "I entered the Navy to serve my country in its hour of need." Their ambition was to go where the fight was fiercest, and where their service should count most in defense of the liberties of their country.

As you go into this service—this service of high ideals, this service which in all our history has ennobled our country because officers and men have ever held before them the ideals of honor and truth and courage—remember, young gentlemen, there is nothing in this world worth anything except character, and character expresses itself in clean living, in straight life, in earnest study, in honest effort, in willingness during time of crisis to forget self and remember nothing but duty, and it is for that service you have volunteered. There is no man who has come into the Navy except through his own free will. You have left your private business, all of you making some sacrifice to serve your country, and in days to come, when we shall sum up the history of

these times—these days of tragedy, such as the world has not seen before—some historian with a vision and the knowledge of what naval men do will write the story of some achievement in a decisive moment bringing victory to the American arms.

We have a great contempt for the slacker. In this hour, the young man in America who is physically fit and does not don a uniform has no place in the esteem or the affection or respect of America. What shall I say, however, of the young man in the Navy who when his country needs him and trusts him, shall, by a lapse of morals, disqualify himself for the high performance upon which his country rests, and in a crucial moment perhaps lose a battle because he has permitted his appetites and passions to weaken his moral stamina? We hear much talk of the "morale" of the service but we have never understood how to spell the word. I tell you there is but one morale of the service and that is "Morals." There can be no high morale in any service whose officers and men do not lead clean lives and do not put upon themselves the self-restraint to walk straight, go into no place, and indulge in no habits, that when they returned to their homes, would make them fear to look their mothers straight in the eye.

Two years ago, Lloyd George startled the Parliament of Great Britain when he said: "In this war England has two enemies, Germany and the Drink Evil, and of the two the more danger-

ous is the Drink Evil." He spoke a parable, young gentlemen, and our Congress, recognizing this, for the first time in history has put a ban upon it and I call upon the people of this city and every city in America which has the proud privilege of extending hospitality to the hope of the nation to give them clean environment; and if they fail to do that, then I say they are recreant to the highest duty of hospitality and patriotism.

In this Training Station you are being taught the lessons necessary for victory. There is nothing in life worth while that comes easily. You must earn it yourself. That is the eternal truth. A man of wealth may give his son money or opportunities, but unless he has the stuff in him, he cannot hold his place. In the Navy, discipline is necessary to secure results, and the wise young man is he who puts restraint upon himself, who obeys orders promptly and who knows that if he ever hopes to rise to give orders, he must himself have rendered ready obedience in all emergencies.

REAL "STUFF" AND "PEP" WILL "WIN"

Naval Training Station, Hampton Roads, Va., July 20, 1918.

It was a dream that we should create at Hampton Roads, which the Almighty has made the ideal place, the greatest Naval Base in the world. That dream is being realized, and you are the first fruits of this station, where we shall frame into

sailors thousands and tens of thousands of young men who will, by their courage and their fitness and their stuff (I like the word "stuff," boys; it may not be the best word in the dictionary, but the two best words to characterize a boy is that he has stuff and pep). It is by your fitness and stuff we will win the war. The reason to-day that your brothers who are fighting in France are driving back the legions of the Kaiser is because when they left home in America, they had the pep to swear they would do it or die, and the reason that the submarine menace, always a menace, as long as that shark of the sea skulks beneath the waves—the reason that menace has been reduced, and will continue to be reduced as fast as you boys get over there, is because American boys have got the *stuff* to drive the Huns under the water, and keep them there.

The other night I was on a train coming down from Albany, and a couple of young sailors from a certain battleship, fine looking chaps they were —almost as good looking as you boys, but not quite—they came to me in the Pullman, recognized me from my own good looks in the papers, and said: "We wish to apologize for making this request, but we are so crazy to go over and get the Kaiser that we want to ask you to order the ship we are on to go across," and I told them I would do it. The ship they are on has been sent across; and when the hour comes for the great

battle of dreadnaughts, which will probably be the decisive battle of this war and make forever impossible the ravages of the shark, otherwise submarine,—these chaps on this ship, and other young men of courage and stuff and pep, will win a victory for the principles that have caused you to enlist and will win for you a high place in the pages of American naval history.

You know, this Navy you belong to is the greatest institution in the world, and has in its ranks to-day over four hundred and fifty thousand men —the very flower of America. That is *you;* don't be modest about it. If any one tells you the young men of the Navy are the finest fellows in the world, blush a little, but speak right up and say: "We know it." And why do you know it? Because your brothers are across winning world-wide praise, and you will soon join them in ending the submarine menace. We are building ships as fast as facilities will permit, so that you can go over and take part in a struggle in which no man can engage unless in his heart he has the spirit of liberty and whose spirit gives him courage and strength.

Sometimes you see a man in the war who when he starts into battle is a little nervous, and some people doubt his courage. I do not suppose that any man ever went into battle who was not nervous. I never try to make a speech that I do not get nervous. That being true about a small thing like a speech, I know if I went into battle,

and you had to go, we would all be under a tension and strain; but we would all be like that French general at the battle of the Marne. When the French repelled the oncoming horde of the Huns and the order came to advance, he shook all over like a leaf and that mortified him and humiliated him, because he knew men about him would say he was not brave, and he knew he was brave. So he pointed to his body and said: "You old carcass, what do you mean by disgracing me by shaking like this?" Then he paused and added: "If you knew where I am going to take you to-day you would shake more than you do now;" and he carried that old carcass into the fight, and when night came the Germans had retreated.

It is a great honor, and a privilege, to be the father of four hundred and fifty thousand boys and they are *some* boys. There never was a time in our history when the Navy was so safely anchored in the affection and confidence of the American people, and it is because that back home where you came from, and the other boys like you came from, the people know that you have come into this service, putting aside many of your ambitions, some of you leaving your sweethearts with great regret—but they will wait for you, and when you come back you will come back as heroes and they will welcome you with honor and love. And while you are gone, be true to them. Mind you, while you fight remember you are fighting for home and for the kind of government that

made our fathers and our mothers what they are. Whether you are in Hampton Roads, or on ships, or in France or Great Britain, I counsel you boys not to do anything that you could not go back home and look your mother in the eye and tell her you had done. You cannot win this war, no nation can win it unless they can shoot straight; and men cannot shoot straight unless they live straight; so that I adjure you as a father and as a brother, not only to develop the ability to perform every duty with every ounce of power you have, but also to keep your bodies clean and your souls pure, so that when you celebrate victory—and you are going to celebrate it—you may come back home clean.

I see some men, but very few of them now, who have long faces and are very much afraid that American pep will not win, but they are all men who are not fighting. Was there ever a man in the Navy who doubted we would lick the Hun? When I see a few of these pessimists on land who do not put their lives in jeopardy by offering the most precious thing a man can give to his country, I tell them just to look at the Navy boys, who not only know that our cause is just, but know that they have the stuff to "put it over."

I want you boys, all of you, to be full of ambition and aspire to do the best you can, knowing that in the American Navy it is the policy and purpose and resolve, as nearly as possible, to promote every man who shows the fitness and abil-

ity, to higher rank. I have had the privilege in recent months to promote to commissioned rank more than fifteen hundred men from seamen, and I expect to commission thousands more during the next six months.

You boys can secure advancement in only one way, and that is by mastering the details that are given to you every day.

I heard some time ago of a fellow who entered the Navy; he was a graduate of a big college. Some one took a picture of him peeling potatoes (I believe we boys call them spuds), and when he saw the picture he said: "Gee! I hope my girl don't see this; she thinks I am off sinking submarines."

The father of a very able young fellow, who had graduated from one of our highest institutions of learning, came to me and complained that his son, a graduate of a college, was on a little submarine chaser peeling potatoes, and he ought to be doing something better. I said: "I hope your son is peeling them well." Education is not worth anything to a man unless it teaches him to do whatever he is called upon to do, better than a man who had not had training; so with all the knowledge you have, whatever duty is placed upon you, even if it is peeling spuds, see that you do it better than the other fellow. Get the most out of a potato; some fellows when peeling potatoes leave very little of the potato. Mr. Hoover wouldn't like that. Whatever you are called upon

to do in this war is honorable and useful, and you cannot be called to a place of responsibility until you have mastered what is called the small things; but there isn't anything small in this war. The man who learns the signals on the ship, and who learns wigwagging (boys, it's pretty hard to learn, too), is doing a great stunt. It may win the decisive battle. It looks very easy when you see a fellow signaling, but it means that a mistake there might mean the loss of the fleet, so that the smallest thing may become the largest thing. I counsel you to do what you think is the smallest thing just as conscientiously as Admiral Benson here performs all his duties to the best of his ability.

There isn't any organization in the world where team work is as essential as in the Navy. I don't care how great the Admiral is, if the wigwagger fails to do his work well, the Admiral fails; and from the Admiral down, like baseball, there must be team work. You boys know a pitcher cannot win a game if the outfielder muffs the ball. So in the Navy, it is team work. You may learn to do your job a little better and then get a big job; for the best man and the fittest man in the world is the man who takes orders and "goes to it."

I am glad to see you boys, and I shall go back to Washington with a new inspiration and a new faith and renewed confidence that America in our day is of the same stuff that it was in the days of John Paul Jones and Paul Revere. I wish you

to know always that in Washington in the Navy Department those of us committed to responsible duties have you in our hearts, and have such confidence in you that we would send any one of you on a submarine chaser up to Berlin to scalp the Hun and know you would do it by yourself.

All I have to say in conclusion is that it is a very great privilege to serve with you. I never place myself in any capacity except shoulder to shoulder and elbow to elbow with the young men in the Navy, and I refuse to be counted with these old fellows. We look to them for advice and wisdom and counsel, but we boys have got to win the war, and we are going to do it.

XXIII

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN SHIPMATES

These two mighty dreadnaughts, though heavily armored and carrying big guns, which come on this mission of good will, are the fitting symbol of the strength of a common ideal of Pan-American solidarity which, with God's help, will never be used but for our common defense in upholding the cause of humanity and justice.

Dinner in honor of the Officers of the Argentine battleship "Rivadavia" and the Brazilian battleship "São Paulo," New York, August 21, 1918.

A FEW months ago a squadron of the United States Navy paid a visit to two republics which we regard as near neighbors and friends. When Admiral Caperton's fleet reached the Republics of Brazil and Argentina, the officers and men received the most wonderful and cordial reception that our Navy has received from any countries in all its history. And they came back to their own country, every one of them, filled with a spirit of brotherhood, and now that we are honored by a visit from the navies of those two republics, we wish them to know that, though plunged in the midst of a war that demands all our thought, we hold them in such regard and so highly appreciate the honor they have done us, that we put aside for

the time the engrossing duties imposed by war, to gather here to-night to extend to them from the Government of America our warm welcome, regretting that we can but feebly show the warmth of our regard and hospitality. We extend for the whole country to the commanders of two of the most powerful dreadnaughts that have sailed the seas, to all the trained officers and splendid seamen, our cordial greeting and hearty welcome. These dreadnaughts come on a mission of friendship. Though they are heavily armored and have powerful guns, neither the Republic of Brazil, nor Argentina nor the Republic of the United States of America ever armed their ships with any thought that any one of them will visit one another's country except in love and amity and mutual helpfulness.

To the officers of these dreadnaughts and to the fine sailors who man them, I wish, as Secretary of the Navy, to tender the nation's welcome. It is with a feeling of special satisfaction that I have the honor of meeting and welcoming the naval representatives of our two great sister republics of South America. This feeling springs primarily from the thought that in the midst of this world-wide nightmare of war we of the western hemisphere stand firmly united as friends. Our friendship is not a result of courtesy or of pretense—it springs neither from fear nor interest. These two mighty dreadnaughts which come on this mission of good will are the fitting sym-

bols of the strength of a common ideal of Pan-American solidarity which, with God's help, will never be used but for our common defense in upholding the cause of humanity and justice. We greet our naval visitors as "shipmates." There is no relation in life so intimate, so cordial, so sympathetic as that which exists between shipmates. I remember some time ago meeting an Admiral, now on the retired list, and chatting with him on the train. I spoke of having met, the day before, a clear-headed boatswain in the navy, a man who had served for forty years, a splendid type of the American sailor capable enough to hold the rank of Captain, and I asked the Admiral, "Do you know Bo'sun Hill?" He answered, "Why, of course I do. I know him well, we were shipmates"—and in that word "shipmate" goes a something of intimacy and sympathy and comradeship that you do not find anywhere in any other relationship in life.

Those of you who are not in the navy—and I am sorry for you—; you would all be in if you had been lucky enough; most of you are trying to get into this noble service. In these days we have a hard time because of the onrush, to keep men out of the navy. Those of you who are not in the navy may have some faint understanding of what "shipmate" means if you will reflect upon some long voyage you have taken as passenger on a ship. You will remember that on this voyage you unbosomed your soul to some new acquaintance

and told him, without ever intending to do it, the secrets of your life, which you never would have told to any man on land. There is something about the sea that encourages confidences and intimacies. The common dangers, the common perils, the common love of the sea ties men together; and that is true particularly and peculiarly of the navies of our country and of Brazil and of Argentina. These three countries of wide expanse have in common the large vision and common aim which unite us in a common destiny. In our broad domains with large expanse of territory, where men can live and work in the open, the people of the New World were free to work out the processes of government unhampered by tradition and uninfluenced by the ambitions and fears of near neighbors.

Some days ago there was printed in one of our papers a brief composition written by a French girl. It ran something like this:

"It was only a little river—not much larger than a brook. It was called the Yser. It was so small that you could talk from bank to bank without raising your voice. The swallows could fly across with one sweep of their wings. On those banks millions of men were standing—eye to eye, but the distance that separated them was as great as the distance that separates the stars; the difference between right and injustice.

"The Atlantic Ocean is a vast body of water, so great that the sea gulls dare not fly across. It takes the great American liners 7 days and 7 nights going at full speed before they sight the lighthouses of France—but, from shore to shore, hearts are touching."

In mutual sacrifice America and Europe are forging chains of friendship that can never be broken. But it did not require the sacrifice of war and the comradeship of the trenches and the perils on the sea, though separated by miles, to make the friendship between our country and yours, sir, and yours (addressing the Ambassadors and officers from Brazil and Argentina), such that our hearts touched; they have always touched since the Monroe Doctrine kindled it into lasting love. No nation is untouched by the nightmare of war that has fallen upon the world, whether it be a belligerent nation pouring its blood and treasure into the cause, or whether it be a neutral nation seeking its rights in a war full of peril to neutrals. When this war shall end—and it will not end until liberty prevails in all the world—when this war shall end, we shall have a new heaven and a new earth. Old conditions have passed away, and the new problems that come to us will demand the wisdom, the unity and the solidarity of all the Americas to settle them wisely for ourselves and for the world.

Too long our country has defied the Biblical injunction which says a man shall not live unto himself. It is as true of nations as of individuals. No nation can live unto itself. The ancients taught that oceans and seas were made to separate nations. We have learned that they bring together into intimacy people of varying tongues and varied interests. We have thought in this

country that if the United States prospered within its own borders all was well. We have closed our ears so that we have not heard the call that told us that our duty did not end with the shore line, and we have lacked the vision in these latter days which Monroe had, a vision which saved this whole hemisphere to republican government. For fifty years we had forgotten how to build ships, though in our early days this was a shipbuilding nation and we won our first wealth and primacy on the sea. For almost half a century shipbuilding has been a craft and not a trade. The natural result has been that the United States of America has failed in its duty of sending ships and ships and more ships to our South American Republics, where we could, with them, enlarge American commerce and bless ourselves and our neighbors. It required the stress of war for us to begin ship construction, but having begun it, we will never stop it until the American Republics have enough ships to ply between this and every port of every part of America from Greenland to the Straits of Magellan.

This gathering and its better understanding heartens those of us who have long wished to see closer commercial and friendly intercourse between our Republic and all the Republics of America. First of all, we rejoice that our navies are getting closer together. That must be the beginning of a great merchant marine, for no nation not bent on conquest ever had a great navy

unless it had a great merchant marine. They go together. And we are constructing a strong navy and the work will go on until we have the greatest navy in the world, which will strengthen the hands of our republic and your republics—a navy that, joined with the navies of our sister republics, will sail the free seas, free forever, with no hindrance from submarines or mines, and bring about those ties of fraternity and of commerce and trade which shall develop your resources and our resources, and give to the Americas the place the early discoverers dreamed of and planned on a large scale. I regard the coming of these ships and of these splendid officers and men as a symbol of the solidarity of the power of Pan-Americanism, as an omen that the day is dawning when all the republics of America will realize the ideal of a bond of common union, of "all for one and one for all."

XXIV

LOYALTY OF LABOR

It is well known that, of all men, Peace is dearest to those who earn their bread in the sweat of their face. Before liberty was imperiled by Prussian Junkerism every labor organization was a Peace Society, but every one was a Peace Society based upon the paradox of Buck Fanshaw: "We will have peace if we have to fight for it." And they are fighting now to end war in their day and for all time.

Labor Day, Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 2, 1918.

In the crucial days through which we are passing, American patriotism and confidence in victory rest, next to confidence in the valor of our fighting forces, upon the knowledge that American toilers are loyal to the core. I say knowledge, for wherein we must needs have exercised faith sixteen months ago, at this hour we stand upon the sure foundation of works that have justified our faith. The full and complete enlistment of Labor in this country has not only heartened America, but it has as well cheered and strengthened the heroic men fighting for liberty across the sea. The magnificent reception of Samuel Gompers in Great Britain, hailed there as the labor apostle of the doctrine "Win the

War," shows that labor loyalty here has stimulated the spirit of fighting to victory in all allied countries. The full consecration of men of toil in our country has been demonstrated in their doffing overalls and donning the military uniforms; in their increase in production in field and factory of everything needed for the maintenance of army, navy and civilian population; in their robust patriotism applied in building ships in the coldest winter ever known at a speed without parallel; in the rapid production of munitions and all war material; and in their eagerness to prosecute the war by investing their earnings in Liberty bonds, and in all causes that contributed to war needs. But we owe more to the spirit of wholehearted devotion to this free land and its free institutions by organized labor, to which we owe this Labor Day holiday, than to any and all contributions of skill and savings. It is well known that, of all men, Peace is dearest to those who earn their bread in the sweat of their face. Before liberty was imperiled by Prussian Junkerism every labor organization was a Peace Society, but every one was a Peace Society based upon the paradox of Buck Fanshaw: "We will have peace if we have to fight for it." And they are fighting now to end war in their day and for all time.

When war came there were people across the seas, and some people with no real knowledge of the American men in factories, who asked: "Will labor in America meet the test? Will it be

ready to make the supreme sacrifice?" Nobody has asked that question since organized labor under the leadership of William B. Wilson and Samuel Gompers voiced the Americanism of the unions, and expressed as well the loyalty of Labor without as well as within the organizations. The answer is written in deeds that none may question.

The world after peace shall have been won will not go back to conditions such as existed prior to our entrance into the mighty struggle. The people will take on new dignity. What labor earns will find its way into the pockets of labor. New conditions will impose new duties. Statesmanship of vision will create new opportunities for American commerce and guarantee to labor the bread it has earned. Political shibboleths that men heeded in 1916 are as dead as the mummies of Egypt, and public men who try to galvanize them will be interred in the catacombs that lie adjacent to Salt River. This war is fundamental. Its effect will be to change everything. Trade and commerce and finance will seek new and broader fields and men seek nobler standards. The large returns from farm and factory will not go to the few, but will be apportioned to men of brain and brawn in proportion to the value of their contribution. There will be a more equitable division between capital and labor. But no riotous Bolshevikism, no failure to protect alike property and labor, no class domination that lends

itself to injustice or wrong can flourish on this continent. Justice presides over both the rights of man and his rights of property. There will be no place in this new world for the leadership either of timid men or those who grasp at the shadows of issues which the war has relegated to the scrap heap. The man who prates of doctrines good in an isolated country will have empty benches for an audience. During the war we have not hesitated at any action, however radical it was regarded by conservatives in other times, that would help to win the war. We have employed weapons both ancient and modern. Some of our men are wearing coats of mail, others are mounting the heavens. The javelin of the cave-dweller has its place with the latest concoction of poisonous gas. Even so, in the new time now shortly at hand, our real leaders will be those who will not reject a method or a principle because it is old or embrace it because it is new. We will prove all things in order that we may hold fast only to that which is good for an heritage to be handed down by the generation that stood in its lot in these days and saved the civilized world.

Already the demands of national necessity have required the Government to take over the operation of the railroads, the telegraph, the telephones and the canals. We have abandoned for the war voluntary service and mobilized the whole country to one end and occupation. We have told men what they shall eat and what they shall wear and

when and how much they shall ride. We have made transportation on land and sea a virtual monopoly. We have put aside our century-old fear of entangling alliances with European nations. We have had but one principle since the President in the halls of Congress gave expression to the national conviction that the course of the German Empire demanded that America must make the world safe for democracy. We are wholly enlisted until the objects stated by the President shall have been achieved. And then—and then, what? Will we return to the methods and thoughts of policies of pre-war days? The man who supposes he will ever again live in a world like that which existed prior to the war has read history to little purpose. We will not be afraid in peace to do revolutionary things that help mankind, seeing we have become accustomed to doing them during the war. What shape will our after-the-war radicalism take? No man is wise enough to prophesy; but it is safe to say our first and imperative duty here in America is to make Democracy safe for the world. It would be the tragedy of tragedies if after our sacrifices to make the world safe for democracy our democracy would not be of a brand to bless the world. It must be purged of all class distinction, of every vestige of privilege, of every hoary-headed tradition that fetters justice. It must be a democracy such as Jefferson formulated and Lincoln strengthened. Its standard must be equal rights

to all; special privileges to none. But this generation must live in the spirit of Jefferson and Lincoln, and not be bound by policies which suited their day. We will not be called upon to fight primogeniture and the union of church and state and foreign control which Jefferson successfully opposed. Human slavery, which Lincoln ended for the good of both races and the glory of his country, no longer needs to be opposed. But let us not doubt that there will be lions in our path if we tread the hard road of duty. Profiteers in war, worse than slackers and cowards, will not be easily routed in peace.

Invoking the spirit of patriotism, giant evils will follow this as all other wars. Eternal vigilance will still be the price of Liberty. Men more careful to preserve the *status quo* of 1912 than to secure equal and exact justice will not be wanting. There will be as much need for courage to fight for real democracy when peace smiles as there is need now to oppose German aggression. But the spirit of hostility to absolutism will burn brightly in the breasts of the millions of the young men returning victorious from the Rhine. They will have cut their way through shell and barb wire to the Rhine, and they will come back home with the high resolve that America shall give them and their fellows the kind of country that is worthy of their heroism. This is our faith: The heroes of to-day in the trenches must be heroic in civil

life, at the ballot box and in the halls of legislation to-morrow.

The world in which we shall live will apply the acid test to every man who asks trust or confidence: "What did you do from April 6, 1917, to win the great victory?" and woe to the man of strength and health who cannot say: "I gave myself, my life, my all in the service where the Selective Draft placed me." If he cannot truly say this it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the midst of the sea.

What will these men who have wrought well in furnace, or trenches or on the sea do when they come into their own? They will stand for Justice, for law and order. Anarchy, Bolshevikism, privilege, predatory business cannot escape their wrath. They will have a world-vision and will demand a treaty with all self-governing nations to preserve the peace of the world, and will maintain a powerful navy to help to enforce the decrees of the tribunal they will set up. They will continue to enlarge the merchant marine so that American bottoms will carry American goods and exchange products with every nation and with all the isles of the sea. They will be less concerned as to whether this is by public or private ownership than with securing and enlarging world-wide commerce. The odds are that they will see in government ownership and direction the best agency, but they will discard that if pri-

vate ownership insures the best results. They will never return to duplication of railroad transportation and competition in terminals and facilities. All the benefits which government operation of railroads have given will be continued, whether the railroads are in public or private ownership. The telephone and telegraph will probably be a permanent part of the postal service, though the men who will then rule America will be open-minded enough to discuss the best method of communication. The lessons of sanitation and war on drink and immoral disease will insure to the civilian population as great care and as scientific effort in the methods of prevention and cure as war has taught are needed for the men under arms.

These men will have little patience with the how-not-to-do-its and the better-stick-to-the-old-way apostles and apologists. Men who have dug trenches under the fire of the enemy, stood on destroyers unafraid when struck by torpedoes, endured privation in the armies, and toiled to weariness on farm and in factory to win the war—these men will base their creed upon the Declaration of Independence and the Treaty of Peace, and the men who wish to build high walls to make an isolated America or turn national wealth into selfish channels will be little heeded in the forward march as these men make America truly democratic, where all men have equal opportunity,

and where no man can "take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

In the Golden Age of the Republic now soon to dawn, when only men who have made sacrifices will be deemed worthy of a seat in the council chambers, Labor will come into its own. It will not seek anything for itself that it has not earned. It will ask nothing that will take what belongs to others. It will not foregather only with men of its own craft, but will keep America free from class consciousness and from class political action. It will claim for itself justice and equality and will demand that all Americans alike shall have no less; the equal enjoyment of the birthright of all citizens of this free Republic.

XXV

LAFAYETTE'S PROPHECY FULFILLED

In responding to a toast which gave him title as "the great apostle of personal liberty," LaFayette counseled against any division of the Union and accompanied it with a prophecy which is this day being fulfilled before the very eyes of a million and a half Americans in France, who, with brave men of other free nations, are making real his prediction. The toast he offered was:

"Perpetual union among the United States; it has saved us in our times of danger, it will save the world."

Celebration of LaFayette's Birthday at LaFayette Monument, Washington, September 6, 1918.

EVERY notable period furnishes its prophet. Contrary to the accepted opinion, prophets are not dreamers. They are doers. They prophesy and help to fulfill that which they foretell. For more than a century, upon each recurring September 6th, when the birthday of LaFayette has been celebrated, gifted speakers have presented him as the superb soldier, the chivalric knight, the chevalier of "the gentleman among nations," the devoted friend, the courageous champion of the rights of man, and the foe of every form of tyranny and absolutism.

To-day, as we stand at the base of this noble

monument, erected in a country whose love shines brighter than its gratitude, let us think of him rather as the man of prophecy and faith. He was the seer who saw where others were blind, the believer in a generation which lacked vision. There were other men as courageous, many who gave their lives in battle. Then, as now, courage was the commonest as well as the noblest virtue of our humanity. France was not wanting in men of ideals, in men who dreamed of liberty, and in men who hoped and prayed that the Americans would win their independence. LaFayette, with the audacity of faith found only in youths of adventure, saw in the young Republic the hope of humanity. It was as real to him before he set out on *La Victoria* to become the associate and friend of Washington as when his prayers were answered as the French fleet appeared in the offing at Yorktown and won a notable naval victory, the significance of which was long not appreciated. Looking back upon the Revolution, in which he bore so conspicuous a part, LaFayette wrote: "This was the last struggle of liberty. Its defeat would have left it without a refuge and without a hope."

LaFayette the Prophet! Let that be our theme to-day. In 1825, with the natural desire of the old to revisit the scenes of their youthful struggles, he made a visit to America which will ever be memorable. No citizen of our own country ever received so loving a welcome. His journeys were triumphal processions. The ardor of

revolutionary days was rekindled. In the capital of the Republic he was received with every honor and distinction. At a dinner in his honor, attended by President Monroe, Mr. Gaillard, the presiding officer of the Senate; Henry Clay, Speaker of the House, and other eminent men, in responding to a toast which gave him title as "the great apostle of national liberty," LaFayette counseled against any division of the Union and accompanied it with a prophecy which is this day being fulfilled before the very eyes of a million and a half Americans in France, who, with brave men of other free nations, are making real his prediction. The toast he offered was:

"Perpetual union among the United States; it has saved us in our times of danger; it will save the world."

That prophecy did not pass without comment, for Niles' Register in remarking upon the occasion said it was "one of the proudest days in the annals of our country," and with the prescience which enabled the writer to see the year 1918, added, "a day which will be told with high satisfaction to our remote posterity." As we stand beneath the figure of Prophet LaFayette, the echoes of that gathering come down to us. The union of the United States had secured the independence of our country and made it the beacon light of liberty. LaFayette, with an insight into the struggle of this decade, with the assurance of the

prophets of old, stood up in that assembly and declared, "It will save the world."

Glorious vision of the man to whom the secrets of all ages were revealed! Was it given to him to see the 6th of September, 1914, when Liberty in this generation was in the death struggle in Europe and the life of his own great Republic across the seas hung in the balance? Do noble natures of separated centuries have communion? It has been said that it was an accident of fate that made the first victory of the Marne fall on the birthday of LaFayette. Should we not say it was a glorious coincidence? Or, better still, that Marshal Joffre's victory was a providential and fitting celebration of the hundred and fifty-seventh birthday of Gilbert du Notier de LaFayette? We come now to another victory of the Marne, thankful for the genius of Foch, who wears worthily the mantle of LaFayette. And again, on LaFayette's birthday, victorious encounters by the allied armies in France bring us nearer to the success at arms which will mean to the whole world what Yorktown meant to the Western Hemisphere. There never was a darker day in the American revolution than when at Georgetown, S. C., January 13, 1777, LaFayette landed to offer his sword in the unequal struggle. In his memoirs he says when he arrived in America he vowed to win or die here in the cause of Liberty. All his dreams of what he would find in the new world were realized, and to his wife, whom he

called "Dear Heart," he writes, "All citizens are brothers; the richest and the poorest are on the same social level," and he described the American women as "beautiful, unaffected in manner, and of a charming neatness." Of Congress he asked only two favors, "the one to serve without pay at my own expense, the other that I be allowed to serve at first as a volunteer." His offer was accepted, he was commissioned as a major general at the age of twenty, an age which some people think too young for men to be entrusted with military command. LaFayette was only eighteen when, a junior officer in the French Musketeers, dining with his commanders of the garrison at Metz, he heard the Duke of Gloucester, a brother but not a friend of King George III, tell the story of the fight for freedom in America. As he listened, the heart of the eighteen-year-old boy spanned the Atlantic and he "enlisted" with all the enthusiasm and the faith of the Knights who went in quest of the Holy Grail. Every member of his family except his seventeen-year-old wife regarded his determination to aid America as a mad adventure. Let us pay tribute to the wisdom of youth and never again bow down to the accepted superior judgment of age! LaFayette is the type of eternal youth. With years come prudence and caution and conventions which aid knowledge, but youth has the courage of its ideals, the audacity of its faith, and the readiness to risk all, even life itself, for liberty. All great wars

have been fought by what older people call "mere boys." In the War between the States the vast majority of those who followed Grant and Lee were youths, hundreds of thousands under 21 years of age, many of them under 18. There never were finer soldiers in all history. It was the dash and daring of youth that swept all before it in that mighty struggle, and it is the same spirit which to-day animates our armies fighting their way across the battle-scarred fields of France and which, with our allies, will eventually drive the last invader from the soil of LaFayette's beloved country.

LaFayette knew that the heart of France was with America during the disheartening days that followed Valley Forge, just as all France knows the heart of America warmed toward France from the moment of its invasion. All the while he worked for an understanding between America and France. He was rewarded when the French fleet under DeGrasse and the French Army under Rochambeau (who with Portail and d'Estaing are honored as the four minor figures grouped below or round the central figure of Marquis de LaFayette in the statue before us) gave Washington the preponderance that compelled the surrender of Cornwallis. In the year of alternate hope and fear, LaFayette and Rochambeau urged upon France the opportunity and duty of helping the colonists. Rochambeau wrote: "Nothing without naval supremacy!" He sent his son to

France to ask for more ships and Washington sent Henry Lawrence, saying: "This is our last chance; our country is exhausted, our force is nearly spent, the cause nearly lost. If France delays a timely and powerful aid in this critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter."

In May, 1781, Rochambeau received a message saying: "It is impossible to send you troops, but a new fleet is being sent." Washington's army, passing Philadelphia on their march to the South, were entertained by LaLuzerne, the French minister. Abbé Robin, chaplain of the French troops, wrote: "We were scarcely seated when a courier was introduced. An anxious silence reigns among the guests; all eyes are fixed on the Chevalier de La Luzerne; people try to guess what the news can be." He relieves their suspense and thrills them when he says: "Thirty-six ships of the line, under the command of Count de Grasse, are in Chesapeake Bay, and three thousand men have been landed and established communication with the Marquis de LaFayette." He fought the British fleets and so damaged them that they put back to New York. Washington wrote to DeGrasse: "The honor of the surrender of York belongs to your Excellency." To Congress he said, "I wish it was in my power to express to Congress how much I feel myself indebted to the Count de Grasse and the officers of the fleet under his command." Congress passed a resolution expressing

to DeGrasse "The thanks of the United States for his display of skill and bravery in attacking and defeating the British fleet off the Bay of Chesapeake." The French navy and the French soldiers saved the day.

When America entered the war, at the hour when the need of the Allies was sorest, history repeated itself. In the first days we said, as France said to Rochambeau: "It is impossible to send you troops at once, but our Fleet is being sent." Naval vessels were dispatched at once to join the allied fleet and take part in the war against the submarine menace. It was a return of the visit of the French fleet that came into the Chesapeake in 1783. The army, now numbering in France 1,600,000, has been safely conveyed across the Atlantic, and with the men under arms from all the allied nations, will fulfill the prophecy of LaFayette and "save the world." We will add to the million and a half already engaged as many more millions as may be needed, for all America has highly resolved that the brave men of this country and all the allied nations shall not have died in vain. And as the brave Americans embark, every one of them will recall that the independence we won in the Revolution was largely due to LaFayette and his patriotic countrymen.

When Pershing reached France with the first American troops, he made a pious pilgrimage to the Picpus Cemetery in Paris, placed a wreath on the grave of LaFayette and simply said: "La-

Fayette, nous voila (we are here)." And as the millions more will reach the shores of France, they will not pause from their grim determination to say much. The advances made steel our courage and confirm our faith. Deeds alone count. All that is necessary will be to invoke a double portion of the spirit of the knightly Marquis and say: "LaFayette, we are here!"

XXVI

WILSON AND WILHELM—OPPOSING IDEALS CONTRASTED

The spirit and the faith of the two countries [Germany and America] could not be better contrasted than in the boastful claim of an irresponsible Emperor whose God is "the unconditional and avowed ally" of the nation that tramples upon His teachings, and the declaration of the true spokesman of American faith who invoked the favor of God for the people of his country "only if they rise to the clear heights of His own justice and mercy."

Address to Class of 648 Reserve Ensigns, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., Sept. 18, 1918.

THE attention of the world, in the past few days, has been centered upon four things: 1. The victories of the allied forces, culminating in Pershing's advance and capture of prisoners; 2. The speech of the Kaiser at Essen; 3. Germany's offer of a treaty of peace with Belgium; 4. Austria's suggestions of a conference of all the belligerent nations for the purpose of exchanging views. These four incidents are not separate, but are closely related. The last three were inspired by the first. If the allied forces had not won military victories, no such remarkable speech as Wil-

helm's made to the workers in Krupps would have been delivered, the tender to Belgium would not have been made, and the Austrian feeler for a talk-fest would not have been put forth.

There is a lesson for us to-day in the sequence of these events. Military success is the only argument that German militarists can now understand. When appeals are made to the solemnity of the plighted word, pleas for humanity are offered, arguments against the spirit of conquest presented—these fall upon ears that have been trained to deafness. The German war-lords never understood the utterances of the President when he declared for the rights of small nations, protested against the barbarity of the submarine slaughter of women and children, and demanded the freedom of the seas as the just right of all nations, great and small. It was never until his Baltimore address that they understood his language. "Force, force to the utmost," declared America's chosen spokesman on April 6th; "Force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." They had some conception of what "Force to the limit" meant, for that has been the German method since it wantonly and in the lust for what belonged to others, began the war in 1914.

But though they understood that language, they did not believe a Republic could organize an

effective force against a machine which autocracy had been creating with all its energy for half a century. They did not conceive that citizen-soldiers, under capable leadership, could win battles with less than a generation of training or that they could fight successfully without a hymn of hate. They derided the value of the President's "force without stint or limit," and told their people that America had no army, and could not organize one to be serviceable in this war. When millions were under training, they declared: "They cannot be transported because America has not the ships." When the ships were forthcoming, American and British, they lulled the German people into a sense of false security by promising that their submarines would sink them. And when more than a million and a half soldiers were landed in France, they made light of this achievement of army and navy by saying that these youths without experience would be easy victims for their hardened veterans. Is it any wonder, after it began to sink into Germany that American troops were fit to fight and took their places as equals with the soldiers of allied nations, that for the first time in his history the German Emperor felt it necessary to hurry to the munitions plants and take a hand-primary of the workers and compel them to publicly promise to go on with their work for the fatherland? That speech, not so much for what it said but because of the compulsion of making it, was the best proof that

the German will to go on in a hopeless war is waning.

Whenever an Emperor who believes he rules by divine right is forced to take a hand-primary of the toilers, you may be sure the timbers that uphold autocracy and militarism are weakening and that he sees the need of strengthening their foundations. In that speech, making an earnest plea to the workers, to promise him, on behalf of German labor, "we intend to fight to the last," the Kaiser in one sentence gave utterance to the irreconcilable differences between the faiths of men who are ruled and men who rule themselves. He said: "Each of us has received his appointed task from on high—you at your hammer, you at your lathe, and me upon the throne." It is a sad proof of the effectiveness of long indoctrination in error, that the men who, when told they were compelled all their lives to work at hammer and forge, accepted the state of vassalage and pledged their support. How many of them did so under compulsion? and how many because they accept without challenge the theory that "some men are born booted and spurred to ride upon the backs of others, to the glory of God"? These questions will be answered only after a victorious peace removes the ban upon the rights of men to think for themselves and speak their thoughts without fear.

Germany accepts the creed that the Junkers were born booted and spurred to ride upon the backs of the people who were preordained to be

hewers of wood and drawers of water. America denies with the passion of freedom that from "on high" comes any appointed task at hammer or forge or throne, or that men are cribbed or confined in any sphere of action. We profoundly believe here that men are created equal and that doors of opportunity and advancement must open to all alike. We hold with Daniel Webster that "God grants liberty to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it." When America ceases to hold to that creed and fight for it, then this will no longer be America. And it is because the Prussian war-lords resolved to bestride the world and govern it in the spirit of the Kaiser's speech at Essen that America is in the war. Having entered to prevent the rule of the world by Force and Greed, the people of America will remain in the war until the dangers of conquest and oppression are ended, and peace is guaranteed by a League of Nations, with a navy powerful enough to enforce the enlightened decrees of an enlightened world.

"I left no stone unturned to shorten the war," said the Kaiser in that remarkable speech. He spoke truly when he said that. For more than a score of years he had been whetting his knife for the throat of peaceful neighbors. When the favorable hour came to strike he devastated Belgium and hastened toward Paris to despoil the French, fully expecting when that had been accomplished to turn swiftly upon Russia and make it a vassal

state. He "left no stone unturned to shorten the war," for his troops on land spared neither woman nor child, church nor home, and on sea his sailors gloated as they sent unarmed ships with non-combatants of both sexes of every age to their sepulcher of the deep. Let nobody question the truthfulness of the statement that he did all he could to shorten the war—for no Hun, no Attila, no medieval soldier sought his end by less consideration of those upon whom his soldiers trampled in their eagerness to "shorten the war" and fatten upon the fruits of the labor of the conquered.

He "left no stone unturned," but his efforts were unavailing. Why? Because he put his faith in a German-made God, as is shown in his address to the Army on the 22d of December, 1917: "The year 1917, with its great battles, has proved that the German people have in the Lord of Creation alone an unconditional and avowed ally on whom it can absolutely rely." Why? Because, with reverence, President Wilson in his message to Congress a few days before, on December 4th, 1917, said: "The hand of God is laid upon the nations. He will show them favor, I devoutly believe, only if they rise to the clear heights of His own justice and mercy." The spirit and the faith of the two countries could not be better contrasted than in the boastful claim of an irresponsible Emperor whose God is "the unconditional and avowed ally" of the nation that

tramples upon His teachings, and the declaration of the true spokesman of American faith who invoked the favor of God for the people of his country "only if they rise to the clear heights of His own justice and mercy."

The allied advances are alone responsible for the offer of peace to Belgium and the proposition of the Austrian Emperor for a conference. American courage on land and sea wrote the first notes of the peace offensive. Having failed of their objectives by brutal disregard of the humane standards of warfare, the German war lords and their associates start a peace drive. America longs, yearns, prays and fights for peace. It is the goal of all its purposes. When the free peoples of the world almost held their breath after the successful German drive in March, Lloyd George in speaking of the future said: "It is a race between Wilson and Hindenburg," alluding to the need of large bodies of American troops to give the reserves needed for the blows recently struck. In that race Wilson has won!

President Wilson will "leave no stone unturned" to secure the peace of righteousness and justice for which our soldiers and sailors are freely making the supreme sacrifice. Lloyd George, whose gift of illuminating expression is not the least of his talents, recently declared that the Germans could have peace any day they were ready to accept the terms stated by President Wilson in his address before Congress, Tuesday, Jan-

uary 8, 1918. Those terms are the terms only of justice and have in them nothing for the enrichment of America. The answer of President Wilson to the Austrian note is direct and leaves nothing to be desired. That answer sent consternation to those who want a peace "made in Germany" and was a trumpet call to all who have highly resolved that the peace which the world needs can only come with abandonment of conquest and acceptance of the rights alike of the weak and the powerful. The German war lords will not accept that peace now because they prefer the death of millions of their subjects, who had no will in bringing on the war and have no voice in their government, to an acceptance of the rights of the people to determine their own lives and the character of their Government. Their spirit was expressed by their Count in Belgium who said to Brand Whitlock: "Freedom, it's not our way; and as for democracy—we want none of it." When the German ruler and people are ready to retire into their own territory and recognize that not a foot of land or a dollar of booty can be retained by conquest—when that moment arrives they will accept the just and moderate terms of President Wilson, approved by the Allies. Then peace, lasting peace, will smile upon the world. Nothing short of that will assure the goal for which we are fighting that the next generation will be freed from the scourge of war or the alternative of submission to the conqueror.

In America, to quote Ibsen's phrase, "there a free air blows over the people." Why should not this free air blow over the people of Belgium and Servia and Roumania? Why should the Czecho-Slovaks, the Poles and other subject peoples stifle when this free air would give them life and hope and national glory? Why indeed should Germans breathe the foul air of autocracy when if a free air could blow over them their brains would be clear to rise superior to the miasma of militarism?

What is our ideal of war and how does it compare with the ideals of Prussianism? The two men who speak for the opposing ideals have left us nothing of conjecture. The Prussian ideal has been seen in the plunging of the world into war with no excuse except the greed for world dominion and in the ruthless deeds of German soldiers. But we find it not only in deeds but as well in explicit words. Speaking to his troops embarking for China, July 27th, 1900, the German Kaiser said: "When you face the enemy he will be beaten! No quarter will be given! No prisoners will be taken! Whoever falls into your hands, let him be at your mercy! Just as the Huns a thousand years ago, under their King Attila, gained a reputation in virtue of which they still appear mighty in tradition and story, so may the name German be established by you in such a manner that for a thousand years no Chinaman will ever dare to look askance at a German."

Speaking to the National Army last year Presi-

dent Wilson gave the American ideal of war in his counsel to the young men going abroad to join the armies fighting for freedom. Mark the contrast between the counsel given by the German Emperor and the American President. Mr. Wilson said:

"You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through.

"Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it, and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!"

XXVII

WEALTH ENLISTED IN THE NATION'S SERVICE

You have enabled America to give to the world a new conception of finance. You have taught the other nations that the American's idea of his money, like his idea of his life, is something which is to be freely and ungrudgingly given for his ideals and his country whenever his country calls.

American Bankers' Association, Chicago, September 27, 1918.

You have, all of you, as individuals, as members of associations and patriotic bodies expressed your pride and appreciation of the magnificent achievements of our armies and our soldiers; our navy and its sailors; our manufacturers and their factories; our workmen and their industry. You have all given unstinted and unselfish praise for the splendid way they have met the tremendous problems of this fearful war.

I am here to express to you, speaking for our Government; speaking for the citizens of our country; and, I can add, speaking for the Allied World at large, to tell you of our appreciation of the splendid achievements and unselfish patriotism, of the efficient efforts shown by the bankers of America; to let you feel that we realize what

you have done, what you are doing, and what you will do towards the winning of this war; that we feel that you, by your abundant labors and generous contributions to provide the funds for fighting men and to benevolent objects, have given the lie to the sneers and taunts of our adversaries that we are a mere nation of money-makers, interested only in profits. We have proved that so obviously, so absurdly and patently false as to cause the most rabid of Prussians to drop as an useless and obviously absurd libel their whole campaign of belittlement of our national aims and motives.

The country is proud of you. You have shown the world that when your country calls, our bankers, like our soldiers and our sailors, have forgotten all selfish interests, all class interests, all interests of every kind, and with no thought of personal advantage or disadvantage, have set out to help win this war as best they can. And if we are proud of the spirit in which you have done this, we are no less proud of the splendid intelligence and the magnificent business efficiency with which you have translated your willingness to serve into actual efficient service, the magnitude of which cannot be overstated.

We are now well into the second year of our participation in this war. We are spending more money in a day than we spent at one time in a year. We are asking you and our people for billions, many billions, at a time. We have diverted to war work much of our national industry, by

which money is normally accumulated by our people and yet you are able, to-day, to attend this convention with no fear of panics at home; with no anxious inquiries after possible telegrams of financial troubles at the hotel desk; with balance sheets of actual profits more satisfactory than they have ever been before; as undisturbed, as unafraid as if we were in the middle of the "piping" times of peace. Think of it. You have paid out over your counters already over six billion dollars for Liberty Bonds, out of the total of nine billion nine hundred and seventy-five millions alloted, and yet your resources, instead of shrinking, have grown in the year preceding last May, from sixteen billion, one hundred forty-four thousand to eighteen billion, two hundred forty-nine, an actual increase of more than two billion dollars; and the Controller of the Currency reports that the total resources of the national banks of our country at this date exceed by more than one billion dollars the whole world's production of gold from the discovery of America in 1492 up to the year 1917.

More wonderful than all, perhaps, is the fact that during the year 1918 not a single national bank has failed—a record equaled only in 1881, since 1870—and during the past year one hundred and six new charters for national banks have been asked for, representing a capital of nine billion dollars more.

Figures are tiresome things. They are popu-

larly supposed to be utterly incompatible with romance or imagination, but surely these figures stand out clothed with as vivid picturesqueness as any word picture of the struggle at the front. While our soldiers and our sailors have carried forward our colors and kept us magnificently at war at the front, you gentlemen, with equal patriotism, have kept us, financially, magnificently at peace at home. For this we thank you.

None know better than we at Washington the value of your services or how impossible our achievements abroad would have been but for your help here. If we have given to the world a new conception of Democracy, a democracy that is real and virile and sincere and not a mere hypocritical cant of politicians and diplomats, but a Democracy that believes in democracy, you have on your part enabled America to give the world a new conception of finance, as unselfish, as patriotic, as broad and far-seeing, as pledged to the common cause of humanity as any of our other beliefs or actions, as perfectly fitting into the general example we have set of the same spirit which inspired our forefathers in the creation of this republic as any other things we have done or said since this conflict began. You have taught the other nations that the American's idea of his money, like his idea of his life, is something which is to be freely and ungrudgingly given for his ideals and his country whenever his country calls.

I have spoken, incidentally, of your own prosperous condition. It is pleasant to think that virtue is not always its only reward, that in helping your country, I think, perhaps, you help yourselves. It is the silver lining to our present clouds, just as our boys will come back stronger, better, more efficient men than they went forth; just as our manufacturers have learned many things which will make them far more efficient as manufacturers than before the war began, just as the whole country will be a stronger, more efficient country than it ever was before, so have you bankers learned by actual experience that in sacrificing much to your country, you have found increased ways of efficiency by which you may also help yourselves.

We are now starting another Liberty Loan. We are relying with the absolute confidence which comes from past experience upon you bankers to make it an even greater success than those which have preceded. Splendidly have you met our calls for aid in the past, even more splendidly will you meet our call of the present. It is through you that our greatest subscriptions have come; it is through your efforts that our greatest subscriptions must come. We have no fear, nor do we even feel that we are obliged to use any special efforts to arouse you to even greater efforts in the future. I do not intend to attempt to spur you on in this coming campaign because I know you need no spurring. I am trying merely

to let you feel that what you have done has been appreciated and will be appreciated; to express to you so far as I can the feeling of pride, the feeling of gratitude which the whole country shares with me in regard to the bankers of America.

Back of all the pride and pomp of war, behind the roar of guns and the shouting armies, with no Legions of Honor, or Victoria Crosses dangling in front of their eyes as glittering awards, must sit in their quiet counting houses the controllers of the world's finances, and through anxious hours and sleepless nights must they provide ways and means by which the guns and armies may move forward to the front. In this silent, unpicturesque, unheroic struggle, which is really our first line of defense, we are now preparing a forward movement in force; we are at the beginning of this Loan Campaign, going over our accouterments, testing our ammunition, preparing, as it were, a sort of general charge. I have not the slightest doubt but what at the very head of all the soldiers in this assault, we will see, as heretofore, our bankers, the first "over the top."

Fortunately, before the strain upon our resources in financing this expensive war, the Federal Reserve Act had become a law and was in successful operation. If this system had not been created prior to our entrance into the war, the first duty of Government would have been to provide the facilities for buttressing our financial buildings by its prompt enactment. It is the out-

standing creative constructive act of this generation, the perfect product of the study of the needs of a sound American financial policy. Before that measure stabilized our financial and banking system, periodical panics wrought destruction when there was heavy drain upon our resources, but since the Federal Reserve Act made national wealth instantly available to protect national credit, there has been no hint of panic or financial disturbance to give apprehension to business men. Instead, it has given confidence, promoted enterprise and expansion, and been a foundation of rock upon which we have builded trade and manufacturing expansion unprecedented in history. It has enabled, without a jar or creaking of the splendid machines, the financing of this war, which calls for many billions. For years, before the Federal Reserve law was devised, the wisest men among us had pointed out the defects of our out-grown financial system to afford elasticity and confidence necessary to business, but differences of opinion had delayed action. All honor to the wise men who drafted the Federal Reserve law; all honor to the men who had the wisdom to put it on the statute books, all honor to those charged with its operation and success! From the day the President signed that epoch-making measure and the Secretary of the Treasury successfully launched it, the coöperation and assistance and wise counsel of the bankers of America has been hearty, sincere and complete.

Without such wise and helpful coöperation by the financial leaders in every part of the country the system would not have translated the statute into the living fountain from which confidence and assurance have sprung to safeguard American prosperity. Financial disturbances of other days which hung so often like a pall upon the enterprise and expansion of American industry were dissipated by this measure and its wise operation.

The whole world recognizes the soundness of our system. A typical expression of approval was voiced by Sir Edward H. Holden of the London City and Midland Bank of London, England, who said: "The United States has built up a banking system which surpasses in strength and excellence any other banking system in the world."

Democracy in financing this war has illustrated its firm hold upon our country. In other wars, when large loans were to be placed, a few great bankers were relied upon by the Government to act as its fiduciary agents. Sometimes, a single great banker floated loans, securing, of course, the coöperation of others. In this day, when billions rather than millions were needed, the Government looked with confidence to all the banks to take the laboring oar, and in metropolis and hamlet, they have safely navigated three Liberty Loans, and to-night have launched the ship that they will steer safely into harbor carrying with it six billion dollars and the pledge of as much more as may be needed to win the war.

XXVIII

THE RETURN TO THE PROMISED LAND

The liberation of Palestine, the beginning of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, bears a promise of spiritual re-birth—not merely the re-birth of the Jewish people, but of the whole Orient . . . the birth of new ideals, of new ethical values, of new conceptions of social justice which shall spring as a blessing for all mankind from that land and that people whose law-givers and prophets and sages, in ancient days spoke those truths which have come thundering down the ages, and which form the fabric and foundation of modern civilization.

Zionist Patriotic Demonstration to celebrate the Victory of the Allied Armies in Palestine and President Wilson's statement Approving the Aims of the Zionist Organization, New York, September 29, 1918.

It was overkind on the part of Judge Mack, and, I am tempted to say, an exaggeration of the very small part I played in the matter, when, in his gracious allusion to the service rendered in the Spring of 1915 by the United States, through their navy, to the Jewish people, he has thought fit to award to me the credit for an act which was participated in joyfully by the whole American people. The more so, because in dispatching the *Vulcan* to Palestine with a cargo of food sup-

plies, we are bringing succor to a people who had become victims of the war, not because of any fault of their own, not even because, like the people of outraged Belgium, they happened to be standing in the path which the monster Prussian chose to tread in order to win a speedy victory in his foul design to conquer Europe, to conquer, indeed, the whole world.

The Jews of Palestine seemed remote from the theater of war. Only those who might have been in the confidence of Wilhelmstrasse could have imagined that eventually that land would be drawn in, and would become one of the most glorious scenes in the universal war-theater. Allenby was to come later; but that was still on the knees of the gods. But, with the outbreak of the war, Palestine was besieged and blockaded. All roads, over land or sea, leading from it to civilization were suddenly closed, and its people destined, so it seemed, to speedy annihilation from hunger and disease. The civilized world, which had rushed to the rescue of Belgium, was dismayed by this impending tragedy—the imminent doom of a people who, inspired by love of that land which in days of yore had been their very own, had returned thither, to build anew somewhat of its ancient glories, and, amidst hallowed memories, to find peace and the privilege of self-expression.

Palestine, for all times the beloved of the three great religions, the cradle of liberty and civili-

zation, had just begun to emerge from the pages of history and to take its new place in the thoughts of forward-looking men and women. The wonderful story of the Jewish pioneers who, out of the swamp and the desert, in the face of death by withering heat and savage marauders, had built up half a hundred colonies, had begun the development of a new Jewish culture based on what was best of the ancient Hebrew culture, plus the Jewish experiences of the past two thousand years—this Palestine, to which the whole world was beginning to look with sympathy and enthusiasm, was apparently about to become the grave of the noblest effort in which a people could be engaged.

To America, which has found inspiration in the ancient Hebraic ideals, in the ethical principles of the ancient Hebrew lawgiver and the Hebrew prophets, the peril confronting Palestine caused the greatest pain. And I knew that the American people would gladly do whatever might lie in their power to rescue it from the disaster to which it seemed about to succumb.

At the same time, let me now record my keen disappointment that circumstances soon shaped themselves so as to make it impossible for me to realize the fond hope I entertained at that time, and which I often expressed to your representatives who came to see me so frequently during the days of preparation for the *Vulcan's* relief-mission, that her trip would not be an isolated

one. But if this hope was to remain unrealized, yet it became possible to use the United States Navy for another demonstration of friendship for the Jews of Palestine. Quite providentially the Cruiser *Tennessee* was in Mediterranean waters when the Turkish government decreed the banishment of some 8,000 Jews who had refused to become Ottoman subjects. Who knows what would have been the fate of these brave men and women, who dared the wrath that their staunch refusal had aroused, if Captain Decker, hardly waiting for approval of his plan, had not rushed to Jaffa and, transforming his cruiser into a ferry-boat, made a half-dozen trips to Alexandria and back, until every man, woman and child who wished to go had found safety?

If, by virtue of the accidental fact that I happened to be the Secretary of the Navy, these acts came under my jurisdiction, it does not seem to me that I need be made the object of words of praise and gratitude. Rather, it is I who should express gratitude to the kind fates that made it possible for me to be the instrument through which the American people acted. And it is a pleasant memory to me that I had the privilege of taking the official steps in the first concrete acts whereby Americans indicated their thorough sympathy with and approval of the efforts to establish, in Palestine, a national homeland for the Jewish people.

But if in your judgment some one must be

found to whom credit for these acts must be given, it is not to me it should be tendered, but to that defender of the rights of the smaller nationalities to lead their own lives and develop, unhindered, their own culture, to that man who has put the seal of American approval on the Zionist movement, to the world-leader and President —Woodrow Wilson!

Let my presence here to-night testify to my great pleasure that President Wilson has finally uttered the word that you have been waiting so long, so eagerly to hear, the word which by your sacrifices, by your devotion to your history and traditions, by your staunchness to the cause of humanity, by your loyalty to the cause of America and its associates in this war, you have so well deserved to hear. President Wilson in his letter to that splendid American, Rabbi Wise, spoke for the whole American people when he expressed his satisfaction with the progress of the Zionist movement in this and in allied countries. And it is characteristic of the man, of his thoughtfulness and his delicacy of feeling, that he timed his message of approval with the advent of the Jewish New Year. Thus he, speaking for all of us, for the whole American people, expressed our hope that this new year which has just begun for you should bring to you that greatest happiness for which you have prayed during the centuries: the end of your homelessness, the beginning of a new life for the Jews as one of the great family

of free, enlightened and enlightening peoples.

It was with this same delicacy of feeling, that rare and keen perception of the higher values of human endeavor, that President Wilson predicated his letter on the fine achievements of the Weisman Commission, with especial reference to the laying of the corner-stone of the Hebrew University on the Mount of Olives when he wrote: "I think that all Americans will be deeply moved by the report that even in this time of stress the Weisman commission has been able to lay the foundation of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem with the promise that bears of spiritual rebirth."

The beginning of the Hebrew University bears a promise of spiritual rebirth—not merely the spiritual rebirth of the Jewish people, but of the whole Orient. I recall the visionings of Sir Mark Sykes at the great demonstration in London following the Balfour declaration, when, prophesying for the near future, he saw a new entente, a new United States of the Near East, composed of the Arabs, the Armenians and the Jews, combining to give to the Orient a new culture, a new civilization, and making of it a guarantor of world-peace. And not only the spiritual rebirth of the Orient, but the birth of new ideals, of new ethical values, of new conceptions of social justice which shall spring as a blessing for all mankind from that land and that people whose lawgivers and prophets and sages, in ancient days,

spoke those truths which have come thundering down the ages, and which form the fabric and the foundation of modern civilization. Who knows but what in modern Judea, whose every hill and valley rings with the imperishable utterances of an Isaiah and a Jeremiah, of a Micah and an Amos, there may not be born some new truth to bless the world and lead mankind to even greater heights than it has already attained.

And now Palestine is liberated! The brave troops of our noble ally, Great Britain, have swept the country clean of the foe. The sweeping victory of General Allenby has finally cleared the way for you to go on with the great work which you have undertaken—the establishment in Palestine of a National Jewish Homeland. The full significance of the words uttered on November 2nd last by the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, British Foreign Secretary, and now so nobly echoed by President Wilson—"that the British Government will use its best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object"—is daily becoming clearer. England has not been sparing of its blood for the sake of redeeming its pledge to right the historic wrong that the world has meted out to the Jewish people. Our other allies, France and Italy and Serbia and Greece, have approved and endorsed the pledge by Great Britain, and when this war ends and the peace council meets, you may be sure that America, defender of the weak and the oppressed, will be as

outspoken in the Jewish behalf as have been any of our allies.

Now the opportunity is yours. It is for you to establish the homeland you dream of. The nations of the world can do no more than give you leave, then guarantee to you that your efforts shall not be in vain. But the effort must be yours. The liberation of Palestine is the summons to you to go to work and build well and nobly. So you have begun. Your colonies, your urban settlements, your financial institutions, your educational system, your university, your fine attitude toward your neighbors, these are noble beginnings, and upon them I am sure you will rear a structure which will be a blessing forever to you and all mankind.

But your hopes for a national future, and the hopes of the other smaller nationalities, as well as of all forward-looking humanity will be in vain, will be crushed beyond resurrection, unless America and its allies are victorious. By the blood of our martyrs and heroes let us dedicate ourselves anew to the cause which means so much to all of us. Not until Germany has been utterly defeated, not until the brutal Prussians, the Hohenzollerns and Hindenburgs and Ludendorffs and Von Tirpitzes, have been humbled in the sight of God and man, and sue for a peace that shall be made in Germany but not by the Germans, not until then shall we pause.

We are summoned to give of ourselves and of

our treasure, to pledge our lives, our sacred honor and our fortunes to this cause. And in the victory of the forces of freedom, to which you have contributed so many thousands of men and so many millions of money, you, like the rest of humanity, will attain your highest dreams and realize your highest hopes.

XXIX

A PEACE OF JUSTICE, NOT REVENGE

We have won the Great War. Let us now proceed to win the Greater Peace.

This European Revolution has ushered in a new world. It must somehow be made a world of justice and opportunity to all classes of men, and from it must somehow be obliterated the temptations and ambitions that prove and cause aggression and war.

Community Thanksgiving Service, Buffalo, N. Y., November 28, 1918.

We are here to-day to render thanks to the God of Nations for the widest victory ever achieved by the forces of freedom; to take counsel how a peace won by so much valor and sacrifice may long endure; to acclaim with our spirits the brave dead who lie under the white crosses on the plains of France and Flanders, and those who found sepulcher under the sea.

There pass, too, before our minds the stark heroism of the Belgians, preferring annihilation to dishonor; the flaming patriotism and valor of France; the constancy and might of Great Britain; the steadfastness of Italy, whom the storm could batter but could not break; the heroism and contributions of Japan and Serbia and Roumania

and Greece and Portugal; the sympathies of our loyal neighbors of Latin-America and the glorious purpose to be free of the great Jewish and Slavic peoples fighting to emancipate themselves from centuries of bondage and shackles. Thanks be to God, as our great President so simply said, "the war thus comes to an end." It is almost a platitude to characterize it as the costliest, cruelest, fiercest struggle of modern history, perhaps of all time; involving twenty-eight nations, destroying two hundred billions of treasure, sacrificing ten millions of lives, wounding twenty millions and bringing loss and suffering to every land and people.

It is now as clear as crystal how this war began. A great nation strong in physical force and organizing genius ruled by an irresponsible autocratic government deliberately willed this war as a means of enlarging its territory and widening its dominion. It was a nation that had thriven by war as a national industry and its leaders had reached the mad conclusion that its destiny was world-power or downfall, and that all laws international or moral were subservient to this grandiose purpose. Relying upon the unmilitary organization of democracy, this nation, armed to the teeth, sprang upon the world with the intent of forcing upon mankind its peculiar system of life, political, social and economic. To these masters of German policy "democracy was a thing infirm of purpose, jealous, timid, changeable, unthor-

ough, without foresight, blundering along in an age of lucidity guided by confused instincts." To them the supreme human conception was not religion, nor love, nor God, but the State organized for power, and the supreme social duty was obedience to that power. And so, once more in the great human story the issue was made up between contrasting civilizations, between ideals and institutions, between freedom and force.

It has been a long dark night through which the world has passed. This war soon showed itself to be a war not of dynasties but of whole peoples, a war of systems, not of armies alone, a war between Christian civilization and a creed of tribal gods. Never before in human affairs has the issue been so clearly drawn between the force that is called moral and the force that is merely physical or unmoral, and we are thanking God to-day that His divine law of morality is the sign in the heavens by which we have conquered and shall conquer. The time had apparently come in the affairs of men when the decision must be made between democracy and autocracy as the ruling and guiding principle in the social order. And democracy, that divine gospel which Christ taught, has won. The theory that every man in the world, high or low, rich or poor, shall have a chance to make the most of himself is now the fixed philosophy of all nations; and never again, I venture to assert, will the false philosophy that men exist to serve a state ruled despot-

ically drag great peoples to their doom. There have been wars like the upheaval of the Reformation that won for mankind freedom of conscience; like the French Revolution that gained for men political liberty; like the American Revolution that won national independence. This war, colossal in all its aspects, has been a war of liberation not alone for the settled governments and empires whose systems of life were threatened but for the submerged races who have lived for ages under alien control but who shall now have the chance to determine their lives and fix their destinies by their own wisdom and their own choice. What has happened during this fateful autumn baffles the imagination and almost confounds the comprehension of the mind of man. We have seen the myth of Teutonic military invincibility exploded, the empire of Bismarck dissolved, and a Socialist harness-maker seated in the chair of the Iron Chancellor. The Austrian mosaic has disintegrated, Turkey and Bulgaria are broken to pieces. New nations have sprung into life and ancient kingdoms like Poland are reshaping themselves in forms of freedom. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, if they have not literally followed Henry Watterson's injunction, have scurried as unwelcome guests into foreign asylums. The gray ships of Great Britain and other allied nations receive the surrender of the navy of the proud empire whose future their emperor declared to be on the

water. France—glorious, immortal France—has rewon the love of the world and established itself in a glory before which its Napoleonic grandeur fades, and American soldiers with as fine motives as ever influenced an old crusader, with no selfish ends in view, no territory to win, no glory to gain save the glory of freedom defended, stand, triumphant but unstained by hate or rapine, at the passes of the Rhine. I can account for the almost unbelievable completeness of this vast victory only on the ground that Almighty God, knowing that this issue was between everlasting right and everlasting wrong, threw into the scales His omnipotent weight and endowed the soldiers and sailors of freedom with power to prevail.

I do not need to tell such a company as this that our country did not lightly enter this war. Its traditions and ideals were against foreign entanglements. Its preoccupation was peace. Its President was a man of ideals but also of practical world vision. He loved peace but only a peace that left national honor and national sovereignty unviolated. Germany's masters left us no choice. It was war or dishonor and menace to our liberties. And so we chose war, and though it has not been ours to tread the long, rough road of our heroic Allies, we got there in time and we got there in force and our sacrifices have known no stint or limit. Our men on land and sea have put a new glory on the flag we love. The home

front has stood like a rock behind its fighting forces, and it is my judgment that unbiased history will record that no government ever put forth a mightier and more fruitful effort than the United States of America under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson in the one year and seven months of its participation in the World War of 1914-1918.

And so I think I may properly claim that the free peoples of the world by the might of great fortitude and resourcefulness and courage have indeed made the world safe for democracy in the sense that it has proved that democracy is not an optimistic dream, but a concrete force able to protect itself against tyranny and aggression and powerful enough to substitute as national ideals its tenets of freedom and opportunity as opposed to those of personal government and despotic force.

It now remains to make democracy safe for the world by defining its ends, clarifying its purposes, and enacting into law its essential ideals. And herein lies the path to just, honorable, and enduring peace. We have won the Great War. Let us now proceed to win the Greater Peace. As Abraham Lincoln nobly said in his second Inaugural: "Let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may

achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations."

This European Revolution has ushered in a new world. It must somehow be made a world of justice and opportunity to all classes of men and from it must somehow be obliterated the temptations and ambitions that provoke and cause aggression and war. There is first and foremost, the domestic situation most intimately touching us all, which has for its problems the right education of the people, for if you do not educate a democracy you will soon have no democracy to educate; the just rewards and opportunities of labor, protection to the weak as truly as we protect the strong, fair systems of taxation, and the maintenance of such establishments of force as will guarantee freedom without suggesting any monstrous form of democratic imperialism. There is, secondly, the world situation soon to be considered in a World Congress which has for its problem the building of a new European civilization based on justice and self-determination. The least of its problems will be the mere settlement with Germany. It is true that Germany lies before the Congress, broken in her pride and suffering a humiliation due to her folly unexampled in modern history. She must be dealt with firmly, for the sins of her rulers and all who followed their spirit are black and bitter, and her crimes deserve such treatment and such punishment as will protect the future. But no policy of

hatred, no spirit of vengeance, should guide this world renewal. The protection of women and children knows no friends and no enemies. The rebirth of modern civilization should not go forward under any spell of mere revenge or malice to millions of men. Principle and justice, touched with mercy to the weak, should guide this Congress, not passion or emotion.

One hundred and five years ago the Napoleonic world lay in ruins. The Congress of Vienna met to compose and readjust the nations. Brilliant men constituted its membership, but it lives in history as the meanest and unworthiest assemblage of men who ever undertook a mighty task, and in its sordid decisions lay the seeds of this great struggle through which we have just passed. It, too, had a principle of guidance and stuck to it to the bitter end. Monarchy, the divine right of rulers, men and nations as pawns in a gigantic "swap" or trade informed its councils. Let us thank God on this ancient festival day that the principle of the Congress of Paris will be the rights and welfare of all peoples however small or however great, the eternal political truth that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and the faith that the free peoples of the earth, especially those great nations which have welded their friendship into everlasting sympathy and understanding in the fires of common sacrifice and struggle, are ripe enough in political wisdom and

sound enough of heart to form a Federation of Justice which shall be able to ensure progress and guarantee freedom among all men throughout the world.

XXX

THE MARINES AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

More than faithful in every emergency, accepting hardships with admirable morale, proud of the honor of taking their place as shock troops for the American legions, they have fulfilled every glorious tradition of their corps, and they have given to the world a list of heroes whose names will go down to all history.

Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy, December 1, 1918.

THAT efficient fighting, building, and landing force of the Navy, the Marine Corps, has won imperishable glory in the fulfillment of its latest duties upon the battle-fields of France, where the Marines, fighting for the time under General Pershing as a part of the victorious American Army, have written a story of valor and sacrifice that will live in the brightest annals of the war. With heroism that nothing could daunt, the Marine Corps played a vital rôle in stemming the German rush on Paris, and in later days aided in the beginning of the great offensive, the freeing of Rheims, and participated in the hard fighting in Champagne, which had as its object the throwing back of the Prussian armies in the vicinity of Cambrai and St. Quentin.

With only 8,000 men engaged in the fiercest battles, the Marine Corps casualties numbered 69 officers and 1,531 enlisted men dead and 78 officers and 2,435 enlisted men wounded seriously enough to be officially reported by cablegram, to which number should be added not a few whose wounds did not incapacitate them for further fighting. However, with a casualty list that numbers nearly half the original 8,000 men who entered battle, the official reports account for only 57 United States Marines who have been captured by the enemy. This includes those who were wounded far in advance of their lines and who fell into the hands of Germans while unable to resist.

Memorial Day shall henceforth have a greater, deeper significance for America, for it was on that day, May 30, 1918, that our country really received its first call to battle—the battle in which American troops had the honor of stopping the German drive on Paris, throwing back the Prussian hordes in attack after attack, and beginning the retreat which lasted until Imperial Germany was beaten to its knees and its emissaries appealing for an armistice under the flag of truce. And to the United States marines, fighting side by side with equally brave and equally courageous men in the American Army, to that faithful sea and land force of the Navy, fell the honor of taking over the lines where the blow of the Prussian would strike the hardest, the line that was near-

est Paris and where, should a breach occur, all would be lost. The world knows to-day that the United States Marines held that line; that they blocked the advance that was rolling on toward Paris at a rate of 6 or 7 miles a day; that they met the attack in American fashion and with American heroism; that Marines and soldiers of the American Army threw back the crack guard divisions of Germany, broke their advance, and then, attacking, drove them back in the beginning of a retreat that was not to end until the "cease firing" signal sounded for the end of the world's greatest war.

It was on the evening of May 30, after a day dedicated to the memory of their comrades who had fallen in the training days and in the Verdun sector, that the Fifth and Sixth Regiments and the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion, United States Marines, each received the following orders:

Advance information official received that this regiment will move at 10 p. m. 30 May by bus to new area. All trains shall be loaded at once and arrangements hastened. Wagons, when loaded, will move to Serans to form train.

All through the night there was fevered activity among the Marines. Then, the next morning, the long trains of camions, busses, and trucks, each carrying its full complement of United States Marines, went forward on a road which at one place wound within less than 10

miles of Paris, toward Meaux and the fighting line.

Through the town of Meaux went the long line of camions and to the village of Montriel-aux-Lions, less than 4 miles from the rapidly advancing German line. On this trip the camions containing the Americans were the only traffic traveling in the direction of the Germans; everything else was going the other way—refugees, old men and women, small children, riding on every conceivable conveyance, many trudging along the side of the road driving a cow or calf before them, all of them covered with the white dust which the camion caravan was whirling up as it rolled along; along that road only one organization was advancing, the United States Marines.

At last, their destination reached early on the morning of June 2, they disembarked, stiff and tired after a journey of more than 72 miles, but as they formed their lines and marched onward in the direction of the line they were to hold they were determined and cheerful. That evening the first field message from the Fourth Brigade to Major General Omar Bundy, commanding the Second Division, went forward:

Second Battalion, Sixth Marines, in line from Le Thiolet through Clarembauts Woods to Triangle to Lucy. Instructed to hold line. First Battalion, Sixth Marines, going into line from Lucy through Hill 142. Third Battalion in suport at La Voie du Chatel, which is also the post command of the Sixth Marines. Sixth machine-gun battalion distributed at line.

Meanwhile the Fifth Regiment was moving into line, machine guns were advancing, and the artillery taking its position. That night the men and officers of the Marines slept in the open, many of them in a field that was green with unharvested wheat, awaiting the time when they should be summoned to battle. The next day at 5 o'clock, the afternoon of June 2, began the battle of Château-Thierry, with the Americans holding the line against the most vicious wedge of the German advance.

The advance of the Germans was across a wheat field, driving at Hill 165 and advancing in smooth columns. The United States Marines, trained to keen observation upon the rifle range, nearly every one of them wearing a marksman's medal or better, that of the sharpshooter or expert rifleman, did not wait for those gray-clad hordes to advance nearer. Calmly they set their sights and aimed with the same precision that they had shown upon the rifle ranges at Paris Island, Mare Island, and Quantico. Incessantly their rifles cracked, and with their fire came the support of the artillery. The machine-gun fire, incessant also, began to make its inroads upon the advancing forces. Closer and closer the shrapnel burst to its targets. Caught in a seething wave of machine-gun fire, of scattering shrapnel, of accurate rifle fire, the Germans found themselves in a position in which further advance could only mean absolute suicide. The lines hesitated.

They stopped. They broke for cover, while the Marines raked the woods and ravines in which they had taken refuge with machine gun and rifle to prevent them making another attempt to advance by infiltrating through. Above, a French airplane was checking up on the artillery fire. Surprised by the fact that men should deliberately set their sights, adjust their range, and then fire deliberately at an advancing foe, each man picking his target, instead of firing merely in the direction of the enemy, the aviator signaled below "Bravo!" In the rear that word was echoed again and again. The German drive on Paris had been stopped.

For the next few days the fighting took on the character of pushing forth outposts and determining the strength of the enemy. Now, the fighting had changed. The Germans, mystified that they should have run against a stone wall of defense just when they believed that their advance would be easiest, had halted, amazed; then prepared to defend the positions they had won with all the stubbornness possible. In the black recesses of Belleau Wood the Germans had established nest after nest of machine guns. There in the jungle of matted underbrush, of vines, of heavy foliage, they had placed themselves in positions they believed impregnable. And this meant that unless they could be routed, unless they could be thrown back, the breaking of the attack of June 2 would mean nothing. There would

come another drive and another. The battle of Château-Thierry was therefore not won and could not be won until Belleau Wood had been cleared of the enemy.

It was June 6 that the attack of the American troops began against that wood and its adjacent surroundings, with the wood itself and the towns of Torcy and Bouresches forming the objectives. At 5 o'clock the attack came, and there began the tremendous sacrifices which the Marine Corps gladly suffered that the German fighters might be thrown back.

The Marines fought strictly according to American methods—a rush, a halt, a rush again, in four-wave formation, the rear waves taking over the work of those who had fallen before them, passing over the bodies of their dead comrades and plunging ahead, until they, too, should be torn to bits. But behind those waves were more waves, and the attack went on.

"Men fell like flies"; the expression is that of an officer writing from the field. Companies that had entered the battle 250 strong dwindled to 50 and 60, with a sergeant in command; but the attack did not falter. At 9.45 o'clock that night Bouresches was taken by Lieut. James F. Robertson and twenty-odd men of his platoon; these soon were joined by two reënforcing platoons. Then came the enemy counter attacks, but the Marines held.

In Belleau Wood the fighting had been literally

from tree to tree, stronghold to stronghold; and it was a fight which must last for weeks before its accomplishment in victory. Belleau Wood was a jungle, its every rocky formation forming a German machine-gun nest, almost impossible to reach by artillery or grenade fire. There was only one way to wipe out these nests—by the bayonet. And by this method were they wiped out, for United States Marines, bare chested, shouting their battle cry of "E-e-e-e-e y-a-a-h-h-h yip!" charged straight into the murderous fire from those guns, and won! Out of the number that charged, in more than one instance, only one would reach the stronghold. There, with his bayonet as his only weapon, he would either kill or capture the defenders of the nest, and then swinging the gun about in its position, turn it against the remaining German positions in the forest. Such was the character of the fighting in Belleau Wood; fighting which continued until July 6, when after a short relief the invincible Americans finally were taken back to the rest billet for recuperation.

In all the history of the Marine Corps there is no such battle as that one in Belleau Wood. Fighting day and night without relief, without sleep, often without water, and for days without hot rations, the Marines met and defeated the best divisions that Germany could throw into the line. Time after time officers seeing their lines cut to pieces, seeing their men so dog tired that

they even fell asleep under shell fire, hearing their wounded calling for the water that they were unable to supply, seeing men fight on after they had been wounded and until they dropped unconscious; time after time officers seeing these things, believing that the very limit of human endurance had been reached, would send back messages to their post command that their men were exhausted. But in answer to this would come the word that the lines must hold, and if possible those lines must attack. And the lines obeyed. Without water, without food, without rest they went forward—and forward every time to victory. Companies had been so torn and lacerated by losses that they were hardly platoons; but they held their lines and advanced them. In more than one case companies lost every officer, leaving a sergeant and sometimes a corporal to command, and the advance continued. After 13 days in this inferno of fire a captured German officer told with his dying breath of a fresh division of Germans that was about to be thrown into the battle to attempt to wrest from the Marines that part of the wood they had gained. The Marines, who for days had been fighting only on their sheer nerve, who had been worn out from nights of sleeplessness, from lack of rations, from terrific shell and machine-gun fire, straightened their lines and prepared for the attack. It came—as the dying German officer had predicted.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of June 13 it was launched by the Germans along the whole front. Without regard for men, the enemy hurled his forces against Bouresches and the Bois de Belleau, and sought to win back what had been taken from Germany by the Americans. The orders were that these positions must be taken at all costs; that the utmost losses in men must be endured that the Bois de Belleau and Bouresches might not fall again into German hands. But the depleted lines of the Marines held; the men who had fought on their nerve alone for days once more showed the mettle of which they were made. With their backs to the trees and boulders of the Bois de Belleau, with their sole shelter the scattered ruins of Bouresches, the thinning lines of the Marines repelled the attack and crashed back the new division which had sought to wrest the position from them.

And so it went. Day after day, night after night, while time after time messages like the following traveled to the post command:

Losses heavy. Difficult to get runners through. Some have never returned. Morale excellent, but troops about all in. Men exhausted.

Exhausted, but holding on. And they continued to hold on in spite of every difficulty. Advancing their lines slowly day by day, the Marines finally prepared their positions to such an extent that the last rush for the possession of the

wood could be made. Then, on June 24, following a tremendous barrage, the struggle began.

The barrage literally tore the woods to pieces, but even its immensity could not wipe out all the nests that remained; the emplacements that were behind almost every clump of bushes, every jagged, rough group of boulders. But those that remained were wiped out by the American method of the rush and the bayonet, and in the days that followed every foot of Belleau Wood was cleared of the enemy and held by the frayed lines of the Americans.

It was, therefore, with the feeling of work well done that the depleted lines of the Marines were relieved in July, that they might be filled with replacements and made ready for the grand offensive in the vicinity of Soissons, July 18. And in recognition of their sacrifice and bravery this praise was forthcoming from the French:

Army Headquarters, June 30, 1918.

In view of the brilliant conduct of the Fourth Brigade of the Second United States Division, which in a spirited fight took Bouresches and the important strong point of Bois de Belleau, stubbornly defended by a large enemy force, the general commanding the Sixth Army orders that henceforth, in all official papers, the Bois de Belleau shall be named "Bois de la Brigade de Marine."

DIVISION GENERAL DEGOUTTE,
Commanding Sixth Army.

Congratulations from General Pershing and General Foch on the fine work of the Fourth Brigade were embodied in a general order, dated

June 9, 1918, issued by Brigadier General Harbord to the units under his command.

On July 18 the Marines were again called into action in the vicinity of Soissons, near Tigny and Vierzy. In the face of a murderous fire from concentrated machine guns, which contested every foot of their advance, the United States Marines moved forward until the severity of their casualties necessitated that they dig in and hold the positions they had gained. Here, again, their valor called forth official praise, which came in the following:

General Orders, No. 46.

It is with keen pride that the divisional commander transmits to the command the congratulations and affectionate greetings of Gen. Pershing, who visited the divisional headquarters last night. His praise of the gallant work of the division on the 18th and 19th is echoed by the French high command, the Third Corps commander, American Expeditionary Forces, and in a telegram from the former divisional commander. In spite of two sleepless nights, long marches through rain and mud, and the discomfort of hunger and thirst, the division attacked side by side with the gallant First Moroccan Division, and maintained itself with credit. You advanced over 6 miles, captured over 3,000 prisoners, 11 batteries of artillery, over 100 machine guns, minnenwerfers, and supplies. The Second Division has sustained the best traditions of the Regular Army and the Marine Corps. The story of your achievements will be told in millions of homes in all allied nations to-night.

J. G. HARBORD, *Major General, N. A.*

France, July 21.

Then came the battle for the St. Mihiel salient. On the night of September 11 the Second Divi-

sion took over a line running from Remenauville to Limey, and on the night of September 14 and the morning of September 15 attacked, with two days' objectives ahead of them. Overcoming the enemy resistance, they romped through to the Rupt de Mad, a small river, crossed it on stone bridges, occupied Thiacourt, the first day's objective, scaled the heights just beyond it, pushed on to a line running from the Zammes-Joulney Ridges to the Binvaux Forest, and there rested, with the second day's objectives occupied by 2.50 o'clock of the first day. The casualties of the division were about 1,000, of which 134 were killed. Of these, about half were Marines. The captures in which the Marines participated were 80 German officers, 3,200 men, ninety-odd cannon, and vast stores.

But even further honors were to befall the fighting, landing, and building force, of which the Navy is justly proud. In the early part of October it became necessary for the Allies to capture the bald, jagged ridge 20 miles due east of Rheims, known as Blanc Mont Ridge. Here the armies of Germany and the Allies had clashed more than once, and attempt after attempt had been made to wrest it from German hands. It was a keystone of the German defense, the fall of which would have a far-reaching effect upon the enemy armies. To the glory of the United States Marines, let it be said, that they were again a part of that splendid Second Division which

swept forward in the attack which freed Blanc Mont Ridge from German hands, pushed its way down the slopes, and occupied the level ground just beyond, thus assuring a victory, the full import of which can best be judged by the order of General Lejeune, following the battle, in which he said:

> As a direct result of your victory, the German armies east and west of Rheims are in full retreat, and by drawing on yourselves several German divisions from other parts of the front you greatly assisted the victorious advance of the allied armies between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

Thus it is that the United States Marines have fulfilled the glorious traditions of their corps in this their latest duty as the "soldiers who go to sea." Their sharpshooting—and in one regiment 93 per cent of the men wear the medal of a marksman, a sharpshooter, or an expert rifleman —has amazed soldiers of European armies, accustomed merely to shooting in the general direction of the enemy. Under the fiercest fire they have calmly adjusted their sights, aimed for their man, and killed him, and in bayonet attacks their advance on machine-gun nests has been irresistible. In the official citation lists more than one American Marine is credited with taking an enemy machine gun single handed, bayoneting its crew and then turning the gun against the foe. In one battle alone, that of Belleau Wood, the citation lists bear the names of fully 500 United

States Marines who so distinguished themselves in battle as to call forth the official commendation of their superior officers.

More than faithful in every emergency, accepting hardships with admirable morale, proud of the honor of taking their place as shock troops for the American legions, they have fulfilled every glorious tradition of their corps, and they have given to the world a list of heroes whose names will go down to all history.

XXXI

COMRADES OF THE SEAS

There is one outstanding blessing that came to the world out of this war, and that is the perfect coöperation and sympathy and comradeship between the American and British navies. They worked together during the struggle in close coöperation with other allied navies. They are together now and must forever be together in the resolve to protect what their valor has won, and to preserve alike for themselves and all the world the complete freedom of the seas.

Springfield, Mass., December 8, 1918.

A FEW months ago in almost every city of this country, Americans gathered with their French allies to celebrate Bastille day. It gave me a thrill, as I stood on the platform with the French ambassador, at the celebration held in New York, to express the sentiment which was in the heart of every American, of gratitude and love for France.

Particularly so, because as Secretary of the Navy, I recalled that a great French general had come to our aid at the time of our need, commemorated by Pershing when, at LaFayette's tomb, he said: "LaFayette, we are here." And we never can forget that at Yorktown victory came

when the French ships appeared, and the first salute to the American flag came from a French ship.

We are gathered here to-day to express the sentiment which dominates us, an appreciation of that great empire whose mighty navy and courageous army have stood like a stone wall for four years in the cause of liberty. That was a fitting toast which some brilliant man proposed to George Washington when, speaking of the Revolution, he said: "Here's to George Washington, that splendid Englishman, who had a fight with a German king and defeated him." The misunderstanding we had with Great Britain, by which we won our independence, and Great Britain won the large liberty which it enjoys to-day, bound us together with ties which can never be broken.

The fact that the President recently promoted Vice-Admiral Sims to be a full admiral of the navy shows that in the American navy no one mistake of judgment or honest error precludes any naval officer from the highest promotion. As a young officer, Admiral Sims, then Commander Sims, received a reprimand from the President of the United States and a serious rebuke from the Secretary of the Navy because, at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London, Sims in reply to the address of welcome of the Lord Mayor said: "If the time ever comes when the British empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy, it is my opinion that you may count upon

every man, every dollar, every drop of blood, of your kindred across the sea."

Commander Sims was guilty of a serious infraction of naval regulations, and President Taft's reprimand was in accordance with the duty of the chief executive under conditions as they then existed. It is evident that no naval officer ought to turn prophet at a public banquet, particularly when his prophecy offends a nation with which his government is at peace.

But time has demonstrated one thing, and that is that Commander Sims was a true prophet and the years 1917-18 witnessed the literal fulfillment of his prediction. To be sure, America did not enter the war as an ally of Great Britain as a nation, but became associated with the allies in the big war because the principles of freedom dear to every free nation were seriously menaced.

There is one outstanding blessing that came to the world out of this war, and that is the perfect coöperation and sympathy and comradeship between the American and British navies. They worked together during the struggle in close cooperation with other allied navies. They are together now and must forever be together in the resolve to protect what their valor has won and to preserve alike for themselves and all the world the complete freedom of the seas.

Sea-power is the determining factor in war, for if the seas had not been kept open victory could not have been achieved. We send to Brit-

ain our greetings and appreciation, and the ties between the two countries will be strengthened. England and America, acting in perfect accord, will never allow another menace to grow, such as has been witnessed during the past four years, and they will do their utmost to insure freedom for all the nations on the face of the earth.

When the war broke out we lacked ships to carry our men and supplies across the waters. Britain came to our aid and transported to France American soldiers and supplies for them, and the seas were kept open. Never in the history of the world were so many men, together with their complete equipment, carried across 3,000 miles of water with as few losses. Though we sent to France 2,000,000 men in one and a half years not a single man lost his life on an American troopship and only a few went to their death as the result of submarine attacks on other transports.

The Germans, too, were somewhat surprised at our job of crossing. A few weeks before the armistice was signed some German prisoners were brought to a French camp, and Allied officers went to question them. Among them was a young German who had spent the early part of his life in the United States, and he expressed surprise at seeing so many Americans already in France. He said to the Allied officers: "When I was in Germany on my last furlough they told me that there were only a handful of Americans in France, but it looks to me as though the whole

face of the earth was covered with Yankees." This young German wore the iron cross—which to-day can be bought at about a cent a bushel. He was much interested in the Victoria crosses and the Croix de Guerre worn by the officers about him. He remarked to the officers: "I can understand the French crosses and the British cross, but what puzzles me is, How did the Americans get across?"

It was the close coöperation of the boys in the navy that got those men across. I wish I could tell you more of these boys. From the beginning of the war they have burdened me with requests to be assigned to destroyer duty, which is the most hazardous of all. April 6 will henceforth in our annals be in the same category as July 4. Twenty-eight days after America had declared war, a flotilla of American destroyers was in British waters, and through the cold blasts of last winter, the boys of our navy were exchanging experiences with the boys of the British navy, and together they were making the submarine impotent, so far as winning the war was concerned, thus giving new glory to our flag.

XXXII

THE NEED OF A GREATER NAVY

It seems self-evident that a world-police must be established, no matter what the plan of operation of the Peace League may be. That world police will be largely naval, for only a police equipped with and trained to ships could be world-mobile, and a world-police which could not move speedily and powerfully about the world would be as valueless and impotent as a city police incapable of traversing the city's streets.

Statement to House Naval Affairs Committee, in Hearings on Naval Appropriation Bill, December 30, 1918.

No step backward, but a long step forward, should be taken by this Congress in strengthening the American Navy. The additional three-year program recommended in my annual report is a conservative one intended to continue the policy of steady upbuilding of the Navy established in 1916. The General Board of the Navy, after extensive investigation and exhaustive consideration, has recommended a much larger program, extending to the year 1925. While their recommendations are entitled to, and have received, very careful consideration, the Department has not felt justified at this time in recommending such an extensive program, or one ex-

tending over such a long period. At the same time, a year-by-year program is not thought to be advisable; it is too much of the hand-to-mouth nature, and naval experts and thinking men interested in the Navy have seen its unwisdom and in 1916 succeeded in substituting a better plan. When the three-year program policy was adopted, it met with general approval throughout the country, and a reversion to hand-to-mouth methods now would be a retrograde step. The Department has felt that the least it could do at this time was to recommend a virtual duplication of this program.

As regards the larger vessels of definite types, the numbers of each type can now be fixed and have been recommended. I am asking that authorization be given for the construction of ten dreadnaughts, six battle cruisers, and ten scout cruisers to be laid down during the coming three years and one hundred and thirty other ships of such type and character as may give us a well-rounded Navy. The initial appropriation need not be large, for work on some of the big ships already authorized was necessarily deferred during the war in order that efforts might be concentrated upon destroyers and like small craft and merchant ships. Now the construction of the big ships will be pushed as rapidly as possible, the number of small craft being ample until more dreadnaughts and other big ships are added to the naval force. As regards these smaller vessels, a

general authorization is requested in order that a study of all types produced by all nations during the war may be made and preliminary work may be done. In view of the large number of smaller vessels undertaken during the war which will continue to be constructed during the next year, it is not recommended that the construction of additional smaller vessels be pressed at this time. The details concerning them can be taken up subsequently. In this connection it should be pointed out that although the program of 1916 extended over three years, the individual vessels to be undertaken in any specified year were specified each year by the Congress. It is expected and recommended that this practice be continued. My thought is, and it finds expression in the estimates, that under present conditions we ought to make no change in the naval program which the United States set for itself in 1916. We ought neither to commit ourselves to any gigantic expansion nor to recede from the wise three-year policy.

It is our duty to consider the obligations imposed upon America if the Peace Conference now occupied at Versailles upon the greatest task which ever engaged the attention of a human gathering during the whole course of the world's history completes its work constructively and satisfactorily, as we all hope it will do. Let us assume that this Conference will give birth to some plan looking toward a concert of the nations for

the maintenance of peace. Whether it be a League of Nations, according to the present acceptation of the meaning of that term, or what not, it will be some manner of body to which differing nations will perforce submit their differences for adjudication and which will be sufficiently powerful to induce acceptance of its decisions when once they shall be made.

The experience of poor and imperfect humanity has very fully taught the lesson that power for the enforcement of judicial decisions sometimes needs to be considerable; and back of that must lie a tremendous police power of prevention if judicial decisions are to be made as infrequent as possible, indeed if society is to exist at all. Arbitration which had behind it no power capable of compelling the disputants to accept the decisions of the arbitrators would have no value whatsoever in cases of serious emergency.

It seems self-evident that a world-police must be established to achieve this purpose, no matter what the constitution or plan of operation of the Peace League may be. That world-police will be very largely naval, for only a police equipped with and trained to ships could be world-mobile, and a world-police which could not move speedily and powerfully about the world would be as valueless and impotent as a city police incapable of traversing the city's streets.

This being true, it becomes obvious that if the United States is to participate in such a move-

ment it must participate upon a scale commensurate with its wealth, intelligence, great population and scientific attainments. Any lesser participation would be a shirking of its duty. A contribution less in cost, strength or any detail of perfection, than that of any other member of the League, would be undignified and unworthy of a nation which by Providence has been so generously endowed as the United States.

I am quite certain that it would be improper for America even to consider the proposition of contributing to the world-police a number of units smaller than that contributed by the greatest other power. It seems to me that this is obviously the American duty and that the other nations of the world would be justified in regarding us as shirkers if we failed to accept the burden of it cheerfully and turn to the performance of it with an unexampled earnestness and high efficiency. It would be contrary to all our traditions and all our ideals to assume that in the planning of a new and mighty Navy, America could be animated either by fear or by the intention of aggression.

What if, unhappily, the Peace Conference should fail to come to an agreement upon such a plan? Suppose the Powers do not now agree to curtail armament. Then it is entirely obvious to all that the United States, if she is to realize her destiny as a leader of the democratic impulse, if she is to play her proper part (as she, hand in

hand with her incomparable Allies, has played it in this war) in the protection of small nations, the preservation of the freedom of the seas for them and for the world at large, must have a Navy that will be as powerful as that of any nation in the world.

It is my firm conviction that if the Conference at Versailles does not result in a general agreement to put an end to naval building on the part of all the nations, then the United States must bend her will and bend her energies, must give her men and give her money to the task of the creation of incomparably the greatest Navy in the world. She has no designs upon the territory or the trade of any other nation or group of nations. But she is pledged to the support of the Monroe Doctrine; she is pledged to the protection of the weak wherever they may suffer threats; she is incomparably rich, incomparably strong in natural resources; if need be she must be incomparably strong in defense against aggressors and in offense against evil doers.

America is committed to the promise of entering into a general and genuine plan for the reduction of armaments. If the outcome of the Peace Conference shall be that all nations will concur in this idea, then the United States will gladly join them in the worthy plan. For three years we have been committed to such a program in such circumstances. But if such an agreement cannot be shortly arranged, then we here in

America must accept the burden which the failure automatically will thrust upon us and meet it by adding such units to our Navy as will secure our own safety and aid powerfully in protecting the peace of the world.

Every year since I have been Secretary of the Navy I have urged an international agreement to end competitive and costly naval construction. The day for the realization of that long-cherished idea seems not far distant. We are pledged to coöperate with other nations to a reduction of armament. Unless the nations now agree upon such conventions as will compel the settlement of national differences by arbitration we will fail to garner the best fruits of the dearly-bought victory. For one, I believe the war has taught us two things: First, that national differences and greed for power may always endanger the peace of the world; Second, that to prevent differences and selfish ambitions from producing another war there must be constituted a high tribunal and there must be a world-police power so strong that no nation will dare defy the strength of a decree of such an international tribunal.

XXXIII

DRINK BANISHED FROM THE NAVY

The wine-mess order was not as popular at first as it deserved to be, but leading naval officers will tell you that there are not five per cent of the officers of the Navy who would permit intoxicants to come back if the question were put to a vote. The order was issued because temperance promotes efficiency.

Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., December 17, 1918.

I WAS asked to come before you this morning to explain the reason why the so-called "Dry Order" in the Navy was issued. There were many reasons given for it at the time, but nearly all those explanations were wrong. It was issued, of course, solely because temperance is the only sure method to efficiency, and my ambition was that the American Navy, whether it be large or whether it be small—no matter what its size—should be the most efficient and most powerful navy afloat.

But the moving cause of it—I might not have issued it at that time, although I had thought of it ever since I came into the Cabinet, and I had been studying conditions—was the following

incident: One day there came into my office a splendid gentleman, and he said, "I want to talk to you about my nephew. You have expelled him from the Navy in disgrace, and I wish to appeal to you to reinstate him." His nephew had been drunk on board ship. He had gone ashore to a dinner and made an exhibition of himself, and brought disgrace on the service. He had been tried by court martial and convicted and sentenced to dishonorable dismissal from the Navy. I said to him, "I cannot change the order; I cannot permit men to disgrace the service that way and remain in it." And then this man, an old Quaker, said to me, "Sir, this boy is a product of the Navy, you have made him what he is; and now you throw him out in disgrace!" and he gave a very deserved and severe lecture upon a service that would make it possible and easy for young men to go into temptation and into drink and then, when they had fallen, disgrace them for life. It impressed me very much. He explained, "When this boy's father died, he came into my family to live as my own son. We never had even a drop of wine on our table. We are strictly temperate in our home, and the boy never tasted a drink until he went to Annapolis, nor until after he graduated; and then he went aboard ship and at every dinner there was the wine served; there was then a feeling in the Navy that if a man did not take his glass he was not exactly a good fellow; they nearly all

did it, and this boy, following the custom, learned the taste of it, he liked it; and now he's ruined, and the Navy," said he, "is responsible for the ruin of that boy, and I charge it to you!" I thought it was a just indictment, and I made up my mind at once that I would issue the order. And that's the reason why the order went through.

Now, I had no illusions about the order when I signed it. I never deemed it would be very popular in certain circles. I knew, in the first place, that many excellent men, many sober men, many men in the Navy who never had in their lives taken more than a glass of wine, and who had never neglected their duties, would resent the order as telling to the world that it was necessary for an order to be issued to make them sober and efficient. I had respect for their opinions; and when they criticised it and said, "We don't care anything about it except that it makes a bad impression on the public mind about us," I could see their point of view. But I reflected that there were coming into the service thousands of men, young men, who had not the stamina to resist, and my obligation and duty was to them. Moreover, there was already in existence in the Navy an order that if an enlisted man should so much as bring a bottle of beer on board ship and drink it, he was put in the brig; and yet these men under the rules served the drinks to the officers. I am a kind of an old-fash-

ioned democrat—not speaking politically, though I might speak that way too—but, I am an old-fashioned sort of an American who believes that what is good enough for an officer is good enough for the enlisted man. And my observation has been that whiskey and all other alcoholic drinks will make a Senator or an admiral just as drunk as they will make a mechanic or an enlisted man.

So that the order had not only efficiency, which was the primal thing, but it had also democracy behind it, because I would not be Secretary of a Navy that would say to a young man who was scrubbing the decks, "If you take a glass of wine you go to the brig," when he saw the wine being carried to the officers' quarters and heard the drink-inspired sounds of jollity that issued from those quarters. The old method wasn't democracy, and it wasn't Americanism.

Not long after that order was issued you know what happened. I have a rather good collection of the cartoons that followed, and they interested me very much. But the storm was not as great as I expected. I thought that when Congress met some distinguished member would rise in that body and offer a resolution to the effect that I had exceeded my powers in putting prohibition in effect over a large part of the world without legislative sanction, because, you know, the water is a much greater part of the world than the land. And I, by one order, had put into effect

so far as America was concerned, prohibition over the greater part of the world. But by the time Congress assembled, instead of the resolution being offered, I think even to those who did not approve of prohibition in general it was apparent that the Navy had become so efficient that they had no argument against it. There never was any question raised in Congress about the authority to issue the order, and I think now there is no question anywhere about the wisdom of it.

Not long ago I was talking with one of the very best admirals in the Navy, a brave and courageous and splendid man, and he said, "You know I must tell you something about that order. My ship was in New York at the time the order was issued, and I was going up to Boston to spend a week or two. I had been entertained in Boston by many people, and so I told the steward to stock up my larder; and I had put in the wine and the champagne and the other things along with the food, not because I drink myself,—I rarely taste it; a glass of wine at a meal is all I ever take,—but when I had guests on the ship, I always entertained them as they did me when I was on shore. I had spent considerable money for the entertainment, and when the order came I distinctly resented it. I felt that you had put upon my liberties and my rights something that was almost an affront, but," he added, "I am what they call in the Navy a 'Captain's man,'

I give orders and expect them to be obeyed, and when the order came from the Secretary of the Navy, I obeyed. I said nothing to anybody. I sent for the steward and I said, 'Take it all out.' I went ahead and have never spoken of the incident to this day, but," he said, "I am speaking of it now to you because since then I have come to a higher position in the Navy, and have had opportunities to observe the operations of General Order 99, and I do not believe there are five per cent of the officers of the Navy who would permit intoxicants to come back if it were put to a vote."

I had the suggestion made from many quarters, that there ought to be an exception to the order; that it was all right, and proper, that it should apply without any exceptions to Americans in American ports, but when our ships went abroad and all the officers entertained the captains and admirals of other navies, of course it would not be courteous and proper to people who are accustomed to that kind of entertainment, not to entertain them exactly as they entertained us. And on one occasion, when we had a distinguished party from abroad in Washington, who were to be entertained on the *Mayflower,* the suggestion was made that we ought to relax the rule. In China, they said, it would not be popular. Well, I replied that the order had been issued with no exceptions. I knew enough of the spirit of the people abroad to be certain that they would respect the Navy a great deal more if it

believed in this principle, if it practiced it all over the world, than if it observed the rule only at home.

So that is the simple story of what caused at one time a storm. But I always knew that the great heart of the American people, and I always knew that the great Church to which I belonged, which is a temperance church and a prohibition church, were behind it, and that I was but doing in my place what you and millions of other Americans were doing in their places, putting the stamp of condemnation on the liquor traffic, and upon the evil of drinking, wherever we could.

We are now coming to a day when I trust and believe this evil will be put under ban by law. This is the first war in the history of the world when any nation, as a nation, through government officials, has taken the stand that our Government has taken with reference to drink and immorality, and when zones were established around all encampments and around all training stations, to protect young men from the temptations that assail them; so that as we end the war and contrast it with all former wars, we find that, compared to those other wars, very few men have been incapacitated by drink. We have found in war as in peace, that efficiency is promoted by temperance and that you cannot have a strong army and a strong navy unless you have a sober army and a sober navy.

One other matter I might touch upon which

I think would be interesting as illustrating the progress made along the line of this cause in which we are all engaged, is the legislation that passed Congress which puts prohibition in effect in this country on the first of July, to last until complete demobilization. There was quite a fight against that, particularly along the line that during the war it would lessen the product of labor, and that many men who worked in the shipyards, the factories and the munition plants would not be so willing to work if they could not get their intoxicating drinks, and there were not wanting many people who accepted that idea. In Great Britain, as you know, when Lloyd George declared early in the war that the greatest enemy of Great Britain was not Germany, but drink, steps were not taken that they might well have taken and which all countries might profitably have taken, to stop the liquor traffic during the war. At a hearing before one of our Congressional committees the question came up as to labor, I was requested to appear before the Committee, as some of you may remember, and testify on the question of how a suppression of liquor consumption would affect shipbuilding. I gave the concrete example that at the Mare Island Navy Yard in California we had built a destroyer in less time than it had been built in any other navy yard in the world, and that this had been accomplished after we had put the dry zone around Mare Island Navy Yard. You cannot

argue, as Josh Billings says, "agin a success." I put the concrete example of our construction at the Norfolk Navy Yard and in the Charleston Navy Yard, and at the Mare Island Navy Yard and at navy yards in states that were dry, against the navy yards in the states that were not dry, with the result that at least the efficiency was quite as great where the men did not leave their work to take their mid-day drink as in those places where they did. That argument, I think, had convincing effect, just as one fact is better than a thousand theories.

I am very much pleased to be with you; I thank you for the honor you have done me, and I trust that we shall soon, as the legislatures meet in the spring, be able to have a great ratification meeting, when we shall find that enough states have ratified the amendment to make this country the pioneer in the world in real Temperance as it has been the pioneer in Liberty and Humanity.

XXXIV

ITALY AN INSPIRATION

Whether fighting in the Italian army, or marching under the Stars and Stripes, the sons of Italy who live on these shores were enlisted in a common army fighting for a common liberty for a common humanity. May I not express the hope that one of the blessings that will blossom from the ashes of this war will be a perfect Americanization of all who find hospitable homes in our land?

Italy-America Society, New York, January 26, 1919.

NEVER in the history of the world were the peoples of two nations more closely knit together in the glow of fellowship than in the first days of this New Year, when President Wilson was the guest of Italy. His reception marked a new high-tide in national welcomes, for while it came first from King and leader, it found its deepest expression in the greetings of the whole people. He voiced American sentiment when, speaking at Turin, he made reference to Baron Sonnino's argument for the extension of the sovereignty of Italy over the Italian population. "I am sorry," said the President, "we cannot let you have New York, which, I understand, is the greatest Italian city in the world," and he added, "I am proud

to be the President of a nation which contains so large an element of the Italian race, because as a student of literature I know the genius that has originated in this great nation, the genius of thought and of poetry and of philosophy and of music, and I am happy to be a part of a nation which is enriched and made better by the introduction of such elements of genius and of inspiration."

As our President visited the Sacred Ways in Rome, Boni pointed out the tomb of Romulus and other sacred places, and presenting him with branches of laurel and myrtle said: "To-day I offer these symbols to you the upholder of the freedom and civilization of peoples," to which the President replied: "These sacred symbols speak a great and profound language." The reply of the great archæologist is the most beautiful tribute yet paid to our countrymen. He said: "You Americans have something more sacred still, but you carry it in your hearts—a love for humanity." To be worthy of that tribute is inspiration and incentive to Americans, native or foreign born.

It was an epoch-making day in the world's history—was August first, 1914—when the Italian Government informed Germany and Austria that the obligations made under the Triple Alliance applied only to defensive warfare. When the Prussian autocrat, arrogant and dominating, looking with envious eyes upon world treasure

and world dominion, hurled his legions into Belgium, he never dreamed that his breach of faith would shock the conscience of men in the Eternal City. He was so confident of his control of the Triple Alliance that he gave little consideration to the Italian action. Did not Italy depend upon Germany for its coal? Was it not bound by its membership with Germany and Austria to stand united? As his cohorts rushed forward, disregarding solemn treaties, into the very heart of France, the fear of what Italy would do did not disturb his dream of conquest. If he gave any thought to the attitude of the Italian people it was to reflect that, though he regarded a treaty as "a scrap of paper," the Italians held their word as their bond. In the respect he paid to their fidelity he felt assurance of victory in the onrush of his army, long trained for "the Day" which had at last arrived. But he did not pause to read the terms of the Triple Alliance and note that Italy's plighted word was confined only to a defensive war. To aid in a war for oppression, to be a party to the rape of Belgium, the undoing of France, to the crushing of Russia and the cruel warfare against non-combatants and women and children was never embraced in any pact to which Italy was a party. These crimes were abhorrent to the spirit of Italy and it promptly made known that it had made no covenant with brutality and no compact with cruelty.

The months of neutrality which ensued were

testing days for Italy. Its people hated war, they loved the delights of home and the haven which only peace secures. With the powerful, well-organized and well-equipped legions of the Central Empires menacing it on land and sea, it was natural that the people should deliberate before becoming a combatant against their old allies. They hurried nothing in their decision. It was a step that might indeed invite pause and contemplation. The argument for a permanent neutrality was strong and compelling, viewed from every standpoint that left out national conscience and love of world freedom. But when a free nation, animated by love of fairness and devotion to liberty, must choose between its own material interests and its ideals, there is but one choice to make, and Italy with a noble spirit made that choice deliberately, resolutely, nobly. Its proud decision was worthy of its most heroic past, and gave full evidence, if proof were needed, that the Italy of this decade is the same Italy in purpose and in spirit that has made it for centuries the inspiration of courage, literature, art and concern for the common weal.

It was on May 24th that war against Austria was declared and the King of Italy left for the front. That was the day of supreme decision. As a country Italy crossed its Rubicon and never again was there thought, or time either, for debate. From that moment the Italians were of the conquering hosts of the chivalric army of

Crusaders. With a frowning frontier, almost impassable, the valorous Italian troops through the perils of snow and ice stormed the garrisoned mountains with an intrepid courage which recalled the epic days when Rome was the ruler of the world. And then came days of peril, of retreat, of defeats, of suffering, of anguish when the oncoming Austro-Germans poured like an avalanche of destruction into the quiet valleys, menaced Venice, and caused even Rome to tremble lest the worst should come.

In those dark hours—can we ever forget them?—the civilization of the world seemed to hang in the balance. Not more in Rome and in Venice than in Washington and in New York was there the dread of possible further advances. But those ominous days of peril were never days of doubt. Somehow, although the news chilled the blood, it had its quick reaction. Italian troops, who had been surprised and pressed back after long months of waiting and privation, summoned the stern stuff of which they were made; English and French troops hastened to aid their outnumbered associates, and a detail of Americans who made up in daring what they lacked in numbers, united to answer the world prayer that the line on the Piave would be held. "Can they hold the line?" was whispered in America as in Greece and in Japan and in the isles of the sea as upon the Continent. Somehow we felt, rather than reasoned, that the line would be held. It was the

Line between free government and government imposed by absolutism. Upon that ancient plain, rich with the blood of brave men of old, the world instinctively felt the issue transcended any since the Battle of the Marne. Not once but half a dozen times, as on the Marne and at Verdun, on the Piave the surface indications pointed to German victory. But there never was a moment from August, 1914, until November 11th, 1918, when victory was possible to the army of despotism. Not one. In every crisis when men scarcely dared to hope, there was a voice—shall we call it the still small voice?—that within us gave confidence and assurance that Victory, though baffled oft, would perch on the banner of Right. And this faith in the voices that could be heard only by ears attuned to catch the whisperings of the God of Right, was the invisible armor which no projectile could pierce, no bomb could jar, and no weapons could penetrate. If the Germans had destroyed Venice, if they had marched through Paris, and if their fleet had landed troops in Great Britain, disastrous as these events would have seemed to our narrow vision, they could never have won the conflict. For they fought against spirit, and the Force of an Ideal is always conqueror over the Ideal of Force.

The people of America have been privileged during the war to welcome to our country distinguished missions from all the allied nations—I recall with peculiar pleasure the coming of the

Italian mission headed by the Prince of Udine, a gallant officer of the Italian Navy. We cannot forget the words of his country's re-dedication uttered by him at the tomb of Washington on May 27th, 1917: "In the name of my cousin, the King of Italy, and the people of Italy, I solemnly declare that we shall never lay down our arms until our liberty and the liberty of the peoples suffering with us has been rendered safe against all surprises and violence, and our victory must be that of progress and justice." Through many weary months, though overtaken by "surprises" and forced back by "violence" which the Prince may have foreseen, the spirit of Italy, as breathed at Washington's tomb, rose superior to every foe. May we not truly feel that the prayer of Udine, "May the spirit of George Washington watch us and light us on our way," was answered in all fullness on the eleventh of November, 1918? The answer to that prayer brought joy not only to those Italians who have never left the homeland, but it gave a thrill and a gladness that will abide to Italians residing in America, many of whom had hastened to Italy to fight with their colors at the first outbreak of war and all of whom by deed or contribution had helped toward the victory which we celebrate to-day. Whether fighting in the Italian army or marching under the Stars and Stripes, the sons of Italy who live on these shores were enlisted in a common army

fighting for a common liberty for a common humanity.

May I not express the hope that one of the blessings that will blossom from the ashes of this war will be a perfect Americanization of all who find hospitable homes in our land? All men of Italian birth, and all men rearing their families in this country, no matter where born, owe it to themselves and their children to become voting citizens of the United States. It is only in this way in time of peace they can do their part to insure the equal justice for which they fought. Citizenship is alike a privilege and a duty. This war has shown that Italians who were naturalized citizens did not love their mother country less. But they wisely gave first allegiance and loyal support to the country that had opened its doors to them and been blessed by their coming. Let us celebrate this victory by a resolve that the day of alien residence has passed and that those who live in America will hasten, as rapidly as laws permit, to become citizens in the full meaning of that enfranchisement. Likewise let us counsel Americans who are beckoned to find business and residence in other lands to become domesticated and to become full partners in the nation where they choose to abide. They will not love America less, but they will add to their usefulness and the better perform their civic duties. In no nation should there be divided allegiance. Every nation has the right to expect of those

who seek its portals that they shall enter in without any string tied to their full allegiance, and the outward and visible proof is citizenship and all the opportunities and responsibilities it carries with it. We love our fellow citizens of Italian birth but they are not hyphenated. They are American, having brought here the lessons of liberty which they will employ in the mutual duty of preserving all of justice which men of both and joint blood have won and preserved.

I would like, at this time, to publicly acknowledge the debt of the American Navy, in common with all other navies of the world, to the Italian naval constructors whose daring and imagination have more than once led the way in the development of modern ships of war. All nations are deeply interested in the new designs of other nations, in the matter of ships and their armament, but I can assure you that information from no other nation, as to their new thoughts in the construction of battleships, is more eagerly sought for than that from the Italians. That same fine daring of thought, that same brilliancy of imagination and ability to see beyond the present and practicable into the realms of the intangible, that same ability to clothe in words and make definite and understandable the vague dreams of other men which has made your literature from time immemorial the world's model, which has made the fame of your poets everlasting, and the brilliancy of your scholars unequaled, has shown it-

self in your naval construction, and in those inventions which have done so much to revolutionize modern naval warfare.

We shall never forget that it was your Marconi, an honored member of the Italian mission in 1917, who trained the electric spark to leap at man's bidding boldly into space and carry his messages through the air, instead of being bound slavishly to the electric cable. As a result of his imagination and daring, our ships to-day talk freely across hundreds, even thousands, of miles of watery waste, and space and time have been practically annihilated, so far as the power of man to communicate with man is concerned.

It was your great naval constructor Cuniberti and your other equally famous constructors who first dared the "all-big-gun ship," the father of the modern super-dreadnaught. It was these same geniuses who first dared the three-gun turret, which we Americans have so gladly adopted in our modern sea monsters. These are but some of the things to which we are indebted to Italian naval genius.

In man's conquest of the air your same ability to imagine the unimaginable, and from thence proceed to make it not only imaginable but practical, put your airplane development in the forefront of the world's achievements in its mastery over what has, from time immemorial, been considered the one element unconquerable by man.

And if you have shown through many years

your brilliancy of thought and mind in construction and invention, so also in this war have you shown the same daring and audacity in your naval personnel. There is no finer bit of audacious heroism recorded in this war than the exploit of Major Rosetti of the naval engineers and Lieutenant Paolucci in the sinking of the Austrian dreadnaught *Veribis Unitis,* in the safeguarded harbor of Pola. Every red-blooded man thrilled with admiration when the story was first given to the world; how the great Austrian man-of-war lay behind all of the most cunningly devised barriers that naval genius could construct, arrogantly secure and apparently as safe from danger as if no war existed—around it barrier after barrier of mines, entanglements and nets; how these two brilliant Italians devised a tiny boat, silent, fast, small, so small indeed that the officers themselves could not occupy it, but dressed in waterproof suits, allowed themselves to be dragged behind, while they directed its course. How, carrying two powerful clockwork bombs, they passed silently through every obstruction, slipped in the darkness of the night to within a short distance of the ship itself, and then swam with their bombs to the very side of the battleship to which they then fixed their terrible weapons; how, with the fine chivalry that goes with all really brave men, when their presence was detected, and they were dragged on board the doomed vessel, too late to save the ship, they in-

formed the Captain in order that no lives should be needlessly wasted. We American Navy men envy you those two officers and those others who, at various times, in less spectacular ways, but with almost equal daring, have done their part towards humbling the pride of the Austrian fleet.

We like to think that it is this quality of inventiveness, of audacity, of imaginative genius which makes the Italians so American in their nature as to bring about the real absorption into our own nation of so many hundreds of thousands of Italy's sons.

As I look at it, an Italian is a good part American before he comes to America, on account of these very qualities, and it is not surprising to find so large a proportion of our countrymen descendants of Italian parents.

If it is true that the American is now a composite of those forefathers who have emigrated from the ancient countries; if it is true, as some claim, that our various qualities which we like to think distinguish us from all other nations, when analyzed consist in this particular quality coming from one nation, and that particular quality from another, then I think that perhaps the greatest contributor to American daring, and American imagination, is that great nation which has stood preëminent on the Mediterranean since the Cæsars. Americans have been called "the Romans of the West." It is a proud title, and we accept it as proof of kinship in valor and in virtue.

XXXV

WOMEN'S WORK IN WAR

There was no great policy inaugurated or carried out without women's counsel as well as women's work at home and at the front. When the history of this war is written—and it will be rich in deeds of chivalry—the work of the Woman's Council of National Defense, appointed by the President, will be given high place for what it did and what it inspired.

Congressional Club, Washington, February 7, 1919.

"Do not talk about women but tell us about the Navy," said the chairman of your committee who honored me with the invitation to address the Congressional Club. The time was when there was not a woman in the Navy, and it was supposed to be one institution that could move on successfully without women. But even then the inspiration of the men of the sea was found in the women they loved—sailor men are the best lovers in the world, and, contrary to the popular notion, the truest. To-day, however, the Navy has learned that when increased burdens are imposed by war, the men must send out S O S calls to women to give help in carrying on its operations.

We not only have women nurses—and nobody deserves decorations of honor more than these ministering angels—but we have women yeomen and women stenographers and women doing every character of office work and doing it so well we find we cannot get along without them. Women have not stopped with these jobs regarded heretofore as woman's work, but in the Navy they have been busy fashioning torpedoes, and I have seen them making guns and munitions and carrying on almost every character of work that a man does and doing it well. In some parts of the manufacture of torpedoes their deftness and quick touch make them better than men. I can never forget a beautiful young Navy girl in overalls, hands begrimed as she worked away on the death-dealing torpedoes, saying to me: "I like it. You know it makes me feel I am really in the war and helping to win it. But"—and her bonnie smile made the grim workshop as homelike as a well-lighted parlor—"it is rather tough, isn't it? All my life I have wished to make enough money to buy some really fine clothes, and now for the first time I am making enough to fill my heart's desire, and here I am dressed in overalls!"

It was this cheerful and happy spirit, whether working in factory or plant or knitting or giving comforts to men in uniform, that characterized American women from the beginning to the end of the war. They sent their husbands and their sons to the front with a brave spirit and turned

their hands to toil to make it easier and to do their share of work and sacrifice. But the big thing they did was not the indispensable work with their hands. It was the heartening of the men which their cheer and courage imparted. They were the first line of defense everywhere, at home and abroad, giving coffee and sandwiches here, giving smiles and welcome there, and mothering the boys going across the seas, some of them never to come back to their loving womenfolk. Men do not fight for land or for the bunting in the flag we love, but for women and the home which some woman makes bright with her love and charm. You cannot think, therefore, of the boy going down by the submarine stiletto or falling from the projectiles hurled from German trenches without realizing that his last thought was of some dear woman's face and his high resolve to be worthy of her confidence in him.

It was everywhere and in everything that women led and gave the strength to win the war. Asked if it was not more than she could bear to see both her sons go across, one mother voiced the universal sentiment of American women: "It is hard, very hard. Only one thing in the world could be harder to bear and that would be if in this heroic struggle they had not been eager to go and play the part of brave men." Do you ask whence came the spirit that hastened victory? It was from women whose patriotism rose superior to their yearning for their first born? There was

no great policy inaugurated or carried out without women's counsel as well as women's work at home and at the front. When the history of this war is written—and it will be rich in deeds of chivalry—the work of the Woman's Council of National Defense, appointed by the President, will be given high place for what it did and what it inspired. Headed by that grand ever-young woman (if she were a man I would call her "that grand old man," but my Southern chivalry forbids) Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the women were the very head and front and heart of American consecration, American sacrifice and American victory. Like Henry Van Dyke's Nataline, everywhere they kept the light and played the fife in the darkest hours and in the dreariest days. The world can never forget the fullness of their devotion and the completeness of the dedication of their powers and service and lives.

These women ask no decorations, receive no promotions, obtain no titles or honors or emoluments, and they ask no thanks or recognition. They poured out their hearts, their treasure, their efforts, their sacrifice from love of humanity and devotion to liberty. They proved, if anybody doubted it before, in a thousand ways their right to equal partnership in all the blessings that came from freedom, and it is a reflection upon the justice and chivalry of the men of America that they have delayed to invite these women into equal participation in the privilege and duties of citi-

zenship. It would have been a small recognition of their wisdom and their worth to have asked American women to share, as voters, with American men the re-making of a better and higher national life. Even Germany has called women to help regain what ambitious men threw away, and Great Britain was prompt to extend the right to vote while America withholds the ballot to women who have shown, wherever they enjoy suffrage, their capacity to exercise the right as wisely as their brothers. But the day is near at hand when the men of America will grant this too-long delayed right to women, and they will more than justify the wisdom of their full enfranchisement. May it be hastened, not as a favor but as a right. It will secure a stronger bulwark to American institutions which will bless us only as long as the American home remains the citadel of American ideals.

XXXVI

A COVENANT OF PEACE

The men who signed what will be called the world's Magna Charta did not hastily draw up this chart of freedom. They gave weeks to its consideration and drew upon the wisdom of peace-lovers of all nations who had looked forward to the coming of this new dispensation and made preparation for it. It has been hailed with joy in all nations, but here and there is a note of doubt and distrust. Honest doubters will become its ablest champions, but militarists see in it no rainbow of promise across the sky.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, February 16, 1919.

WHEN the representatives of fourteen nations, sitting in Paris, embracing the most powerful, victorious countries and representing twelve hundred million people, agreed upon a covenant of peace, it was an event in the world's history second only to the declaration of the shepherds of Bethlehem: "We have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him." Practical statesmen, from Paris to Tokio, with differing traditions and speech, all spoke and understood the same language for the first time since that day of Pentecost at Jerusalem when "men out of every nation under heaven heard them speak each

in his own language." The Scriptures tell us, "They were all amazed and marveled, saying one to another: 'Behold are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born . . . we hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God,' and they said to one another, 'What meaneth this?' " And Peter, standing up before men of every tongue, all able to understand him, concluded his illuminating answer with the ever-memorable words: "For the promise is unto you and unto your children, and to all that are afar off." That promise to which men have looked for twenty centuries is: "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

To us has come the honor of living in this eventful day, when, in the fullness of time, "after massacre, after murder," this prophecy is being fulfilled, and Christians and Jews and men of all nations and creeds have agreed upon a covenant for the end of all wars of aggression, and our ears have heard the bells ring in "a thousand years of peace."

The men who signed what will be called the world's Magna Charta did not hastily draw up this chart of freedom. They gave weeks to its consideration and drew upon the wisdom of peace-lovers of all nations who had looked forward to the coming of this new dispensation and made preparation for it. It has been hailed with joy in all the nations, but here and there is a note of

doubt and distrust. Honest doubters will become its ablest champions, but militarists see in it no rainbow of promise across the sky. Amid the acclaim of the people of fourteen nations, and the thanksgiving of the peoples of small nations yet without voice, here and there we hear utterances of distrust and jeremiads and criticism. But could we expect such a revolution in world thought and world policy without apprehension and division and even denunciation?

The parallel between the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and that of the League of Nations for Peace is perfect. No more patriotic body of men ever assembled to form a government of the people, by the people and for the people than the great men who composed the Constitutional Convention. When it was presented as the result of their mature wisdom, some men of fervor and love of liberty like Patrick Henry decried it as a centralized instrument which would destroy the rights of the states and the liberty of the people. "It is a juggernaut," cried doubters. "It is a rope of sand," declared those who wished a government fashioned more on monarchical lines. Both were wrong. It was neither destructive of the reserved rights of the states, nor a weak instrument.

Time has demonstrated its strength and flexibility and confounded all who had forebodings of ill in the written compass by which our mariners have safely steered the good old Ship of State,

freighted with the hopes and fears and happiness not only of its millions of passengers, but with the blessings and safeguards of liberty for all humanity. We remember Madison and Hamilton, the representatives of the two schools of thought of that day, and applaud their wisdom and vision in securing the ratification of the Constitution, while we have almost forgotten those of little faith. In the future, as men look back to this hour, when the fate of the world depends upon this League of Nations, posterity will applaud the forward-looking statesmanship of Woodrow Wilson who had large part in inspiring and fashioning this immortal document, and the distinguished and ardent lover of Peace, William Howard Taft, who is abundant in labors and in leadership at home in support of the noble principle to which he has given his best thought and untiring effort.

Not long ago Lloyd George asked this question: "Are we to lapse back into the old national rivalries, animosities, competitive armaments, or are we to initiate the reign on earth of the Prince of Peace?" The representatives of fourteen nations made the answer that preserves the fruits won by the valor of allied fighters, and the peoples of all the world will thunder their approval.

I have sometimes wondered what might have been the reflection, in his sere and yellow leaf, of an American given the opportunity to sign the Declaration of Independence, who had hesitated

and doubted, and finally decided to withhold his name and his support in the hour when, as Franklin happily phrased it, "We must hang together or we will hang separately." Can you imagine the feelings of his sons and grandsons as they came to manhood and felt they had been robbed of a priceless heritage because of an ancestor's quibbles and fears and doubts? A score of years hence, when the League of Peace has given us a "warless world," for which even Tennyson dared not hope, though he toyed with the dream, what think you will be the unavailing regret of any man, privileged to give it his support, whose lack of faith in the New Day of World Ideals translated into World Realities, permitted some imaginary or other reason to put him on record against this document of manifest destiny? And when he stands before the bar of his children, what answer can he offer that will not make them ashamed that he was found wanting in the hour of the world's liberation from the curse of war?

In these latter days the world has been buffeted upon the waves of war and anguish and tragedy unspeakable. The ravages of shot and shell have pierced millions of hearts. Men have lost faith in the old material gods they once trusted. In the final test it was revealed that they had feet of clay. Before German greed converted the continents into armed camps, many of us believed the great financial houses of Germany, naturally opposed to war, and the hosts of labor which in the

last analysis must bear the brunt of war, were stronger than Prussian militarism, but the position of bankers and labor was based upon their material interests and not rooted in the hatred of conquest and the love of justice. The German banker who opposed war did so because he feared the effect upon his securities. The German laborer who hated war was influenced by the thought of lost income, the danger to his life and the sacrifices it would entail upon his family, not by the spirit of "good will toward men."

This war taught us that Money and Finance and Labor were impotent against the cruel tyranny of Autocracy. Indeed we have come to see everywhere that the God of the Dollar is dross, and that materialism has no power to bring comfort or endue with strength. The light of Learning and Science shone dimly as men groped their way through trenches or kept vigil on darkened ships. Commerce was tributary to War, and Agriculture was valued only as it gave sustenance to fighting men. Statesmanship was unable to avert the catastrophe that engulfed all mankind.

The world as we knew it before the Hymn of Hate was translated into slaughter and cruelty no longer exists. In its place we had one portion of the so-called Christian nations composing the Central Empire maddened by the lust of blood, and the other portion suddenly called upon to accept slavery or take up arms to preserve their own freedom and the liberty of future genera-

tions. In this modern Armageddon, all things which seemed stable have perished and troubled men and women looked in vain in all that Man had created for consolation and inspiration and valor. Stoicism alone of all the false creeds remained to those who had courage without faith in God, and while it imparted bravery in battle it gave no warmth to the heart, no glow to the countenance, no radiance in death. As one by one the old foundations upon which men have builded were swept away by the tide of battle, men struggled in the rushing waters for a life preserver, not for their bodies, but for their souls. They did not find it in arms or munitions, in craft on or under the sea, or in the "airy navies grappling in the central blue." They did not find it in the philosophy of Fatalism, in the hopeless creed of unbelief in a future life, in the gods of war and passion, or even the gods of ambition and resolution. In the blackness of the night of conflict no earthly glimmer brightened the pathway of nations or individuals. Science and Art and Music girded no man with strength.

But the Christian Church, Protestant and Catholic, nobly met the challenge offered by war in its fiery furnace. Martyrs never went to the stake with more fortitude than millions of men, reared in Christian homes and supported by Christian faith, went into battle for a righteous cause. Faithful chaplains, patriotic representatives of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W.

C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Workers, were found where the bravest love to die.

What of the church now in peace, in the transition days, in times of readjustment and reconstruction? "The morrow of victory is more perilous than its eve," said Mazzini, and Clemenceau upon the signing of the armistice gave expression to the same truth when he told his people: "We are coming to a difficult time. It is harder to win peace than to win war." After war and after elevation comes the natural relapse from discipline and self-restraint. Across the seas religious leaders are unremitting in their service to men still in uniform, safeguarding the fruits of victory. Here at home, with hundreds of thousands of young men, the flower of our country, being demobilized, the imperative duty of the church is to give a gospel welcome of good cheer and wholesome hospitality to these saviors of liberty. "Single men in khaki ain't no plaster saints," said Kipling. These young men do not all feel the need of continued self-discipline. The call to the church is to throw around them wholesome environment and enlist them in the service of the church. No gospel of negation will appeal to youths who unafraid went over the top. The gospel which will win their fealty is the gospel of sweetness and light, help to those who are wounded, employment to the capable, justice and brotherhood with the music of joy and gladness.

The founder of the Christian church said, "I am the Light of the World." No church can be of His fold which does not run out to greet and to help the returning soldier and sailor and extend fellowship to them and to all others who stand in need of human sympathy and divine guidance.

The churches of America have seen the vision of the larger duty of the New Church in the New Day. They know that creeds and churchanity will neither save men nor attract their attendance. Except the churches of to-day be leavened with the spirit of Christ, which is unselfish and whole-hearted service, they will be "tinkling cymbals."

With this larger comprehension of opportunity and responsibility, this Inter-Church World Movement has been inaugurated. It is launched in a day when liberality has become a national habit and a national asset with higher conceptions of man's duty to his fellows. We have bought Liberty bonds and thrift stamps, and we will buy Victory bonds as an expression of thanksgiving for the assurance of world peace. We have contributed in war to every appeal for welfare work. Now comes the appeal to the organization that is the inspiration of all philanthropy, all benevolence, of all care for those in need, of all good deeds in this life and all hope for immortality, the Church of the Living God. Having heard the call to the useful reflected lights, we will not fail in the call of the divine institution which has the Light of the World in its keeping.

XXXVII

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST CONVOY OF UNITED STATES TROOPS IN FRANCE

JULY 3, 1917.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: Word has just come to the War Department that the last ships conveying Gen. Pershing's expeditionary force to France arrived safe to-day. As you know, the Navy assumed the responsibility for the safety of these ships on the sea and through the danger zone.

The ships themselves and their convoys were in the hands of the Navy, and now that they have arrived, and carried, without the loss of a man, our soldiers who are the first to represent America in the battle for democracy, I beg leave to tender to you, to the Admiral, and to the Navy, the hearty thanks of the War Department and of the Army.

This splendid achievement is an auspicious beginning, and it has been characterized throughout by the most cordial and effective coöperation between the two military services.

NEWTON D. BAKER.

HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS,
Secretary of the Navy.

JULY 4, 1917.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: The Navy accepts the thanks and gratitude of the Army as an expression of fraternal esteem rather than as any acknowledgment of sole achievement. The movement of the expeditionary forces, carried out with such complete success, was planned in joint conferences, and goes to the people as

a proof of the effectiveness that lies in intimate co-operation between the two great military branches of the Government.

This generous concentration of activities is as thrilling a thing to me as the safe passage of our transports through the ocean lanes. With Army and Navy thinking as one, planning as one, fighting as one, the great purpose of America is expressed in terms of invincibility. In behalf of the men whose courage gave safe conduct to courage, I send to you the greetings of the Navy, awaiting in full confidence for the day when the valor of your soldiers will write new and splendid chapters in the heroic history of our liberty-loving land. You, who have shared with me the anxiety of these days of intolerable suspense, will know the full and happy heart out of which I write.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

HON. NEWTON D. BAKER,
Secretary of War.

HEROIC BELGIUM

Introducing Baron Ludovic Moncheur and the Belgian Mission, Mt. Vernon, June 24, 1917

The Belgian soldiers at that modern Thermopylæ wrote a new page in the history of the valor of mankind. No longer do we need the inspiration of the immortal lines, telling of the heroic "Charge of the Light Brigade." What the Belgians did in and around Liege furnishes the modern theme for the noblest epic. Their spirit of fortitude and their willingness to die in a resistance which they knew could only harass their foes are exceeded only by the bravery they have displayed in the days of suffering and privation which have followed. In all the world there is no brave man or woman who was not thrilled by Belgian patriotism and courage in battle and Belgian fortitude in disaster. Belgium is a nation of heroes, and I have the pleasure

of presenting a worthy representative, Baron Moncheur.

A MECCA OF LIBERTY

Introducing Ambassador Boris A. Bakhmetieff and the Russian Mission, Mt. Vernon, June 24, 1917

This young republic is rich in shrines, but Mt. Vernon is the Mecca not only for Americans but for all worshipers of liberty who come to our shores. As soldier and executive, Washington led the Revolution that established on lasting foundations the first great Republic of the world. Its success has cheered every man in every clime who dreamed of government by the consent of the governed. The idea that government must be handed down to the people was challenged by the patriots who made Washington their leader. Victory for government of the people, by the people, and for the people won in the War of the Revolution will never perish from the earth. Its blessings are reaching all mankind, for "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." That must be the compensation which will come out of the sacrifices of the world war.

TIES THAT BIND AMERICA AND JAPAN

Introducing Viscount Ishii and the Japanese Mission, Mt. Vernon, August 26, 1917

It is not inappropriate, but I think it has an historical significance, that in this pilgrimage of our distinguished visitors from Japan to the American Mecca, they have come upon a ship of the Navy, and as guests of the Navy Department. The men of the Navy love to recall that when in the early fifties it was determined to send a mission to Japan to open the way for that intercourse which has been mutually so agreeable and helpful, the diplomatic duty was intrusted to a distinguished naval officer, Commodore Matthew

Calbraith Perry, who had won fame ashore and afloat. To the courage of a naval officer he added the accomplishments of a diplomat, thus illustrating again how deserved was the praise of Lord Palmerston, who said: "When I wish an important duty performed in any part of the world calling for a cool head and a steady hand, I always send a captain of the Navy."

Commodore Perry was the first to win the confidence of the Japanese rulers. He lived before this day of hurried calls, remained in Japan nearly three years, having time to learn the worth of the Japanese and to study their customs and traditions. He remained, too, long enough for the people of Japan to learn from him and his fellow officers, sailors and marines the broad and fraternal spirit of the American people, who did not ask then and have not asked since, and will never ask for themselves, any right or privilege that may not likewise be granted to the smallest nation.

It is with great pleasure that America opens its hearts and homes to the distinguished members of the Japanese Mission and with a peculiar sense of fitness in the present crisis we welcome you to the shrine of George Washington, the patron saint of America, who illustrated those virtues of valor and statesmanship which attract men of like mold of every clime and every nation.

To-day, with stronger ties than ever, woven out of the threads of our mutual participation in the world-wide struggle to ensure to all men the right to live their own lives and pursue their own national ideals, Japan and America pause at the Tomb of Washington in the hope that there may fall upon us all a double portion of his spirit of faith in the triumph of the right and his readiness to make any sacrifice for the principles for which America and the Allies are now contending in the arena of war. They have drawn the sword to end military feudalism. They will sheathe it only in a victory that will guarantee permanent peace.

CHRISTMAS, 1917

Dr. Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man" found the Saviour after years of searching and sacrifice. This Christmas above all others points the way to Peace on Earth through travail and heroic giving of life and substance. We are moving toward that long deferred era of Good Will to Men which the Christ promised should bless mankind. It will come to us, not merely ending this war, but presaging the period when we shall realize the prophecy of Isaiah, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares." But, like all good things that abide, it will come only by the heavy toll of life. But what would Life be worth to us without Liberty? Men from America are fighting this Christmastide because Might seeks to deny the freedom which alone can make the world a fit place for free men. They will win and their victory will truly enable us on every future Christmas to sing "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" with the assurance that it is a possession which neither Force nor any other evil thing can take from us.

"BUY BONDS UNTIL IT HURTS"

Inauguration of Third Liberty Loan, April 6, 1918

On this anniversary of our entrance into the war the magnitude of our task and the tremendous responsibility which rests upon America come home to us as never before. The progress of the war has demonstrated the inexorable determination of the German war lords to impose their cruel will not only upon Europe, but upon all the civilized world, and this menace will not be overcome unless we pour out our men, our money and our every resource. With all we have and all we are fully enlisted, victory is assured. Until the German military autocracy is crushed forever there will be no safety in the world for any

of the things America holds dear. Our men in the trenches and on the ships are counting their lives as nothing and are maintaining the highest standards of American manhood and heroism. It is our privilege at home to sacrifice and sacrifice and sacrifice to provide the Government with means to carry on the war. No man who values his freedom and loves the principles upon which our Government was established can afford not to contribute to the limit to the third Liberty loan. We must buy bonds until it hurts and then buy more.

THEY ARE GIVING THEIR ALL

Memorial Day, 1918

The significance of Memorial Day is emphasized on this 30th day of May in a way that gives it a new sacredness. It will be observed this year with a sense of solemnity and a touch of pride we have not felt in days of peace. As not hitherto in this generation we will gather to do honor to the supreme sacrifice made by the young men who are laying their all on the altar of their country.

It is not because these men who have given their lives were brave that we revere their memories. Of brave men the whole earth is a sepulcher. The universe teems with stout hearts, and courage is the commonest as well as the most glorious virtue among men. If any one doubts this truth, the abundant display of it on land and sea in the past few months has given conviction and reverence.

It is because these young men were animated by the spirit of the Gospel—"Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life"—that we revere them. They have given their lives as proof that they love their country better than they love life. No man loves anything he will not die for.

We erect monuments for soldiers and sailors, not

because they are better than men in civil life, but because in giving their lives they were not thinking of themselves, but they were thinking of guaranteeing the welfare of those who come after them. As parents mourn the death of the youths who are giving their lives in this country to preserve all that civilization and Christianity have won, their grief will be assuaged by pride.

Our histories tell the record of the dead, our poets sing of it and we celebrate it on Memorial Day. The deed shines as a star in our galaxy of glory. It is woven into the texture of our patriotism.

AMERICAN MOTHERS

Mothers' Day, May 12, 1918

The courage of the mothers in the homes is reflected by the bravery of the men at the front. It is always true that the morale of a nation's soldiers and the ideals for which they fight are born in the spiritual heroism of a nation's mothers. Let all America join in international prayer to all mothers of defenders of democracy to cheer and strengthen them, their sons, and the Nation itself to battle to win the fight that must be won.

Our country stands before the world as a Nation fighting for the ideals of nations, and the world knows that the mothers of America are sending men of ideals to the front. In that lies our strength. Faith and prayer are the two basic supports of national idealism. International prayer for all mothers of democracy—there are 13,000,000 of them—can not but aid every soldier in camp or trench as well as strengthen every mother at home.

"BASTILLE DAY"

General Order to All Ships and Stations of the Navy, Issued July 10, 1918

July 14, Bastille Day, shall be observed by all United States naval vessels and stations as a special day of allied tribute to France.

Ships shall be dressed and salutes fired to French colors in the same manner as prescribed for July 4.

Commanders of forces, stations and districts will assist in every way to insure hearty coöperation of the Navy in connection with local celebrations of Bastille Day.

REGISTRATION DAY, 1918

Statement to the Press, September 7, 1918

All America must be mobilized to win the war. Each one of us, whatever our age or occupation, owes to the nation the best service we can give; and it is for the country to say where we can serve most efficiently. The wholeheartedness with which our entire population is supporting every necessary war measure was never more strikingly exemplified than in the passage and successful operation of the selective draft act. This is the first instance I can recall in which a draft system involving the registration of 10,000,000 men and the selection of millions for military service has been successfully carried out by civilian officials acting under military direction. This is largely due to the fact that the system is thoroughly democratic in principle and has been administered with conspicuous fairness and ability.

The extension of the law has, I am sure, met with general approval. The arrival of more than a million American troops in France increased the confidence of our allies, as it strengthened the allied forces by fresh and fit new fighters. The knowledge that these

are but the vanguard, and that millions more—as many more as are necessary—will be poured across in an unending stream, removes the last shadow of doubt, if any ever existed, of Germany's speedy defeat and the early triumph of the forces of democracy.

To this end we have pledged our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor. Loyal Americans will consider it a proud privilege to serve wherever our country needs us most, whether in the trenches or on the seas, in shipyard, factory, or field.

That is the meaning of registration day.

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

Message to Entire Navy, September 9, 1918

On Saturday, September 28th, this country will launch its Fourth Liberty Loan campaign.

To the first three calls the Navy responded in a manner that thrilled the Nation. In the third campaign alone, our subscription was more than eighteen and a half million dollars. The Navy again has an opportunity to demonstrate its thrift and to proclaim once more its readiness to serve to the utmost.

The present call comes at a time when the eyes of the world are fixed more than ever before on the American Navy. To achieve another triumph in this battle against Germany, the Navy will, I am sure, be glad to exhibit the same steadfastness, energy, and sacrifice which make for victory on the high seas.

SHIPS THE PRIME NEED

Message to Shipbuilders, September 19, 1918

The chief business of the Navy so far during this war has been to keep safe the road to France. This work has been well done, due to the skill, knowledge, and courage of the men who man our fighting ships. But capable as has been the overseas transport ser-

vice, brave and courageous as our soldiers and marines who are winning victories in France, the vital need has been ships, and ships, and more ships to carry our fighting men, munitions, and supplies. We need more, and every man who drives two rivets where one has been driven before is a public benefactor. More than that, he belongs to the mighty army which is preserving liberty for the men of our day and for the men of future generations.

All honor to the men who have expedited shipbuilding, who in freezing weather and in burning heat have heeded the naval signal "full speed ahead" in building ships. And all honor, too, to those who, in this supreme hour, are putting on additional steam in this patriotic service. They are as truly doing their part to win the war as are the men on the ships and in the trenches.

EAGER FOR ACTION

Interview in Pittsburg Press, November 3, 1918

The boys that man our ships aren't happy over their splendid triumphs. They are like bull-dogs straining at the leash. They want action—they want to battle day after day for the greater glory of America. They are almost prayerful in their pleading for "a real crack at the Germans." Nothing in this life would please them more than the issuance of orders tomorrow that gave them a chance to get at the German Fleet.

ON THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

Radio Message to Every Ship and Station of the Navy, November 11, 1918

The signing of the armistice makes this the greatest day for our country since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. For the world there has been no day so momentous for liberty. I send

greetings and congratulations to all in the naval establishments at home and abroad. The test of war found the navy ready, fit, with every man on his toes. Every day all the men in the service have given fresh proof of devotion, loyalty and efficiency.

In America and in all other countries the people have applauded naval initiative and naval resourcefulness. As we rejoice in the victory for every principle that caused us to enter the war, let us be thankful that when the American people needed a navy we were ready with all facilities and were rapidly creating all others that could be employed.

I wish to express my warm appreciation for your perfect team-work and splendid coöperation.

RETURN OF THE FLEET

United States Battleships Returning from Foreign Service, December 25, 1918

In welcoming home the powerful American dreadnaughts which have been engaged overseas during the war the American people will greet the officers and men with pride and congratulations. These powerful ships, the equal of any in the world, in coöperation with the British fleet gave such predominance of Sea Power in the North Sea that the German fleet dared not invite suicide by coming out and offering battle. They did not try conclusions because they knew there never was a fleet in being that could have had a chance of victory against the British and American fleet, working together with the same signals and the same strategy as if they were of the naval power of a single nation. Their mission was as single as if they had represented only one instead of the two great English speaking nations. Their united service typified and cemented the ties between our country and Great Britain. Their silent vigils protected commerce, secured safe passage of troops and supplies, and effectually bottled up the German fleet, rendering it as impotent for harm as if it had never been constructed.

Sea Power once again demonstrated its primacy in making land victories possible. While the American dreadnaughts, an important part of the world's strongest armada, were not given an opportunity to win a great sea victory, they did more: They coöperated in receiving the surrendered German fleet which capitulated to the superior force of the allied fleets, and they will be received at home with all the honors given to valiant victors.

A SYMBOL OF AMERICA'S PURPOSE AND POWER

Conclusion of Annual Report, December 1, 1918

The very phrase "The Navy of the United States" has to-day a new significance. It means not only ships and crews, not only materiel and personnel—it connotes a spirit, invisible but potent, a spirit that has enriched our national life, that has vitalized our national thinking, that has widened our contact with national problems, and thus by community of interest has bound us together in a closer and more resolute union. In thousands of American homes to-day where our Navy was a mere word in 1913 it has become a symbol not only of daring but of unselfish endeavor and high constructive purpose. It has entered into the national consciousness as part and parcel of the twin concepts America and Americanism. It had already linked itself inseparably with our past; it now is no less a part of our future. Nations and peoples, too, that knew of the Navy of the United States only by hearsay or random incident know it now as the organized will of a free people, prompt to heed the call of right against might, tireless in effort, fertile in resource, happy in coöperation, and unyielding till the ultimate goal be won.

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